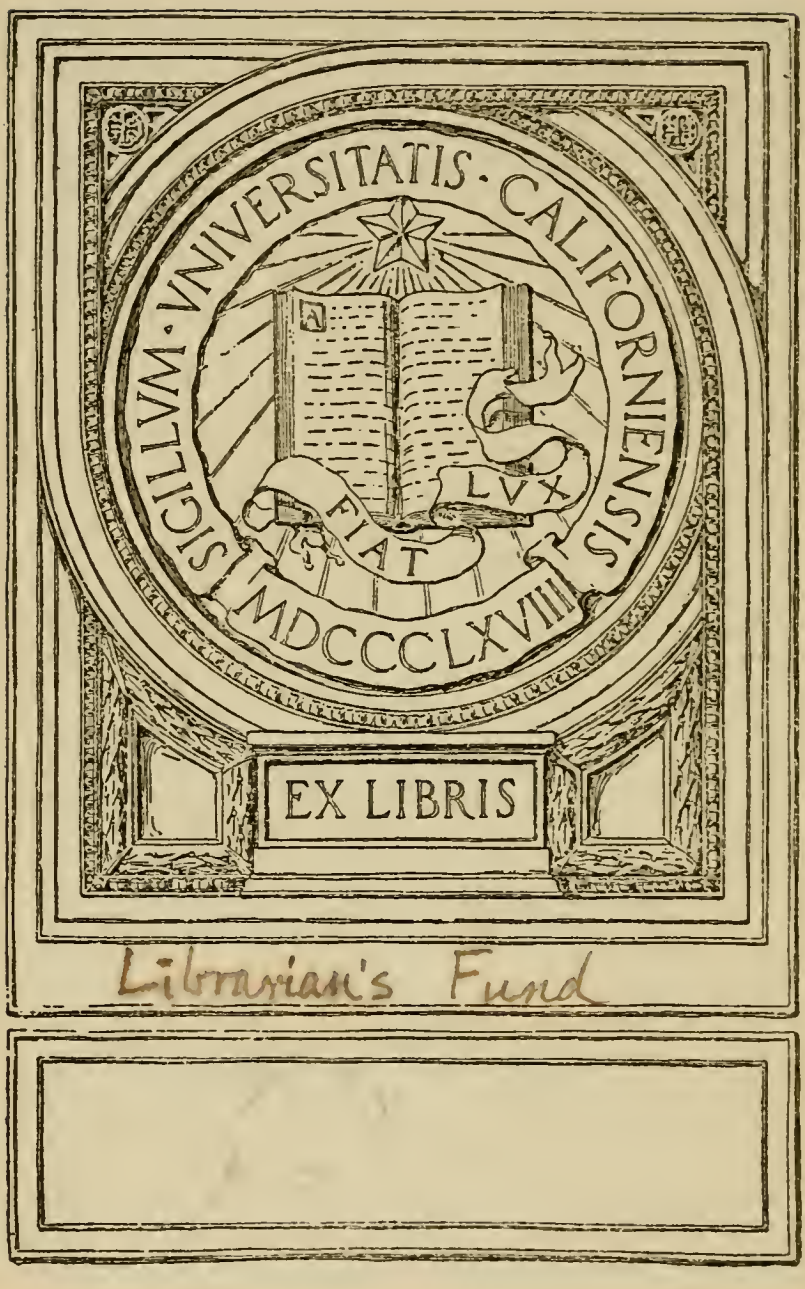

Librarian's Fund

Ja? Hopwood sculp?

THE

COMEDIES

OF

TERENCE,

TRANSLATED INTO

Familiar Blank Verse.

BY

GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim:
Scilicet uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.
Quin ubi se à vulgo et scenâ in secreta remôrant
Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis sapientia Lælî,
Nugari cum illo et discincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, soliti. HOR.

A NEW EDITION.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

LONDON:

Printed by Harding and Wright, St. John's-square,

FOR LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND CO.

FINSBURY-SQUARE.

1810.

LIBRARIAN'S FUND

PA6756
A1C65
1810
MAIN

PREFACE.

AN attempt to give a new Translation of the COMEDIES of TERENCE will, I believe, scarcely be thought to demand an apology. Bernard and Hoole were obsolete even in the days of Echard; Echard and his co-adjutors, it is universally agreed, presented as imperfect an image of Terence, as Hobbs of Homer, or Ogilby of Virgil; and those, who have since employed themselves on this author, seem to have confined their labours to the humble endeavour of assisting learners of Latin in the construction of the original text. It is not, however, the intention of this Preface to recommend the present Translation, such as it is, by depreciating the value of those that have gone before it; and I will fairly confess, that of such of them as I thought it expedient to consult, I have made all the use that the different genius of our undertakings would admit.

When the beauties of Sophocles lay buried in Adams's prose, it was no wonder that a Greek professor, with a

laudable jealousy for the reputation of one of the first writers in that language, should step forth, and endeavour to recommend him to the notice of the English reader, by exhibiting him in a poetical dress. Blank-verse is now considered as the life and soul of Tragedy; though perhaps too much attention to the language, in preference to the fable and the manners, has been one of the chief causes of the failure of our modern Tragedies. From almost all other compositions that measure is now excluded; and since the days of Milton, it has been thought to relish so much of the sublime, that it has scarce ever been suffered to tread the stage, as an attendant on the Comic Muse. Wherefore, notwithstanding the praises justly due to the translator of Sophocles, it may be thought strange to make the same experiment on Terence, to raise the voice of Comedy against her will, and to force the author to wear the buskin instead of the sock.

To these and the like objections, the reader might expect an answer in the following Translation: but there I will not promise that he shall find it. A man of very moderate talents may form a plan above his ability to execute; and his failure may serve the cause of letters, though not very honourable to himself. It may not be amiss, therefore, to consider the nature of the undertaking,

taking, and to examine the propriety of an attempt to translate the plays of a Roman Comic poet into English blank-verse.

It is well known that Comedy, as well as Tragedy, owed its origin to a kind of rude song[1]; Tragedy to the Dithyrambick, and Comedy to the Phallica: and as each of them began to form themselves into dramatic imitations, each studied to adopt a measure suited to their purpose. Tragedy, the more lofty, chose the Tetrameter; and Comedy, who aimed at familiarity, the Iämbick. But as the style of Tragedy improved, Nature herself, says Aristotle, directed the writers to abandon the capering Tetrameter, and to embrace that measure which was most accommodated to the purposes of dialogue; whence the Iämbick became the common measure of Tragedy and Comedy.

Hunc SOCCI *cepere pedem, grandesque* COTHURNI,
Alternis aptum sermonibus, et populares
Vincentem strepitus, & natum rebus agendis.[2]

——Iämbicks——suited to the stage,
In comic humour, or in tragic rage,
With sweet variety were found to please,
And taught the dialogue to flow with ease;
Their numerous cadence was for action fit,
And form'd to quell the clamours of the pit.

FRANCIS.

Some of the Tragedies of Sophocles, and more of Euripides, have escaped the wreck of Græcian literature: but none of the Greek legitimate Comedies, except those of Aristophanes be such, have come entire down to our times. Yet even from those, as well as from the fragments of Menander, Philemon, &c. it is evident that measure was supposed to be as necessary to Comedy as Tragedy.

[3] In this, as well as in all other matters of literature, the usage of Greece was religiously observed at Rome. Plautus, in his richest vein of humour, is numerous and poetical: and the Comedies of Terence, though we cannot agree to read them after Bishop Hare, were evidently not written without regard to measure. The Comic poets indeed indulged themselves in many licences; but the particular character of the measure used by those authors, as may be gathered from Horace, was its familiarity, and near approach to common conversation.

Idcircò quidam, Comœdia necne poëma
Esset, quæsivêre, quòd acer spiritus & vis
Nec verbis, nec rebus inest: *nisi quòd pede certo*
Differt sermoni, sermo merus. [4]

Some doubt, if Comedy be justly thought
A real poem, since it may be wrought

In

In style and subject, without fire or force;
And, bate the numbers, is but mere discourse.
FRANCIS.

By the antients then it is evident, that measure was always considered as essential to Comedy, nor has it always been thought improper even among the moderns. Our neighbours, the French, seem to have imagined mere prose, which, with Moliere's '*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*,' the meanest of us have talked from our cradle, to be too little elevated for the language of the theatre. Even to this day, they write most of their plays, comedies as well as tragedies, in verse; and the excellent '*Avare*' of Moliere had nearly failed of the applause it deserved, by being written in prose. In our own nation, Shakspeare, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Shirley, and all our old writers, used blank-verse in their Comedy: of which practice it is too little to say, that it needs no apology. It deserves the highest commendation, since it hath been the means of introducing the most capital beauties into their compositions, while the same species of excellence could not possibly enter into the comedies of a later period, when the Muse had constrained herself to walk the stage in humble prose.

I would not however be understood, by what I have here said of measure in comedy, to object to the use of prose,

prose, or to insinuate that our modern pieces, taken all together, are the worse for being written in that style. That indeed is a question that I am not called upon to enter into at present; and it is enough for me to have shewn that poetical dialogue was in use among our old writers, and was the constant practice of the antients. Menander and Apollodorus wrote in measure; Terence, who copied from their pieces, wrote in measure; and consequently they, who attempt to render his plays into a modern language, should follow the same method. If Terence, in the opinion of Quintilian, failed of transfusing all the elegancis of Menander into his style, by neglecting to adhere to Trimeters; how can the translator of Terence hope to catch the smallest part of his beauties by totally abandoning the road of poetry, and deviating entirely into prose? If it be too true of translations in general, according to the severe and witty censure of Don Quixote, in his visit to the printing-house at Barcelona, that they are like the wrong side of Flemish tapestry, in which, though we distinguish the figures, they are confused and obscured by ends and threads; they, who render verse by prose, may be said purposely to turn the pieces of their original the seamy side without; and to avoid copying the plain face of nature, in order to make their drawings after the topsy-turvy figures of the '*camera obscura*.'

But

But this matter is not merely speculative. The theory has long ago been confirmed by practice, and the first translators of the antient comic writers, naturally gave poetical versions of their plays. We are told by Voltaire in the ‘ Supplement to his General History,’ that early in the 16th century the best pieces of Plautus were translated into Italian at Venice; “ and they translated “ them (continues he) into verse, *as they ought to be* “ *translated, since it was in verse that they were writ-* “ *ten by Plautus.*” In the same century, in the reign of Charles IV. Baif, an old French poet, translated the ‘ Eunuch’ of our author into French verse, and Madam Dacier herself acknowledges it to have been an excellent translation; notwithstanding which acknowledgment, we cannot wonder that she, who translated Homer into prose, should do the same thing by Terence. Menage mentions an old translation of all the works of Terence, partly verse, partly prose; and I believe there is more than one translation of all his plays into Italian verse: besides which, great part of the ‘ Andrian’ and the ‘ Brothers’ has been translated pretty closely into French verse by Baron, as well as of the ‘ Eunuch’ by Fontaine.

The French heroick, if we may scan it by our English ears,

Legitimumque sonum digito callemus et aure,

is, like the Greek tetrameter, a kind of dancing measure,

ill suited to the purposes of dialogue, noble or familiar; and so very inconvenient in poems of length, that the want of a proper measure in that language has occasioned that strange solecism in letters, an epic poem in prose: but, notwithstanding these difficulties, whoever will compare Baron, Fontaine, and some few passages of Terence translated by Moliere, with any prose translation, will immediately be convinced of their great superiority. The English blank-verse is happily conceived in the true spirit of that elegant and magnificent simplicity, which characterizes the Græcian iämbick, and it is remarked by the Rev. Mr. T. Warton, the learned and ingenious poetry-professor of the University of Oxford, that "an Alexandrine, entirely "consisting of iämbic feet, answers precisely to a pure "tetrametical iämbic verse of the antients." [5]

The mere modern critick, whose idea of blank-verse is perhaps attached to that empty swell of phraseology, so frequent in our late tragedies, may consider these notions as void of foundation; and will not readily allow that the same measure can be as well adapted to the expression of comic humour, as to the *pathos* of Tragedy: but practice, as well as theory, has confirmed the promiscuous use of it. It is observed by Gravina, that as an hexameter sounds very differently in Homer and in Theocritus, so doth an iämbick in tragedy

gedy and comedy. [6] Nobody will pretend that there is the least similarity between the style of Horace and Virgil; and yet they both use the same measure. But not to dwell on argument, and rather to produce irrefragable proofs of the fact, let me recur to the works of our old writers. Shakspeare, Jonson, Fletcher, &c. shall be my vouchers. Let the critick carefully read over the works of those authors. There he will seldom or ever find that tumour of blank-verse, to which he has been so much accustomed on the modern stage. He will be surprized with a familiar dignity, which, though it rises somewhat above ordinary conversation, is rather an improvement than perversion of it. He will soon be convinced, that blank-verse is by no means appropriated solely to the buskin, but that the hand of a master may mould it to whatever purposes he pleases; and that in Comedy, it will not only admit humour, but even heighten and embellish it. "The Britons," says Mr. Seward in his preface to the last edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, "not only retained metre "in their comedies, but also all the *acer spiritus*, all "the strength and nerves of poetry, which was in a "good measure owing to the happiness of our blank-"verse, which, at the same time that it is capable of "the highest sublimity, the most extensive and no-"blest harmony of the tragic and epic; yet, when

used

" used familiarly, is so near the *sermo pedestris*, so easy " and natural, as to be well adapted even to the drollest " comic dialogue.—Every one must know that the gen- " teel parts of comedy, descriptions of polite life, mo- " ral sentences, paternal fondness, filial duty, gene- " rous friendship, and particularly the delicacy and " tenderness of lovers' sentiments, are equally proper to " poetry in Comedy as in Tragedy.-----Such poetic " excellence, therefore, will the reader find in the gen- " teel part of our author's Comedies; and there is a " poetic style often equally proper and excellent even " in the lowest drollery of Comedy."

Instances of the truth and justice of these observations might be produced without number from the authors above mentioned; and perhaps the unnatural stiffness of the modern tragic style is in great measure owing to the almost total exclusion of blank-verse from modern compositions, Tragedy excepted. The common use of an elevated diction in Comedy, where the writer was often, of necessity, put upon expressing the most ordinary matters, and where the subject demanded him to paint the most familiar and ridiculous emotions of the mind, was perhaps one of the chief causes of that *easy vigour* so conspicuous in the style of our old tragedies. Habituated to poetical dialogue in those compositions, wherein they were obliged to adhere more strictly to the

simplicity

simplicity of the language of nature, the poets learned, in those of a more exalted species, not to depart from it too wantonly, nor entirely to abandon that magnificent plainness, which is the genuine dress of true passion and poetry. The Greek Tragedy, as has been before observed, quitted the tetrameter for the natural iämbick. Just the contrary happened on our own stage, when Dryden and the contemporary poets, authors of those strange productions called heroic Tragedies, introduced rhyme in the place of blank-verse, asserting that the latter was nothing more than *measured prose;* which, by-the-bye, exactly agrees with Horace's character of the irregular iämbick of the Roman Comedy;

——*nisi quod pede certo*
Differt sermoni, sermo merus.

These, and the like considerations, had long appeared to me as the invincible reasons, why all attempts to render the comedies of the antients into downright prose, must prove, as they ever have proved, unsuccessful; and imagining that we had in our own language the models of a proper diction, I was led to attempt a version of one of Terence's plays in familiar blank-verse, something after the manner of our old writers, but by no means professing or intending a direct imitation of them. This first essay, conscious of its crudeness and inaccuracy, but dubious whether it was worth while to endea-

vour to give it a higher polish, I communicated to a few friends; whose partiality to that effort encouraged me to proceed, and I found myself seriously engaged, almost before I was aware, in a translation of all our author's pieces. How I have acquitted myself of this very hard task, must now be submitted to the publick: but if I have failed in the undertaking, I will venture to say, that my ill success is entirely owing to the lameness of the execution of a plan, which may be persued more happily by some better writer.

Thus much, however, it was thought necessary to premise, not only by way of reflection on our English blank-verse, but that the reader might not expect an attempt at a different kind of poetry, than I have endeavoured to set before him in the following translation. There are indeed scenes of Terence that require all the graces of poetry to give a tolerable version of them; but it has been observed to be his peculiar excellence, [7] that his plays have so admirably preserved the due character of Comedy, that they never rise to the sublime of Tragedy, nor sink into the meanness of Farce; and Madam Dacier has remarked with what address he has accommodated the sentiments of Euripides to the use of Comedy. The scenes here alluded to, are much of the same colour with many in our old writers: wherefore I am the more surprized that Mr. Seward, in his Preface above-

above-cited, while he gives us so just an account of the diction used in the old comedies of our own theatre, should yet speak so unadvisedly of the style of the Greek and Roman drama, as to say, that "even the sub-"limest sentiments of Terence, when his Comedy raises "its voice to the greatest dignity, are still not clothed in "poetic diction."—And again, "that the Greeks ap-"propriated the spirit and nerves of poetry to Tragedy "only, and though they did not wholly deprive Co-"medy of metre, they left it not the shadow of poetic "diction." That learned and elegant critick, Mr. Joseph Warton, who was the first that gave in English any of the fragments of Menander, when he apologizes for the translation, [8] "remembering always how much "his elegance is injured by a plain prosaïc transla-"tion," was, it is evident, of a very different opinion: and Gravina [9] mentions it as a wonderful quality of the measure in the antient Tragedy and Comedy, that while it possesses all the dignity of verse, it has all the ease and familiarity of prose.

But not only the opinion of many ingenious men among the moderns, as well as the living testimony of the plays themselves, but also the express authority of the antient criticks absolutely contradicts the assertion of Mr. Seward. We are told by Quintilian [10], that Menander, though he cultivated a different province of the

Drama,

Drama, was a great admirer and imitator of Euripides, which accounts for the sentiments of that tragic poet, still to be met with in the Comedies of Terence. The same critick also speaks of the force and grandeur, as well as elegance, [11] of the style in the Old Comedy; and Horace, even in the passage where he doubts whether a comedy is to be esteemed a poem, on account of the familiarity of the style, immediately subjoins, *At pater ardens sævit*, &c. And in another place he has directly delivered his opinion, how far the Tragic and Comic Muse may reciprocally assume each other's tone.

> " Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult;
> Indignatur item privatis ac prope socco
> Dignis carminibus narrari cœna Thyestæ.
> Singula quæque locum teneant sortita decenter.
> Interdum tamen et vocem Comœdia tollit,
> Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore;
> Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri." [12]

To these lines I shall subjoin Oldham's unpolished imitation, because it brings them home to our own stage; and I would recommend it to the reader, who is curious to see any thing further on this subject, to peruse Dacier's notes on this passage in the original.

Volpone

Volpone and Morose will not admit
Of Catiline's high strains; nor is it fit
To make Sejanus on the stage appear
In the low dress which comic persons wear:
Whate'er the subject be on which you write,
Give each thing its due place and time aright.
Yet Comedy sometimes may raise her style,
And angry Chremes is allow'd to swell;
And Tragedy alike has sometimes leave
To throw off majesty when 'tis to grieve.

OLDHAM.

I shall conclude what I have to say, on the propriety of translating the Roman comic poets into English blank-verse, by observing to what advantage many of the sentiments of Terence and Plautus have already appeared in that dress in the plays of our old writers. Jonson, according to the just and elegant observation of Dryden, may often be tracked in their snow; and in the notes to this Translation the reader will meet with many passages similar to those in our author, from Shakspeare. A most learned and acute critick [13] has observed, that "we seldom are able to fasten an imitation, with cer-"tainty, on such a writer as Shakspeare;" because [14] "he takes nothing but the *sentiment;* the expression "comes of itself, and is purely English." I have there-

fore

fore given the passages in question merely as *resemblances*, leaving the reader to make his own comment on them.

Besides the resemblance of particular passages, scattered up and down in different plays, it is well known that the whole 'Comedy of Errors' is in great measure founded on the 'Menæchmi' of Plautus; but I do not recollect ever to have seen it observed that the disguise of the pedant in the 'Taming of the Shrew,' his assuming the name and character of Vincentio, together with his encountering the real Vincentio, seem to be evidently taken from the disguise of the sycophanta in the 'Trinummus' of the same author; and there is a quotation from the 'Eunuch' of Terence also, so familiarly introduced into the dialogue of the 'Taming of the Shrew,' that I think it puts the question of Shakspeare's having read the Roman comic poets in the original language out of all doubt.

> *Tranio.* Master, it is no time to chide you now;
> Affection is not rated from the heart.
> If love hath touch'd you, nought remains but so,
> *Redime te captum quàm queas minimo.* [15]
>
> Taming of the Shrew, Act I.

I do not think it incumbent on me in this place, according to the custom of most editors and translators, to

write a panegyrick on my author; much less shall I attempt to draw a comparison in his favour between him and Plautus; though I cannot help observing, that the common-place of modern criticism on these writers is, in general, very different from that of the antients. We now extol Plautus for his humour, and Terence for his style; and on this foundation is raised the comparison between them, so injurious to our author, in the sixth book of the Poeticks of Scaliger. Varro, on the contrary, gives the preference to the style of Plautus, which he considers as the language of the Muses themselves; and assigns the just delineation of characters as the peculiar excellence of Terence; who, in the time of Augustus, was equally admired for the artful contexture and judicious conduct of his plots. Cæsar and Tully, and Quintilian, have indeed spoken with justice of the elegance and purity of his style; but the excellencies of the fable and the manners are prior to those of the diction; and as they are the chief beauties of Comedy, so are they the distinguishing characteristicks of Terence.

In my opinion, the justest objection ever made to his plays is the similarity of the plots, which necessarily produces a similarity of style and characters [16]; nor can it be sufficiently lamented that a writer, who was so accurate a painter of the manners, and so judicious a conductor of the fable, as well as so exquisite in his lan-

guage, should not have given full scope to his genius, and taken in a greater variety of personages, and been more studious to diversify the incidents of his several comedies.

For more particular observations on our poet, the reader is referred to the Notes on the several plays. As for the notes themselves; many of them, being taken from the best criticks and commentators, antient and modern, living and dead, natives and foreigners, will, I know, be allowed to have merit: many others, being entirely my own, are as liable to censure as the translation itself; especially those, wherein I have ventured to oppose the judgments of others; though I can safely say that I have never attempted to litigate any opinion, merely from a petulant spirit of contradiction, or an ambition of novelty. It is the duty of an editor aud translator to illustrate and explain the author, to the best of his abilities; and if he differs from former criticks, he should give his reasons for his dissent, and leave it to the publick to decide. He too, it is true, may be deceived in his turn: for, as the critick is as often wrong as the author on whom he comments, or, if we may take a poet's word on this occasion,

Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss [17];

so is the hypercritick as fallible as the critick. But each man's understanding, such as it is, must be his guide; and he, who has not courage to make a free use of it, but obtrudes the opinions of others, unsifted and unexamined, on his readers, betrays more want of respect for their understanding, than diffidence of his own.

It was my first intention to have accompanied this Translation with a Dissertation on Comedy; hoping it might have appeared an agreeable addition to the work: but on weighing this matter seriously, and turning it over and over in my thoughts, I found the subject grow upon me so considerably, as it opened itself to my mind, that the pursuit of it would have unavoidably betrayed me into another volume; so that what I meant for the advantage of the reader, like the *bonus* in a government-subscription, would in fact have proved a heavy tax. The work has already exceeded the limits, which I proposed to myself at first setting out. I did not, therefore, think it justice to the purchasers to swell the price still more: and to have given the Dissertation, maimed or incomplete, would have been injustice to them, as well as to myself. Whenever it sees the light, it shall be as perfect as I am able to make it. In the mean time, every thing relative to the Comedies of Terence, critical as well as explanatory, will, I hope, be

the original authors from whom the Comedies were taken, the principal intention of the first compilers was merely to keep together all the pieces imitated from the same Greek poet. Accordingly, the four first plays, the 'Andrian,' 'Eunuch,' 'Self-Tormentor,' and 'Brothers,' are from Menander; and the two last, the 'Step-Mother,' and 'Phormio,' from Apollodorus. Allowing for this variation, they are ranged, as nearly as may be, according to the true order in which they appeared: for I take it for granted, that the 'Eunuch' is placed the second, that the 'Self-Tormentor' might not be forced out of its right place; since, in the present arrangement, the 'Self-Tormentor' and the 'Andrian' still precisely occupy their original rank. This however is submitted merely as conjecture: but it is remarkable, that however books differ in other respects, they all concur in giving the first place to the 'Andrian;' though it would be difficult for the nicest critick to assign the reasons why it ought, in point of merit, to take the lead of the 'Eunuch;' or why either of the two should precede the 'Self-Tormentor.' It should seem therefore, that the chronological order was attended to by the old transcribers, as far as it could be reconciled to the plan on which they proceeded.

Before I conclude this Preface, it is necessary to speak of two or three circumstances peculiar to these Comedies.

First,

First, then, the English reader is desired to observe, that the manners, prevailing in them all, are wholly Græcian. The scene is always laid in or near Athens; the actors were dressed in Græcian habits, suitable to their respective characters; and the customs, coins, &c. occasionally mentioned, such as were used in Greece. Terence, who imitated rather than translated [18] Menander, chose, however, to preserve the scenery and manners of his original. The *direct translator* of Terence therefore has certainly no right to modernize his Comedies, and, instead of Græcian manners, to substitute the French, English, or Italian: yet this hath been the method pursued by most professed translators, though necessarily productive of two great inconveniencies: for, first, it deprives the modern reader of the pleasure of directly comparing the manners and customs of another age and country with those of his own: and, secondly, the ground of the play, the fable, characters, sentiments, and language, still retaining the antient cast; the result of this modernizing spirit is a fantastical medley, which represents the manners of no age or country at all.

Notwithstanding the acknowledged chastity of Terence, there are many things in these plays irreconcileable to modern notions of delicacy; and there are, even in his dialogue (so justly esteemed for its urbanity),

many

many violations of the modern rules of politeness. "The influence of modern manners (says an excellent "writer) reaches even to names and the ordinary "forms of address. In the Greek and Roman dia- "logues, it was permitted to accost the greatest persons "by their obvious and familiar appellations. Alcibia- "des had no more addition than Socrates: and Bru- "tus and Cæsar lost nothing of their dignity from "being applied to in those direct terms. The mo- "derns, on the contrary, have their guards and fences "about them; and we hold it an incivility to approach "them without some decent periphrasis, or ceremonial "title." [19] Many instances of this antient familiarity will occur in these Comedies; and though I have sometimes, rendered the *here*, or *hera*, of the original, by the terms of *Sir* or *Madam;* yet the reader will commonly find the meanest slave accosting his master or mistress by their plain names without any more respectful addition.

The several allusions to antient customs are explained, as occasion requires; and the value of the coins is taken notice of, the two or three first times that each species is mentioned: but as there is not one of the plays, wherein most of them do not very frequently occur, I have thought proper to insert in this place Cooke's Table of Attic Money; to be referred to at pleasure.

A Table

A Table of Sums in Attic *Money; with their Proportion to* English *Money.*

	l.	*s.*	*d.*	*q.*
OBOLI.				
1 - -	00	00	01	$1\frac{1}{6}$
2 - -	00	00	02	$2\frac{1}{3}$
3 - -	00	00	03	$3\frac{3}{6}$
4 - -	00	00	05	$0\frac{2}{3}$
5 - -	00	00	06	$1\frac{5}{6}$
6 equal to a Drachma	00	00	07	3
DRACHMÆ.				
1 - -	00	00	07	3
10 - -	00	06	05	2
100 equal to a Mina	03	04	07	0
MINÆ.				
1 - -	03	04	07	0
10 - -	32	05	10	0
20 - -	64	11	08	0
60 equal to a Talent	193	15	00	0
TALENTA.				
1 - -	193	15	00	0
5 - -	968	15	00	0
10 - -	1937	10	00	0
15 - -	2906	05	00	0
20 - -	3875	00	00	0
100 - -	19375	00	00	0
Terence mentions the *half-mina* in his 'Adelphi;' which was a single coin in proportion to -	01	12	03	2

The *obolus* was brass; the rest were silver.

On the whole, it will appear that it has been my chief study to exhibit Terence as nearly as possible in the

the same dress in which he appeared at Rome; hoping that the learned reader may recognize his old acquaintance, and that I may be able to introduce to the unlearned, one so well worth his knowledge. I have tried (however the difficulty of the attempt may have baffled my endeavours) to catch the *manner*, as well as features, of my original. Some perhaps may think that, having once abandoned prose, I might have given still freer scope to my imagination, and have introduced more strokes of poetry: but such criticks must have very little considered the concise purity of Terence; the difficulty of preserving that *proprietas verborum*, for which he is so remarkable; the nameless force even of adverbs and particles, in his style; and how dangerous it would be to attempt any additions or flourishes on his dialogue. I meant a direct translation, not a loose imitation; and perhaps this version will be found in most instances to be more literal than the prose translations. The peculiar felicity of the mode I had embraced, often gave me an opportunity of following the Author, without stiffness, in the arrangement of his words and sentences, and even of indulging myself, without affectation, in the ellipses, so frequent in his style. In a word, if this version shall be allowed to have any merit, it is entirely owing to the strict adherence to the original.

The

The other circumstances necessary to be mentioned, for the better illustration of these Comedies, are chiefly relative to the representation. "Some (says Echard) object, that, in the beginning of many scenes, two actors enter the stage, and talk to themselves a considerable time before they see or know one another; which (say they) is neither probable nor natural.——They, that object this, do not consider the difference betwixt our small scanty stage and the large magnificent Roman theatres: their stage was sixty yards wide in front; their scenes so many streets meeting together, with by-lanes, rows, and alleys; so that two actors coming down two distinct streets or lanes, could not be seen by each other, though the spectators might see both; and sometimes, if they did see each other, they could not well distinguish faces at sixty yards distance. Besides, on several accounts, it might well be supposed, when an actor enters the stage, out of some house, he might take a turn or two under the porticoes (usual at that time) about his door, and not observe another actor on the other side of the stage." [20]

To make the action and business of the play still clearer, as well as to present the reader with some image of its effect in the representation, I have all along subjoined, according to the modern manner, marginal notes

tragedy or comedy; which circumstance, if duly considered, might have prevented a deal of idle disputation concerning the propriety of a chorus. The antient plays, it is certain, were all accompanied with musick; Aristotle mentions musick as one of the six parts of tragedy; and we know from Horace, that the alterations in the drama, musick, and decorations, kept pace with each other, and that in process of time, as the Roman theatres were enlarged, their musick also became more rich and full.

" Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vincta, tubæque
Æmula; sed tenuis, simplexque foramine pauco
Adspirare & adesse choris erat utilis, atque
Nondum spissa nimis complere sedilia flatu:
Quo sanè populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,
Et frugi, castusque verecundusque coïbat.
Postquam cœpit agros extendere victor, & urbem
Latior amplecti murus, vinoque diurno
Placari genius festis impunè diebus,
Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major.
Indoctus quid enim saperet, liberque laborum,
Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto?
Sic priscæ motumque & luxuriem addidit arti
Tibicen, traxitque vagus per pulpita vestem:
Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis,
Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia præceps:
Utiliumque sagax rerum, ac divina futuri
Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis." [21]

Nor

Nor was the Flute at first with silver bound,
Nor rivall'd emulous the trumpet's sound:
Few were its notes, its form was simply plain;
Yet not unuseful was its feeble strain
To aid the Chorus, and their songs to raise:
Filling the little theatre with ease:
To which a thin and pious audience came,
Of frugal manners, and unsullied fame.
But when victorious Rome enlarg'd her state,
And broader walls enclos'd th' Imperial seat;
Soon as with wine, grown dissolutely gay,
Without restraint she cheer'd the festal day;
Then Poesy in looser numbers mov'd,
And musick in licentious tones improv'd:
Such ever is the taste when clown and wit,
Rustick and critick, fill the crouded Pit.
He who before with modest art had play'd,
Now call'd in wanton movements to his aid,
Fill'd with luxurious tones the pleasing strain,
And drew along the stage a length of train:
And thus the lyre, once awfully severe,
Increas'd the strings, and sweeter charm'd the ear;
Thus poetry precipitately flow'd,
And with unwonted elocution glow'd;
Pour'd forth prophetic truth in awful strain,
Dark as the language of the Delphic fane.—FRANCIS.

In the above lines the two principal instruments in use on the theatre are mentioned, viz. *tibia*, the flute, and *fidis*, the lyre. On so obscure a part of learning, many doubts must necessarily have arisen; but the most

most probable opinion seems to be, that the flute was employed to accompany the *declamation* or *recitative*, and the lyre was peculiar to the *chorus*: whence it happens that in the plays of Terence, as appears from the titles, only the flutes were used; the chorus, which made a part of the old comedy, as well as tragedy, not being admitted into the new. The comic musick was certainly much more familiar than the tragic; and on comparing the several authorities on this subject, it seems probable that the *scenic modulation*, as Quintilian calls it, in comedy, was a kind of easy chant, calculated to assist the actors in the declamation, and to throw out the voice with force, in order to fill their ample theatres. Indeed the same critick expressly tells us, that the declamation of the comic actors was nothing more than adding a certain theatrical grace to the manner of common conversation; not falling entirely into the ease of ordinary discourse, which would be inartificial; nor departing so far from nature, as to lose the excellence of imitation. [22]

The English reader will find, in the titles to these Comedies, some expressions relative to the musick, that may perhaps appear to him rather strange and uncouth; such as——Flutes equal or unequal, right or left-handed;——but they are the only words that could be used with any propriety to translate the original names of the

the instruments; and yet even those words, uncouth as they are, are not intelligible without some further explanation; and to mend the matter, that further explanation is so difficult to be obtained, that the learned Le Fevre wrote a most elegant copy of Latin verses, execrating the flute, and all the commentators on it.

The short account from Donatus, which I have subjoined to the title to the 'Andrian,' shews that the right-handed flutes were the proper accompaniments to comedies of a graver cast, and the left-handed to those of more pleasantry. Montfaucon [23] observes, that the flute took its original name *tibia*, from being antiently made of the leg of some animal, as a horse, a dog, &c. [24] He seems at a loss to conceive how a double flute could create an agreeable harmony, but believes it to have been even more common in use than the single; though he supposes that the two flutes were in fact separated, but that the several pipes of each joined in the mouth of the player. To this account he annexes his figure of a *choraules*, or chief-minstrel, who holds in each hand a pipe without holes, much in the shape of a modern post-horn.

In order to give as plain an idea as possible of the musick to the antient comedies, I have subjoined to this preface a plate containing three musical figures taken from an Italian treatise on the theatrical masks

and comic figures of the Romans, by Francesco de Ficoroni [25]. The figure at the top is that of a female-minstrel, playing on two unequal flutes; and is copied from a very antient bas-relief in marble, preserved among the curious pieces of sculpture in the Farnese palace: the whole marble contains five figures, and represents a scene in the last act of the 'Andrian,' where Simo calls forth Dromo to carry off Davus to punishment. On one side Dromo, with a kind of knotted cord in his hand, which is raised in the air and seems prepared to fall heavy on Davus, is hurrying him away. On the other side appears the enraged Simo, with Chremes endeavouring to moderate his anger; and in the middle the minstrel, playing as in the annexed plate. The dress of the minstrel (although here a female one) is exactly conformable to the description of the habit of the minstrel by Horace,

—*Traxitque vagus per pulpita vestem.*
And drew along the stage a length of train.

In the original plate she is turned towards the two slaves; and seems intending to keep time with Dromo's blows, or, as Ficoroni supposes, to exhilarate the spectators between the several strokes.

The female figure on the left, bearing two unequal flutes in her hand, represents (as Ficoroni supposes, from her flowing hair being collected in a knot behind,

as

as well as from a satyric mask, which in the original Cameo, whence the plate is taken, stands by her side) a minstrel employed in the satiric drama, a kind of serious pastoral much in favour on the Roman stage, and of which Horace has spoken very largely in his Art of Poetry. This figure seems to confirm the conjecture of Montfaucon, that the double flutes were in fact two distinct instruments, and that the pipes of each joined in the mouth of the minstrel.

The figure on the right is copied from a mutilated marble containing a Greek Inscription, ΚΑΤ. ΠΡΟ. ΙΖ. ΚΑΛ. ΑΠΡΙΛΙΩΝ. Which inscription, as it records no name, nor bears any other mark of those used on funeral occasions, Ficoroni supposes to be intended to record some theatrical exhibition on the time there mentioned, which was seventeen days before the Calends of April, being equal to our sixteenth of March, and the time of the celebration of the Liberalia, or Games in honour of Bacchus, in antient Rome.

I have given these two last figures to shew the various forms, as well as improvements of the flute. Those in the hands of the pastoral minstrel have but three stops; but that in the right hand of the mutilated figure has seven; which confirms the observation of the learned Montfaucon, who tells us that the flute had at first three holes, but that they were afterwards multiplied to seven,

and even to ten. In another part of Ficoroni's book is a figure, which seems to be that of a vain-glorious soldier, a very common character in the comedies of the antients, singing to a minstrel playing on double flutes, which by their shape and size seem to have been those large trumpet-toned instruments in use in the days of Horace.

As to the manner in which these flutes were used, Ficoroni observes from Diomedes the Grammarian, that by *flutes equal, or unequal*, was meant, that in soliloquy the minstrel blew only one pipe, and in dialogue both. The prefaces of Donatus to the several plays of our author do, I think, plainly overthrow this assertion; and on the same authority we may pronounce it to be pretty certain, that the soliloquies, like the *airs* in our Opera, had more laboured accompaniments than the dialogue, or common recitative; for Donatus has informed us—DIVERBIA *histriones pronuntiabant:* CANTICA *verò temperabantur modis non à poetâ, sed à perito artis musicæ factis. Neque enim omnia iisdem modis in uno cantico agebantur, sed sæpè mutatis. Ut significant qui tres numeros in comœdiis ponunt, qui tres continent mutatos modos cantici illius.* The import of this passage is explained by Diomedes, who tells us that *Diverbia* signifies the dialogue, and *Cantica* the soliloquies [26]. Of this technical sense of

the word *canticum*, after consulting and carefully comparing many other passages of Donatus, I am well convinced; though I confess I was not at all aware of it in my first draught of the notes to the 'Brothers;' nor, it is evident, was Madam Dacier; who has also, in her account of the musick, in the notes to the 'Andrian', mistaken the meaning of *flutes equal or unequal*[27], *right or left-handed*, supposing them synonymous terms; whereas it is plain from Donatus, as well as from the title to that play, that it was acted to EQUAL *flutes right* AND *left-handed;* and that the *right-handed* signified those used in the more serious parts of comedy and the *left-handed* those used in the more pleasant.

It appears also, from the lines above cited from Horace, that the minstrel did not content himself with playing on the flutes, but accompanied his musick with some gesture suitable to the action of the scene.

——priscæ motumque & luxuriem addidit arti
Tibicen.
—call'd in wanton movements to his aid.

"Of the use and propriety of these gestures," says the ingenious annotator on the 'Art of Poetry,' whom I have often cited, "it will not be easy for us, who see "no such things attempted on the modern stage, to "form any very clear or exact notions."[28] Here therefore I shall conclude this Preface, and take my leave

leave of the antient musick; referring the curious reader to the several commentators on Horace and Aristotle, and to those authors who have written expressly on this subject; which it is needless to pursue any further in this place, as it is now of no great consequence to the reader of the Comedies of Terence.

Ja.s Hopwood sculp.t

Vide end of Preface

POSTSCRIPT.

THE reverend and ingenious Mr. Farmer, in his curious and entertaining *Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare*, having done me the honour to animadvert on some passages in the preface to this Translation, I cannot dismiss this edition without declaring how far I coincide with that gentleman; although what I then threw out carelessly on the subject of his pamphlet was merely incidental, nor did I mean to enter the lists as a champion to defend either side of the question.

It is most true, as Mr. Farmer takes for granted, that I had never met with the old comedy called *The Supposes*, nor has it even yet fallen into my hands; yet I am willing to grant, on Mr. Farmer's authority, that Shakspeare borrowed part of the plot of the 'Taming of the Shrew,' from that old translation of Ariosto's play, by George Gascoign, and had no obligations to Plautus. I will accede also to the truth of Dr. Johnson's and Mr. Farmer's observation, that the line from Terence, exactly as it stands in Shakspeare, is extant in

Lilly

Lilly and Udall's *Floures for Latin Speaking*. Still, however, Shakspeare's total ignorance of the learned languages remains to be proved; for it must be granted, that such books are put into the hands of those who are learning those languages, in which class we must necessarily rank Shakspeare, or he could not even have quoted Terence from Udall or Lilly; nor is it likely, that so rapid a genius should not have made some further progress. "Our author (says Dr. Johnson, as "quoted by Mr. Farmer) had this line from Lilly; "which I mention, that it may not be brought as an "argument of his learning." It is, however, an argument that he read Lilly; and a few pages further it seems pretty certain, that the author of *The Taming of the Shrew* had at least read Ovid; from whose Epistles we find these lines:

Hàc ibat Simoïs; hîc est Sigeïa tellus;
Hîc steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

And what does Dr. Johnson say on this occasion? Nothing. And what does Mr. Farmer say on this occasion? Nothing.

In 'Love's Labour Lost,' which, bad as it is, is ascribed by Dr. Johnson himself to Shakspeare, there occurs the word *thrasonical;* another argument which seems to shew that he was not unacquainted with the Comedies

of

of Terence; not to mention, that the character of the schoolmaster in the same play could not possibly be written by a man who had travelled no further in Latin than *hic, hæc, hoc.*

In 'Henry the Sixth' we meet with a quotation from Virgil,

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?

But this, it seems, proves nothing, any more than the lines from Terence and Ovid, in the 'Taming of the Shrew;' for Mr. Farmer looks on Shakspeare's property in the comedy to be extremely disputable; and he has no doubt but 'Henry the Sixth' had the same author with 'Edward the Third,' which hath been recovered to the world in Mr. Capell's prolusions.

If any play in the collection bears internal evidence of Shakspeare's hand, we may fairly give him *Timon of Athens.* In this play we have a familiar quotation from Horace,

Ira furor brevis est.

I will not maintain but this hemistich may be found in Lilly or Udall; or that it is not in the *Palace of Pleasure*, or the *English Plutarch;* or that it was not originally foisted in by the players: it stands, however, in the play of *Timon of Athens.*

The

The world in general, and those who purpose to comment on Shakspeare in particular, will owe much to Mr. Farmer, whose researches into our old authors throw a lustre on many passages, the obscurity of which must else have been impenetrable. No future Upton or Gildon will go further than North's translation for Shakspeare's acquaintance with Plutarch, or balance between Dares Phrygius, and *the Troye booke of Lydgate*. *The Hystorie of Hamblet*, in *black letter*, will for ever supersede Saxo Grammaticus; translated novels and ballads will, perhaps, be allowed the sources of Romeo, Lear, and the Merchant of Venice; and Shakspeare himself, however unlike Bayes in other particulars, will stand convicted of having *transversed* the prose of Holinshed; and at the same time, to prove "that his "*studies* lay in his own language," the translations of Ovid are determined to be the production of Heywood.

"That his *studies* were most demonstratively con- "fined to *nature*, and his *own language*," I readily allow: but does it hence follow that he was so deplorably ignorant of every other tongue, living or dead, that he only "remembered, perhaps, enough of his "*schoolboy* learning to put the *hig*, *hag*, *hog*, into the "mouth of Sir H. Evans; and might pick up in the "writers of the time, or the course of his conversation, "a familiar phrase or two of French or Italian?" In

Shakspeare's

Shakspeare's plays both these last languages are plentifully scattered: but then, we are told, they might be impertinent additions of the players. Undoubtedly they might: but there they are, and, perhaps, few of the players had much more learning than Shakspeare.

Mr. Farmer himself will allow that Shakspeare began to learn Latin: I will allow that his *studies* lay in English: but why insist that he neither made any progress at school; nor improved his acquisitions there? The general encomiums of Suckling, Denham, Milton, &c. on his *native genius* [29], prove nothing; and Ben Jonson's celebrated charge of Shakspeare's *small Latin, and less Greek* [30], seems absolutely to decide that he had *some* knowledge of both; and if we may judge by our own time, a man, who has any Greek, is seldom without a very competent share of Latin; and yet such a man is very likely to study Plutarch in English, and to read translations of Ovid.

THE LIFE

OF

TERENCE,

TRANSLATED FROM SUETONIUS.[1]

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER was born at Carthage, and was a slave of Terentius Lucanus, a Roman Senator[2]; who, perceiving him to have an excellent understanding and a great deal of wit, not only bestowed on him a liberal education, but gave him his freedom in the very early part of his life. Some writers are of opinion that he was taken prisoner in battle; but Fenestella[3] proves this to be impossible, since Terence was born after the second Punic war, and died before the commencement of the third[4]. But even supposing that he had been taken by the Numidians[5], or Getulians, he could not have fallen into the hands of a Roman commander[6], since there was little or no communication between the Romans and Africans till after the entire destruction of Carthage.

Our Poet was beloved and much esteemed by noblemen of the first rank in the Roman commonwealth; and lived in a state of great intimacy with Scipio Africanus, and C. Lælius[7], to whom the beauty of his person also is supposed to have recommended him: which Fenestella lays to his charge, asserting that Terence was older than either of them[8]. Corn. Nepos,

on the contrary, writes that they were nearly of an age, and Porcius gives us room to suspect such a familiarity between them by the following lines.

Dum lasciviam nobilium & fucosas laudes petit:
Dum Africani voci divinæ inhiat avidis auribus:
Dum ad Furium [9] se cœnitare, & Lælium pulchrum putat:
Dum se amari ab hisce credit, crebro in Albanum rapi
Ob florem ætatis suæ; ad summam inopiam redactus est.
Itaque è conspectu omnium abiit in Græciæ terram ultimam;
Mortuus est in Stymphalo, Arcadiæ oppido.————

Seeking the pleasures and deceitful praise
Of nobles, while the Bard with greedy ears
Drinks in the voice divine of Africanus,
Happy to sup with Furius and with Lælius,
Caress'd, and often, for his bloom of youth,
Whirl'd to mount Alba; amidst all these joys,
He finds himself reduc'd to poverty.
Wherefore withdrawing from all eyes, and flying
To the extremest parts of Greece, he dies
At Stymphalus, a village in Arcadia.

He wrote six comedies. When he offered his first play, which was the 'Andrian,' to the Ædiles, he was ordered to read it to Cæcilius [10]. When he arrived at that poet's house, he found him at table; and it is said that our author, being very meanly dressed, was suffered to read the opening of his play, seated on a very low stool, near the couch of Cæcilius: but scarcely had he repeated a few lines, when Cæcilius invited him to sit down to supper with him;

him; after which, Terence proceeded with his play, and finished it to the no small admiration of Cæcilius. His six plays [11] were equally admired by the Romans; though Volcatius, [12] in his remarks on them, says,

Sumetur Hecyra sexta ex iis fabula.

——"The 'Step-mother,'
"The last, and least in merit of the six."

The 'Eunuch' met with such remarkable success, that it was acted twice in one day, and Terence was paid for it 8000 sesterces, being more than was ever paid for any comedy before [13]; for which reason the sum is recorded in the title [14] of that play. Varro prefers the beginning of the 'Brothers' to the beginning of the original of Menander.

It is pretty commonly said, that Scipio and Lælius, with whom he lived in such familiarity, assisted our Author [15] in his plays; and indeed Terence himself increased that suspicion, by the little pains he took to refute it; witness the prologue to the 'Brothers' [16]: though he might probably have acted thus, knowing that such an opinion was not unpleasing to those great men. Be that as it may, this opinion gained ground [17], and has continued down to our times.

Quintus Memmius [18], in an oration written in his own defence, positively declares that Scipio wrote the plays for his amusement, which he permitted Terence to father: Corn. Nepos asserts that he had been informed from very good authority, that Lælius, being at his villa, at Puzzuoli, on a certain first day of March [19], was requested by his lady to sup sooner than his usual hour, but he intreated her not to interrupt his studies.

Coming in to supper rather late, he declared he had never employed his time with better success than he had then done; and being asked what he had written [20], he repeated those verses in the 'Self-Tormentor' beginning with

Satis pol protervè me Syri promissa huc induxerunt.

Santra [21] observes, that if Terence had needed any assistance in the composition of his plays, he would not have applied to Scipio [22] and Lælius, who were at that time very young, but rather to C. Sulpicius Gallus [23], a man of sound learning, and who was the first person that introduced plays at the Consular Games; or to Marcus Popilius Lenas [24], or to Q. Fabius Labeo [25], both men of Consular dignity, and excellent poets. Terence himself intimates, speaking of those who were supposed to assist him, that they were not young men, but persons whose abilities had been experienced by the publick in peace, war, and business of state.

To wipe off the aspersion of plagiarism, or perhaps to make himself a master of the customs and manners of the Grecians, in order to delineate them the better in his writings, he left Rome in the thirty-fifth year of his age, after having exhibited the six comedies which are now extant; and he never returned more.

Volcatius speaks of his death in the following manner:

Sed ut Afer sex populo edidit comœdias,
Iter hinc in Asiam fecit: navim cùm semel
Conscendit, visus nunquam est. Sic vitâ vacat.

But Terence, having given the town six plays
Voyag'd for Asia; but when once embark'd,
Was ne'er seen afterwards. He died at sea.

Q. Con-

Q. Consetius [26] says, that he died at sea in his return from Greece, whence he was bringing one hundred and eight plays [27], translated from Menander. Others again assert, that he died at Stymphalus in Arcadia, during the consulship of Cn. Cornelius Dolabella, and M. Fulvius Nobilior [28], for grief, having lost the comedies he had translated, as well as those he had himself written.

He is said to have been of a middle stature, genteel, and of a swarthy complexion. He left a daughter, who was afterwards married to a Roman knight; and at the time of his death he was possessed of a house, together with a garden containing six acres of land on the Appian Way, close by the Villa Martis. It is very extraordinary therefore, that Porcius should say,

———*Nil Publius*
Scipio profuit, nil ei Lælius, nil Furius :
Tres per idem tempus qui agitabant nobiles facillimè.
Eorum ille opera ne domum quidem habuit conductitiam,
Saltem ut esset, quò referret obitum domini servulus.

Nothing did Publius Scipio profit him,
Nothing did Lælius, nothing Furius,
At once the three great patrons of our Bard;
And yet so niggard of their bounties to him,
He had not even wherewithal to hire
A house in Rome, to which a faithful slave
Might bring the tidings of his master's death.

Afranius [29], in his Compitalia [30], prefers him to all the comic poets :—

Terentio non similem dices quempiam.

To Terence you can shew no parallel.

But

But Volcatius not only places him after Nævius, Plautus, and Cæcilius, but even after Licinius [31]. Cicero, in his Leimon [32], a work in which he drew the characters of the most illustrious men, speaks of Terence thus:

Tu quoque, qui solus lecto sermone, Terentî,
Conversum expressumque Latinâ voce Menandrum
In medio populi sedatis vocibus effers;
Quidquid come loquens ac omnia dulcia dicens.

And thou, O Terence, couldst alone transfuse
The Attic graces to the Latin tongue,
And bring Menander to the ear of Rome:
Such purity, such sweetness in thy style!

C. Cæsar in like manner,

Tu quoque, tu in summis, O dimidiate Menander,
Poneris, & meritò, puri sermonis amator.
Lenibus atque utinam scriptis adjuncta foret vis
Comica, ut æquato virtus polleret honore
Cum Græcis, neque in hâc despectus parte jaceres;
[33] *Unum hoc maceror & doleo tibi deesse, Terentî.*

And thou, oh thou, among the first be plac'd,
Ay and deservedly, thou half Menander!
Lover of purest dialogue.—And oh,
That humour had gone hand in hand with ease
In all thy writings! that thy Muse might stand
In equal honour with the Grecian stage,
Nor thou be robb'd of more than half thy fame!
—This only I lament, and this, I grieve,
There's wanting in thee, Terence!

THE

ANDRIAN[1].

ACTED AT THE MEGALESIAN GAMES[2],

M. Fulvius and M. Glabrio, Curule Ædiles[3]: Principal Actors, L. Ambivius Turpio and L. Attilius Prænestius: The musick[4], composed for equal flutes, right and left handed, by Flaccus, freedman to Claudius: It is wholly Grecian[5]: Published, M. Marcellus and Cn. Sulpicius, Consuls.

Year of Rome	587
Before Christ	162
Author's Age	27

PROLOGUE.

The Bard, when first he gave his mind to write,
Thought it his only business, that his plays
Should please the people: but it now falls out,
He finds, much otherwise, and wastes, perforce,
His time in writing Prologues; not to tell
The argument, but to refute the slanders
Broach'd by the malice of an older Bard[6].
And mark what vices he is charg'd withal!
Menander wrote the 'Andrian' and 'Perinthian'[7]:
Know one, and you know both; in argument
Less diff'rent than in sentiment and style.
What suited with the 'Andrian' he confesses
From the 'Perinthian' he transferr'd, and us'd
For his: and this it is these sland'rers blame,
Proving by deep and learned disputation,
That Fables should not be confounded thus.
Troth! all their knowledge is, they nothing know:
Who, blaming him, blame [8]Nævius, Plautus, Ennius,
Whose great example is his precedent;
Whose negligence he'd wish to emulate
Rather than *their* dark diligence. Henceforth,
Let them, I give them warning, be at peace,
And cease to rail, lest they be made to know
Their own misdeeds. Be favourable! Sit
With equal mind, and hear our play; that hence
Ye may conclude, what hope to entertain,
Whether the plays he may hereafter write,
Shall merit approbation or contempt.

PERSONS.

PROLOGUE.

SIMO, *Father of Pamphilus.*

CHREMES, *Father of Glycerium and Philumena.*

PAMPHILUS, *Son of Simo.*

CHARINUS, *A young Man.*

CRITO, *A native of Andros.*

SOSIA, *Freedman of Simo.*

DAVUS, *Servant to Simo.*

BYRRHIA, *Servant to Charinus.*

DROMO.

SERVANTS, &c.

GLYCERIUM, *Daughter of Chremes.*

MYSIS, *Maidservant to Glycerium.*

LESBIA, *A midwife attendant on Glycerium.*

ARCHYLLIS.

SCENE—ATHENS.

THE

ANDRIAN.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

SIMO, SOSIA, *and Servants with provisions.*

Simo. CARRY those things in: go! [*Ex. servants.*
Sosia, come here:
A word with you!
Sosia. I understand:—that these
Be ta'en due care of[10].
Simo. Quite another thing.
Sosia. What can my art do more for you?
Simo. This business
Needs not that art; but those good qualities,
Which I have ever known abide in you,
Fidelity and secrecy.
Sosia. I wait
Your pleasure.
Simo. Since I bought you, from a boy,
How just and mild a servitude you've pass'd
With me, you're conscious: from a purchas'd slave
I made you free, because you serv'd me freely:
The greatest recompence I could bestow.
Sosia. I do remember.
Simo. Nor do I repent.
Sosia. If I have ever done, or now do aught
That's pleasing to you, Simo, I am glad,

And

And thankful that you hold my service good.
And yet this troubles me : for this detail,
Forcing your kindness on my memory,
Seems to reproach me of ingratitude[11].
Oh, tell me then at once, what would you, sir ?
Simo. I will ; and this I must advise you first :
The nuptial you suppose preparing now,
Is all unreal.
Sosia. Why pretend it then ?
Simo. You shall hear all from first to last[12] : and thus
The conduct of my son, my own intent,
And what part you're to act, you'll know at once.
For my son, Sosia, now to manhood grown[13],
Had freer scope of living : for before
How might you know, or how indeed divine
His disposition, good or ill, while youth,
Fear, and a master, all constrain'd him ?
Sosia. True.
Simo. Though most, as is the bent of youth, apply
Their mind to some one object, horses, hounds,
Or to the study of philosophy[14] ;
Yet none of these, beyond the rest, did he
Pursue ; and yet, in moderation, all.
I was o'erjoy'd.
Sosia. And not without good cause.
For this I hold to be the Golden Rule
Of life : Too much of one thing's good for nothing[15].
Simo. So did he shape his life to bear himself
With ease and frank good-humour unto all :
Mixt in what company soe'er, to them
He wholly did resign himself; complied
With all their humours, checking nobody,
Nor e'er assumingto himself : and thus

With

With ease, and free from envy, may you gain
Praise, and conciliate friends.
Sosia. He rul'd his life
By prudent maxims: for, as times go now,
Compliance raises friends, and truth breeds hate.
Simo. Meanwhile, ('tis now about three years ago[16],)
A certain woman from the isle of Andros,
Came o'er to settle in this neighbourhood,
By poverty and cruel kindred driv'n;
Handsome and young.
Sosia. Ah! I begin to fear
Some mischief from this Andrian.
Simo. At first,
Modest and thriftily, tho' poor, she liv'd [17],
With her own hands a homely livelihood
Scarce earning from the distaff and the loom.
But when a lover came, with promis'd gold,
Another, and another; as the mind
Falls easily from labour to delight,
She took their offers, and set up the trade.
They, who were then her chief gallants, by chance
Drew thither, as oft happens with young men,
My son to join their company. "So so!
(Said I within myself,) he's smit! he has it[18]!"
And in the morning as I saw their servants
Run to and fro, I'd often call, "Here, boy!
Prithee now, who had Chrysis yesterday?"
The name of this same Andrian.
Sosia. I take you.
Simo. Phædrus, they said, Clinia, or Niceratus;
For all these three then follow'd her.—"Well, well,
But what of Pamphilus?"—"Of Pamphilus!
He supt, and paid his reck'ning."—I was glad.

Another

Another day I made the like enquiry,
But still found nothing touching Pamphilus.
Thus I believ'd his virtue prov'd, and hence
Thought him a miracle of continence:
For he who struggles with such spirits, yet
Holds in that commerce an unshaken mind,
May well be trusted with the governance
Of his own conduct. Nor was I alone
Delighted with his life, but all the world
With one accord said all good things[19], and prais'd
My happy fortunes, who possess'd a son
So good, so lib'rally disposed.—In short,
Chremes, seduc'd by this fine character,
Came of his own accord, to offer me
His only daughter with a handsome portion
In marriage with my son. I lik'd the match;
Betroth'd my son; and this was pitch'd upon,
By joint agreement, for the wedding-day.

Sosia. And what prevents its being so?

Simo. I'll tell you.
In a few days, the treaty still on foot,
This neighbour Chrysis dies.

Sosia. In happy hour:
Happy for you! I was afraid of Chrysis.

Simo. My son, on this event, was often there
With those who were the late gallants of Chrysis;
Assisted to prepare the funeral,
Ever condol'd, and sometimes wept with them.
This pleas'd me then; for in myself I thought,
"Since[20] merely for a small acquaintance-sake
He takes this woman's death so nearly, what
If he himself had lov'd? What would he feel
For me, his father?" All these things, I thought,

Were

Were but the tokens and the offices
Of a humane and tender disposition.
In short, on his account, e'en I myself [21]
Attend the funeral, suspecting yet
No harm.

Sosia. And what—

Simo. You shall hear all. The corpse
Borne forth, we follow: when among the women
Attending there, I chanc'd to cast my eyes
Upon one girl, in form——

Sosia. Not bad, perhaps——

Simo. And look, so modest, and so beauteous, Sosia!
That nothing cou'd exceed it. As she seem'd
To grieve beyond the rest; and as her air
Appear'd more liberal and ingenuous,
I went, and ask'd her women, who she was.
Sister, they said, to Chrysis: when at once
It struck my mind; "So! so! the secret's out;
Hence were those tears, and hence all that compassion!"

Sosia. Alas! I fear how this affair will end.

Simo. Meanwhile the funeral proceeds: we follow;
Come to the sepulchre: the body's plac'd
Upon the pile, lamented: whereupon
This sister I was speaking of, all wild,
Ran to the flames with peril of her life.
Then! there! the frighted Pamphilus betrays
His well-dissembled and long-hidden love;
Runs up, and takes her round the waist, and cries,
"Oh my Glycerium! what is it you do?
Why, why endeavour to destroy yourself?"
Then she, in such a manner, that you thence
Might easily perceive their long, long love,
Threw herself back into his arms, and wept,

Oh, how familiarly !

Sosia. How say you ?

Simo. I

Return in anger thence, and hurt at heart,
Yet had not cause sufficient for reproof.
" What have I done ? (he'd say ;) or how deserv'd
" Reproach ? or how offended, father ?—Her,
" Who meant to cast herself into the flames,
" I stopt." A fair excuse!

Sosia. You're in the right[22];
For him, who sav'd a life, if you reprove,
What will you do to him that offers wrong ?

Simo. Chremes next day came open-mouth'd to me :
Oh monstrous ! he had found that Pamphilus
Was married to this stranger woman. I
Deny the fact most steadily, and he
As steadily insists. In short, we part
On such bad terms, as let me understand
He would refuse his daughter.

Sosia. Did not you
Then take your son to task ?

Simo. Not even this
Appear'd sufficient for reproof.

Sosia. How so ?

Simo. " Father, (he might have said,) you have, you know,
" Prescrib'd a term to all these things yourself.
" The time is near at hand, when I must live
" According to the humour of another.
" Meanwhile, permit me now to please my own !"

Sosia. What cause remains to chide him then ?

Simo. If he
Refuses, on account of this amour,

To

To take a wife, such obstinate denial
Must be considered as his first offence.
Wherefore I now, from this mock-nuptial,
Endeavour to draw real cause to chide:
And that same rascal Davus, (if he's plotting,)
That he may let his counsel run to waste,
Now, when his knaveries can do no harm:
Who, I believe, with all his might and main,
Will strive to cross my purposes; and that
More to plague me, than to oblige my son.

Sosia. Why so?

Simo. Why so! Bad mind, bad heart [24]: But if
I catch him at his tricks!—But what need words?
—If, as I wish it may, it should appear
That Pamphilus objects not to the match,
Chremes remains to be prevail'd upon,
And will, I hope, consent. 'Tis now your place
To counterfeit these nuptials cunningly;
To frighten Davus; and observe my son,
What he's about, what plots they hatch together.

Sosia. Enough; I'll take due care. Let's now go in.

Simo. Go first: I'll follow you. [*Exit* Sosia [25].
Beyond all doubt
My son 's averse to take a wife: I saw
How frighten'd Davus was but even now,
When he was told a nuptial was preparing.—
But here he comes.

SCENE II.

Enter DAVUS [26].

Davus, to himself.] I thought 'twere wonderful
If this affair went off so easily;

And dreaded where my master's great good-humour
Would end at last: who, after he perceiv'd
The lady was refus'd, ne'er said a word
To any of us, nor e'er took it ill.

Simo, behind.] But now he will; to your cost too, I warrant you!

Davus. This was his scheme; to lead us by the nose
In a false dream of joy; then all agape
With hope, even then that we were most secure,
To have o'erwhelm'd us, nor allow'd us time
To cast about which way to break the match.
Cunning old gentleman!

Simo. What says the rogue?

Davus. My master, and I did not see him!

Simo. Davus!

Davus. Well! what now? [*pretending not to see him.*

Simo. Here! this way!

Davus. What can he want? [*to himself.*

Simo, overhearing.] What say you?

Davus. Upon what, sir?

Simo. Upon what!
The world reports that my son keeps a mistress.

Davus. Oh, to be sure, the world cares much for that.

Simo. D'ye mind what I say, sirrah?

Davus. Nothing more, sir.

Simo. But for me now to dive into these matters
May seem perhaps like too severe a father:
For all his youthful pranks concern not me.
While 'twas in season, he had my free leave
To take his swing of pleasure. But to-day
Brings on another stage of life, and asks
For other manners: wherefore I desire,
Or, if you please, I do beseech you, Davus,

To

To set him right again. [*ironically.*

Davus. What means all this?

Simo. All, who are fond of mistresses, dislike
The thoughts of matrimony.

Davus. So they say.

Simo. And then, if such a person entertains
An evil counsellor in those affairs,
He tampers with the mind, and makes bad worse.

Davus. Troth, I don't comprehend one word of this.

Simo. No?

Davus. No. I'm Davus, and not Œdipus.

Simo. Then for the rest I have to say to you,
You chuse I should speak plainly?

Davus. By all means.

Simo. If I discover then, that in this match
You get to your dog's tricks to break it off,
Or try to shew how shrewd a rogue you are,
I'll have you beat to mummy, and then thrown
[27] In prison, sirrah! upon this condition,
That when I take you out again, I swear
To grind there in your stead. D'ye take me *now*?
Or don't you understand *this* neither?

Davus. Clearly.
You have spoke out at last: the very thing!
Quite plain and home; and nothing round about.

Simo. I could excuse your tricks in any thing,
Rather than this. [*angrily.*

Davus. Good words! I beg of you.

Simo. You laugh at me: well, well!—I give you warning,
That you do nothing rashly, nor pretend
You was not advertis'd of this—Take heed! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

DAVUS.

[25] Troth, Davus, 'tis high time to look about you;
No room for sloth, as far as I can sound
The sentiments of our old gentleman
About this marriage; which if not fought off,
And cunningly, spoils me, or my poor master.
I know not what to do; nor can resolve
To help the son, or to obey the father.
If I desert poor Pamphilus, alas!
I tremble for his life; if I assist him,
I dread his father's threats: a shrewd old Cuff,
Not easily deceiv'd. For, first of all,
He knows of this amour; and watches me
With jealous eyes, lest I devise some trick
To break the match. If he discovers it,
Woe to poor Davus! nay, if he's inclin'd
To punish me, he'll seize on some pretence
To throw me into prison, right or wrong.
Another mischief too, to make bad worse;
This Andrian, wife or mistress, is with child
By Pamphilus. And do but mark the height
Of their assurance! for 'tis certainly
[29] The dotage of mad people, not of lovers.
Whate'er she shall bring forth, they have resolv'd
[30] To educate: and have among themselves
Devis'd the strangest story! that Glycerium
Is an Athenian citizen. "There was
"Once on a time a certain merchant, shipwreckt
"Upon the isle of Andros; there he died:
"And Chrysis' father took this orphan-wreck,

"Then

" Then but an infant, under his protection."
Ridiculous! 'tis all romance to me:
And yet the story pleases them. But see!
Mysis comes forth. But I must to the Forum [31],
To look for Pamphilus, for fear his father
Should find him first, and take him unawares. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter MYSIS. [*Speaking to a servant within.*

I hear, Archillis; I hear what you say:
You beg me to bring Lesbia. By my troth
That Lesbia is a drunken wretch, hot-headed,
Nor worthy to be trusted with a woman
In her first labour.—Well, well! she shall come.—
Observe how earnest the old gossip is, [*coming forward.*
Because this Lesbia is her pot-companion.
—Oh grant my mistress, Heav'n, a safe delivery,
And let the midwife trespass any where
Rather than here!—But what is it I see?
Pamphilus all disorder'd: How I fear
The cause! I'll wait awhile, that I may know
If this commotion means us any ill.

SCENE V.

[32] PAMPHILUS, MYSIS, *behind.*

Pam. Is this well done? or like a man?—Is this
The action of a father?

Mysis. What's the matter?

Pam. Oh all ye pow'rs of heav'n and earth! what's wrong,
If this is not so?—If he was determin'd

That

That I to-day should marry, should I not
Have had some previous notice?—ought not he
To have inform'd me of it long ago?
Mysis. Alas! what's this I hear?
Pam. And Chremes too,
Who had refus'd to trust me with his daughter,
Changes his mind, because I change not mine[33].
Can he then be so obstinately bent
To tear me from Glycerium? To lose her
Is losing life—Was ever man so crost,
So curst as I?—Oh pow'rs of heav'n and earth!
Can I by no means fly from this alliance,
With Chremes' family?—so oft contemn'd
And held in scorn!—all done, concluded all!—
Rejected, then recall'd:—and why?—unless,
For so I must suspect [34], they breed some monster,
Whom as they can obtrude on no one else,
They bring to me.
Mysis. Alas, alas! this speech
Has struck me almost dead with fear.
Pam. And then
My father!—what to say of him?—Oh shame!
A thing of so much consequence to treat
So negligently!—For but even now
Passing me in the Forum, "Pamphilus!
"To day's your wedding-day, (said he:) prepare;
"Go, get you home!"—This sounded in my ears
As if he said, "Go, hang yourself!"—I stood
Confounded. Think you I could speak one word?
Or offer an excuse, how weak soe'er?
No, I was dumb:—and had I been aware,
Should any ask what I'd have done, I would,

Rather

Rather than this, do any thing.—But now
What to resolve upon?—So many cares
Entangle me at once, and rend my mind,
Pulling it diff'rent ways. My love, compassion,
This urgent match, my rev'rence for my father,
Who yet has ever been so gentle to me,
And held so slack a rein upon my pleasures.
—And I oppose him?—Racking thought!----Ah me!
I know not what to do.

Mysis. Alas, I fear
Where this uncertainty will end. 'Twere best
He should confer with her; or I at least
Speak touching her to him. For while the mind [35]
Hangs in suspence, a trifle turns the scale.

Pam. Who's there? what, Mysis! Save you!

Mysis. Save you, sir! [*coming forwards.*

Pam. How does she?

Mysis. How! opprest with wretchedness[36].
To-day supremely wretched, as to-day
Was formerly appointed for your wedding:
And then she fears lest you desert her.

Pam. I!
Desert her? Can I think on't? or deceive
A wretched maid, who trusted to my care
Her life and honour! Her whom I have held
Near to my heart, and cherish'd as my wife?
Or leave her modest and well nurtur'd mind
Through want to be corrupted? Never, never.

Mysis. No doubt, did it depend on you alone;
But if constrain'd——

Pam. D'ye think me then so vile?
Or so ungrateful, so inhuman, savage,

Neither

Neither long intercourse, nor love, nor shame,
Can move my soul, or make me keep my faith?

Mysis. I only know, my mistress well deserves
You should remember her.

Pam. I should remember her? Oh, Mysis, Mysis!
The words of Chrysis touching my Glycerium
Are written in my heart. On her death-bed
She call'd me. I approach'd her. You retir'd.
We were alone; and Chrysis thus began:
" My Pamphilus, you see the youth and beauty
" Of this unhappy maid: and well you know,
" These are but feeble guardians to preserve
" Her fortune or her fame. By this right hand
" I do beseech you, by your better angel [37],
" By your tried faith, by her forlorn condition,
" I do conjure you, put her not away,
" Nor leave her to distress. If I have ever,
" As my own brother, lov'd you; or if she
" Has ever held you dear 'bove all the world,
" And ever shewn obedience to your will——
" I do bequeath you to her as a husband,
" Friend, guardian, father: all our little wealth
" To you I leave, and trust it to your care."——
She join'd our hands, and died.—— I did receive her,
And once receiv'd will keep her.[38]

Mysis. So we trust.

Pam. What make you from her?

Mysis. Going for a midwife.[39]

Pam. Haste then! and hark, be sure take special heed,
You mention not a word about the marriage,
Lest this too give her pain.

Mysis. I understand.[40]

ACT II. SCENE I.

CHARINUS, BYRRHIA.[41]

Char. How, Byrrhia? Is she to be married, say you,
To Pamphilus to-day?
Byr. 'Tis even so.
Char. How do you know?
Byr. I had it even now
From Davus at the Forum.
Char. Woe is me!
Then I'm a wretch indeed: till now my mind
Floated 'twixt hope and fear: now, hope remov'd,
Stunn'd and o'erwhelm'd, it sinks beneath its cares.
Byr. Nay, prithee, master, since the thing you wish
Cannot be had, e'en wish for that which may!
Char. I wish for nothing but Philumena.
Byr. Ah, how much wiser were it, that you strove
To quench this passion, than, with words like these,
To fan the fire, and blow it to a flame?
Char. [42]How readily do men at ease prescribe
To those who're sick at heart! Distrest like me,
You would not talk thus.
Byr. Well, well, as you please.
Char. Ha! I see Pamphilus. I can resolve
On any thing, ere give up all for lost.
Byr. What now?
Char. I will entreat him, beg, beseech him,
Tell him our course of love, and thus perhaps,
At least prevail upon him to defer
His marriage some few days: meanwhile, I hope,

Something

Something may happen.

Byr. Ay, that something's nothing.

Char. Byrrhia, what think you? Shall I speak to him?

Byr. Why not? For tho' you don't obtain your suit,
He will at least imagine you're prepar'd
To cuckold him, in case he marries her.

Char. Away, you hang-dog, with your base suspicions!

SCENE II.

Enter PAMPHILUS.

Pam. Charinus, save you!

Char. Save you, Pamphilus!
Imploring comfort, safety, help, and counsel,
You see me now before you.

Pam. Help and counsel!
I can afford you neither—But what mean you?

Char. Is this your wedding-day?

Pam. Ay, so they say.

Char. Ah, Pamphilus, if it be so, this day
You see the last of me.

Pam. How so?

Char. Ah me!
I dare not speak it: prithee tell him, Byrrhia.

Byr. Ay, that I will.

Pam. What is't?

Byr. He is in love
With your bride, sir [43].

Pam. I'faith so am not I.
Tell me, Charinus, has aught further past
'Twixt you and her?

Char. Ah, no, no.

Pam.

Pam. Would there had !

Char. Now by our friendship, by my love, I beg
You would not marry her.———

Pam. I will endeavour.

Char. If that's impossible, or if this match
Be grateful to your heart———

Pam. My heart !

Char. At least
Defer it some few days ; while I depart,
That I may not behold it.

Pam. Hear, Charinus ;
It is, I think, scarce honesty in him
To look for thanks, who means no favour. I
Abhor this marriage, more than you desire it.

Char. You have reviv'd me.

Pam. Now if you, or he,
Your Byrrhia here, can do or think of aught ;
Act, plot, devise, invent, strive all you can
To make her your's ; and I'll do all I can
That she may not be mine.

Char. Enough.

Pam. I see
Davus, and in good time : for he'll advise
What's best to do.

Char. But you, you sorry rogue, [*to* Byrrhia
Can give me no advice, nor tell me aught,
But what it is impertinent to know.
Hence, sirrah, get you gone !

Byr. With all my heart. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter DAVUS *hastily.*

Davus. Good heav'ns, what news I bring! what joyful news!
But where shall I find Pamphilus, to drive
His fears away, and make him full of joy?
Char. There's something pleases him.
Pam. No matter what.
He has not heard of our ill fortune yet.
Davus. And he, I warrant, if he has been told
Of his intended wedding———
Char. Do you hear?
Davus. Poor soul, is running all about the town
In quest of me. But whither shall I go?
Or which way run?
Char. Why don't you speak to him?
Davus. I'll go.
Pam. Ho! Davus! Stop, come here!
Davus. Who calls?
O, Pamphilus! the very man.—Heyday!
Charinus too!—Both gentlemen, well met!
I've news for both.
Pam. I'm ruin'd, Davus.
Davus. Hear me!
Pam. Undone!
Davus. I know your fears.
Char. My life's at stake.
Davus. Your's I know also.
Pam. Matrimony mine.
Davus. I know it.
Pam. But to-day.

Davus. You stun me ; plague !
I tell you I know ev'ry thing: you fear [*to* Charinus.
You should *not* marry her—you fear you *should.* [*to* Pam.
Char. The very thing.
Pam. The same.
Davus. And yet that *same*
Is nothing. Mark !
Pam. Nay, rid me of my fear.
Davus. I will then. Chremes don't intend his daughter
Shall marry you to-day.
Pam. No! How d'ye know ?
Davus. I'm sure of it. Your father but just now
Takes me aside, and tells me 'twas his will,
That you should wed to-day ; with much beside,
Which now I have not leisure to repeat.
I, on the instant, hastening to find you,
Run to the Forum to inform you of it :
There, failing, climb an eminence; look round ;
No Pamphilus : I light by chance on Byrrhia ;
Enquire ; he hadn't seen you [44]. Vext at heart,
What's to be done? thought I. Returning thence,
A doubt arose within me. Ha ! bad cheer,
The old man melancholy, and a wedding
Clapt up so suddenly ! This don't agree.
Pam. Well, what then?
Davus. I betook me instantly
To Chremes' house ; but thither when I came,
Before the door all hush [45]. This tickled me.
Pam. You're in the right. Proceed.
Davus. I watch'd awhile :
Meantime no soul went in, no soul came out ;
No matron [46] ; in the house no ornament ;

No note of preparation. I approach'd,
Look'd in———

Pam. I understand : a potent sign!

Davus. Does this seem like a nuptial ?

Pam. I think not.

Davus. *Think not*, d'ye say ? Away! you don't conceive :
The thing is evident. I met beside,
As I departed thence, with Chremes' boy,
Bearing some pot-herbs, and a pennyworth [47]
Of little fishes for the old man's dinner.

Char. I am deliver'd, Davus, by your means,
From all my apprehensions of to-day.

Davus. And yet you are undone.

Char. How so ? since Chremes
Will not consent to give Philumena
To Pamphilus.

Davus. Ridiculous ! As if,
Because the daughter is denied to him,
She must of course wed you. Look to it well ;
Court the old gentleman thro' friends, apply,
Or else———

Char. You're right : I will about it straight,
Altho' that hope has often fail'd. Farewell.

SCENE IV.

PAMPHILUS. DAVUS.

Pam. What means my father then ? why counterfeit?

Davus. That I'll explain. If he were angry now,
Merely that Chremes has refus'd his daughter,
He'd think himself in fault ; and justly too,
Before the bias of your mind is known.

But granting you refuse her for a wife,
Then all the blame devolves on you; and then
Comes all the storm.
Pam. What course then shall I take?
Shall I submit———
Davus. He is your father, sir,
Whom to oppose were difficult; and then,
Glycerium's a lone woman; and he'll find
Some course, no matter what, to drive her hence.
Pam. To drive her hence?
Davus. Directly.
Pam. Tell me then,
Oh tell me, Davus, what were best to do?
Davus. Say that you'll marry[48].
Pam. How!
Davus. And where's the harm?
Pam. Say that I'll marry!
Davus. Why not?
Pam. Never, never.
Davus. Do not refuse!
Pam. Persuade not!
Davus. Do but mark
The consequence.
Pam. Divorcement from Glycerium,
And marriage with the other.
Davus. No such thing.
Your father, I suppose, accosts you thus:
I'd have you wed to-day;—I will, quoth you:
What reason has he to reproach you then?
Thus shall you baffle all his settled schemes,
And put him to confusion; all the while
Secure yourself: for 'tis beyond a doubt

That

That Chremes will refuse his daughter to you ;
So obstinately too, you need not pause,
Or change these measures, lest he change his mind :
Say to your father then, that you will wed,
That, with the will, he may want cause to chide.
But if, deluded by fond hopes, you cry,
" No one will wed their daughter to a rake,
" A libertine."—Alas ! you're much deceiv'd.
For know, your father will redeem some wretch
From rags and beggary to be your wife,
Rather than see your ruin with Glycerium.
But if he thinks you bear an easy mind,
He too will grow indiff'rent, and seek out
Another match at leisure : i'the mean while
Affairs may take a lucky turn.

Pam. D'ye think so ?

Davus. Beyond all doubt.

Pam. See, what you lead me to.

Davus. Nay, peace !

Pam. I'll say so then. But have a care
He knows not of the child, which I've agreed
To educate.

Davus. Oh confidence !

Pam. She drew
This promise from me, as a firm assurance
That I would not forsake her.

Davus. We'll take care.
But here's your father : let him not perceive
You're melancholy.

SCENE V.

Enter SIMO *at a distance.*

Simo. I return to see
What they're about, or what they meditate.
Davus. Now is he sure that you'll refuse to wed.
From some dark corner brooding o'er black thoughts
He comes, and fancies he has fram'd a speech
To disconcert you. See, you keep your ground!
Pam. If I can, Davus.
Davus. Trust me, Pamphilus,
Your father will not change a single word
In anger with you, do but say you'll wed.

SCENE VI.

Enter BYRRHIA *behind.*

Byr. To-day my master bade me leave all else
For Pamphilus, and watch how he proceeds,
About his marriage; wherefore I have now
[49] Followed the old man hither: yonder too
Stands Pamphilus himself, and with him Davus.
To business then!
Simo. I see them both together.
Davus. Now mind. [*apart to* Pam.
Simo. Here, Pamphilus!
Davus. Now turn about,
As taken unawares. [*apart.*
Pam. Who calls? my father!
Davus. Well said! [*apart.*
Simo. It is my pleasure, that to-day,
As I have told you once before, you marry.
Byr. Now on our part, I fear what he'll reply. [*aside.*

Pam. In that, and all the rest of your commands,
I shall be ready to obey you, sir.
Byr. How's that! [*overhearing.*
Davus. Struck dumb. [*aside.*
Byr. What said he? [*listening.*
Simo. You perform
Your duty, when you cheerfully comply
With my desires.
Davus. There! said I not the truth? [*apart to* Pam.
Byr. My master then, so far as I can find,
May whistle for a wife
Simo. Now then go in,
That when you're wanted you be found.
Pam. I go. [*Exit.*
Byr. Is there no faith in the affairs of men?
Tis an old saying and a true one too;
"Of all mankind, each loves himself the best."
I've seen the lady; know her beautiful;
And therefore sooner pardon Pamphilus,
If he had rather win her to his arms,
Than yield her to th' embraces of my master.
I will go bear these tidings, and receive
Much evil treatment for my evil news. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Manent Simo *and* Davus.

Davus. Now he supposes I've some trick in hand,
And loiter here to practise it upon him!
Simo. Well, what now, Davus?
Davus. Nothing.
Simo. Nothing, say you?

Davus.

Davus. Nothing at all.

Simo. And yet I look'd for something.

Davus. So, I perceive, you did[51].—This nettles him. [*aside.*

Simo. Can you speak truth?

Davus. Most easily.

Simo. Say then,
Is not this wedding irksome to my son,
From his adventure with the Andrian?

Davus. No, faith; or if at all, 'twill only be
Two or three days' anxiety, you know;
Then 'twill be over: for he sees the thing
In its true light.

Simo. I praise him for't.

Davus. While you
Restrain'd him not, and while his youth allow'd,
'Tis true he lov'd; but even then by stealth,
As wise men ought, and careful of his fame.
Now his age calls for matrimony, now
To matrimony he inclines his mind.

Simo. Yet, in my eyes, he seem'd a little sad.

Davus. Not upon that account. He has, he thinks,
Another reason to complain of you.

Simo. For what?

Davus. A trifle.

Simo. Well, what is't?

Davus. Nay, nothing.

Simo. Tell me, what is't?

Davus. You are then, he complains,
Somewhat too sparing of expence.

Simo. I?

Davus. You.
A feast of scarce ten[52] drachms! Does this, says he,

Look like a wedding-supper for his son?
What friends can I invite? especially
At such a time as this?—And, truly, sir,
You have been very frugal; much too sparing.
I can't commend you for it.

Simo. Hold your peace.

Davus. I've ruffled him. [*aside.*

Simo. I'll look to that. Away! [*Exit* Davus.
What now? What means the varlet? Precious rogue!
For if there's any knavery on foot,
He, I am sure, is the contriver on't.[53] [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SIMO, DAVUS, *coming out of* SIMO's *house.*—MYSIS, LESBIA, *going towards the house of* Glycerium.

Mysis. AY, marry, 'tis as you say, Lesbia:
Women scarce ever find a constant man.

Simo. The Andrian's maid-servant? Is't not?

Davus. Ay.

Mysis. But Pamphilus——

Simo. What says she? [*overhearing.*

Mysis. —Has been true.

Simo. How's that? [*overhearing.*

Davus. Wou'd he were deaf, or she were dumb! [*aside.*

Mysis.—For the child, boy, or girl, he has resolv'd
To educate.

Simo. O Jupiter! what's this
I hear? If this be true, I'm lost indeed!

Lesbia.

Lesbia. A good young gentleman!
Mysis. Oh, very good.
But in, in, lest you make her wait.
Lesbia. I follow. [*Exeunt* Mysis *and* Lesbia.

SCENE II.

Manent Simo, Davus.

Davus. Unfortunate! What remedy! [*aside.*
Simo. How's this? [*to himself.*
And can he be so mad? What! educate
A harlot's child!—Ah, now I know their drift:
Fool that I was, scarce smelt it out at last! [54]
Davus, listening.] What's this he says he has smelt out?
Simo. Imprimis, [*to himself.*
'Tis this rogue's trick upon me. All a sham:
A counterfeit deliv'ry, and mock-labour,
Devis'd to frighten Chremes from the match.
Glycerium, within.] Juno Lucina, save me! help, I pray thee. [55]
Simo. Hey-day! Already? Oh ridiculous!
Soon as she heard that I was at the door,
She hastens to cry out: Your incidents [56]
Are ill-tim'd, Davus.
Davus. Mine, sir?
Simo. Are your players
Unmindful of their cues, and want a prompter?
Davus. I do not comprehend you.
Simo, apart.] If this knave
Had, in the real nuptial of my son,
Come thus upon me unprepar'd, what sport,
What scorn he'd have expos'd me to? But now
At his own peril be it. I'm secure.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Re-enter LESBIA.—ARCHILLIS *appears at the door.*

Lesbia, to Archillis within.] As yet, Archillis, all the symptoms seem
As good as might be wish'd in her condition:
First, let her make ablution; after that,
Drink what I've order'd her, and just so much:
And presently I will be here again. [*coming forward.*
Now, by this good day, master Pamphilus
Has got a chopping boy: Heav'n grant it live!
For he's a worthy gentleman, and scorn'd
To do a wrong to this young innocent. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Manent SIMO, DAVUS.

Simo This too, where's he that knows you would not swear
Was your contrivance?

Davus. My contrivance! What, sir?

Simo. While in the house, forsooth, the midwife gave
No orders for the lady in the straw:
But having issued forth into the street,
Bawls out most lustily to those within.
--Oh Davus, am I then so much your scorn?
Seem I so proper to be play'd upon,
With such a shallow, barefac'd imposition?
You might at least, in reverence, have us'd
Some spice of art, were't only to pretend
You fear'd my anger, should I find you out.

Davus. I'faith, now he deceives himself, not I. [*aside.*

Simo. Did not I give you warning? threaten too,
In case you play'd me false? But all in vain:

For

For what car'd you?—What! think you I believe
This story of a child by Pamphilus?
Davus. I see his error: Now I know my game. [*aside.*
Simo. Why don't you answer?
Davus. What! you don't believe it!
As if you had not been inform'd of this? [*archly.*
Simo. Inform'd?
Davus. What then you found it out yourself? [*archly.*
Simo. D'ye laugh at me?
Davus. You must have been inform'd;
Or whence this shrewd suspicion?
Simo. Whence! from you:
Because I know you.
Davus. Meaning, this was done
By my advice?
Simo. Beyond all doubt; I know it.
Davus. You do not know me, Simo.———
Simo. I not know you?
Davus. For if I do but speak, immediately
You think yourself impos'd on.———
Simo. Falsely, hey?
Davus. So that I dare not ope my lips before you.
Simo. All that I know is this; that nobody
Has been deliver'd here.
Davus. You've found it out?
Yet by-and-by they'll bring the bantling here [57],
And lay it at our door. Remember, sir,
I give you warning that will be the case;
That you may stand prepar'd, nor after say,
'Twas done by Davus's advice, his tricks!
I would fain cure your ill opinion of me.
Simo. But how d'ye know?

Davus.

Davus. I've heard so, and believe so.
Besides, a thousand different things concur to lead
To this conjecture. First, Glycerium
Profess'd herself with child by Pamphilus:
That proves a falsehood. Now, as she perceives
A nuptial preparation at our house,
A maid 's dispatch'd immediately to bring
A midwife to her, and withal a child [58].
You too, they will contrive, shall see the child,
Or else the wedding must proceed.
Simo. How's this?
Having discover'd such a plot on foot,
Why did not you directly tell my son?
Davus. Who then has drawn him from her but myself?
For we all know how much he doated on her:
But now he wishes for a wife. In fine,
Leave that affair to me; and you mean while
Pursue, as you've begun, the nuptials; which
The gods, I hope, will prosper!
Simo. Get you in.
Wait for me there, and see that you prepare
What's requisite. [*Exit* Davus.
He has not wrought upon me
To yield implicit credit to his tale,
Nor do I know if all he said be true.
But, true or false, it matters not: to me
My son's own promise is the main concern.
Now to meet Chremes, and to beg his daughter
In marriage with my son. If I succeed,
What can I rather wish, than to behold
Their marriage-rites to-day? For since my son
Has given me his word, I've not a doubt,

Should he refuse, but I may force him to it:
And to my wishes, see where Chremes comes.

SCENE V.

Enter CHREMES [59].

Simo. Chremes, good day!
Chremes. The very man I look'd for.
Simo. And I for you.
Chremes. Well met.—Some persons came
To tell me you inform'd them, that my daughter
Was to be married to your son to-day:
And therefore came I here, and fain would know
Whether 'tis you or they have lost their wits.
Simo. A moment's hearing; you shall be inform'd,
What I request, and what you wish to know.
Chremes. I hear: what would you? speak.
Simo. Now by the gods;
Now by our friendship, Chremes, which, begun
In infancy, has still increas'd with age;
Now by your only daughter, and my son,
Whose preservation wholly rests on you;
Let me entreat this boon: and let the match
Which should have been, still be.
Chremes. Why, why entreat?
Knowing you ought not to beseech this of me.
Think you, that I am other than I was,
When first I gave my promise? If the match
Be good for both, e'en call them forth to wed.
But if their union promises more harm
Than good to both; you also, I beseech you,
Consult our common interest, as if

You

You were her father, Pamphilus my son.

Simo. E'en in that spirit, I desire it, Chremes,
Entreat it may be done; nor would entreat,
But that occasion urges.

Chremes. What occasion?

Simo. A difference 'twixt Glycerium and my son.

Chremes. I hear. [*ironically.*

Simo. A breach so wide as gives me hopes
To separate them for ever.

Chremes. Idle tales!

Simo. Indeed 'tis thus.

Chremes. Ay marry, thus it is.
Quarrels of lovers but renew their love.

Simo. Prevent we then, I pray, this mischief now;
While time permits, while yet his passion's sore
From contumelies; ere these women's wiles,
Their wicked arts, and tears made up of fraud,
Shake his weak mind, and melt it to compassion.
Give him a wife: By intercourse with her,
Knit by the bonds of wedlock, soon, I hope,
He'll rise above the guilt that sinks him now.

Chremes. So you believe: for me, I cannot think
That he'll be constant, or that I can bear it.

Simo. How can you know, unless you make the trial?

Chremes. Ay, but to make that trial on a daughter
Is hard indeed.

Simo. The mischief, should he fail,
Is only this: divorce, which heav'n forbid!
But mark what benefits, if he amend!
First, to your friend you will restore a son;
Gain to yourself a son-in-law; and match
Your daughter to an honest husband.

Chremes.

Chremes. Well!
Since you're so thoroughly convinc'd 'tis right,
I can deny you nought that lies in me.
Simo. I see I ever lov'd you justly, Chremes.
Chremes. But then—
Simo. But what?
Chremes. From whence are you appris'd
That there's a difference between them?
Simo. Davus,
Davus (in all their secrets) told me so;
Advis'd me, too, to hasten on the match
As fast as possible. Wou'd he, d'ye think,
Do that, unless he were full well assur'd
My son desir'd it too?—Hear what he says.
Ho there! call Davus forth.—But here he comes.

SCENE VI.

Enter DAVUS.

Davus. I was about to seek you.
Simo. What's the matter?
Davus. Why is not the bride sent for? it grows late.
Simo. D'ye hear him?---Davus, I for some time past
Was fearful of you; lest, like other slaves,
As slaves go now, you should put tricks upon me,
And baffle me, to favour my son's love.
Davus. I, sir?
Simo. I thought so: and in fear of that,
Conceal'd a secret which I'll now disclose.
Davus. What secret, sir?
Simo. I'll tell you: for I now

Almost

Almost begin to think you may be trusted.

Davus. You've found what sort of man I am at last.

Simo. No marriage was intended.

Davus. How! none!

Simo. None.

All counterfeit, to sound my son and you.

Davus. How say you?

Simo. Even so.

Davus. Alack, alack!

I never could have thought it. Ah, what art! [*archly.*

Simo. Hear me. No sooner had I sent you in,

But opportunely I encounter'd Chremes.

Davus. How! are we ruin'd then? [*aside.*

Simo. I told him all,

That you had just told me,——

Davus. Confusion! how? [*aside.*

Simo. Begg'd him to grant his daughter, and at length

With much ado prevail'd.

Davus. Undone! [*aside.*

Simo. How's that? [*overhearing.*

Davus. Well done! I said.

Simo. My good friend Chremes, then,

Is now no obstacle.

Chremes. I'll home awhile,

Order due preparations, and return. [*Exit.*

Simo. Prithee, now, Davus, seeing you alone

Have brought about this match——

Davus. Yes, I alone.

Simo. —Endeavour further to amend my son.

Davus. Most diligently.

Simo. It were easy now,

While

While his mind's irritated.

Davus. Be at peace.

Simo. Do then: where is he?

Davus. Probably, at home.

Simo. I'll in, and tell him, what I've now told you.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

DAVUS *alone.*

Lost and undone! To prison with me straight!
No prayer, no plea: for I have ruin'd all!
Deceiv'd the old man, hamper'd Pamphilus
With marriage; marriage, brought about to-day
By my sole means; beyond the hopes of one;
Against the other's will.——Oh cunning fool!
Had I been quiet, all had yet been well.
But see, he's coming. Would my neck were broken!

[*Retires.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter PAMPHILUS; DAVUS *behind.*

Pam. Where is this villain that has ruin'd me?

Davus. I'ma lost man.

Pam. And yet I must confess,
That I deserv'd this, being such a dolt,
A very ideot, to commit my fortunes
To a vile slave. I suffer for my folly,
But will at least take vengeance upon him.

Davus. Let me but once escape the present danger,
I'll answer for hereafter.

Pam. To my father

What

What shall I say ?—And can I then refuse,
Who have but now consented? With what face ?
I know not what to do.

Davus. I'faith, nor I;
And yet it takes up all my thoughts. I'll tell him
I've hit on something to delay the match.

Pam. Oh! [*seeing* Davus.

Davus. I am seen.

Pam. So, good sir! What say you?
See, how I'm hamper'd with your fine advice.

Davus, coming forward.] But I'll deliver you.

Pam. Deliver me?

Davus. Certainly, sir.

Pam. What, as you did just now?

Davus. Better, I hope.

Pam. And can you then believe
That I would trust you, rascal? You amend
My broken fortunes, or redeem them lost?
You, who to-day, from the most happy state,
Have thrown me upon marriage!—Did not I
Foretell it would be thus?

Davus. You did indeed.

Pam. And what do you deserve for this? [60]

Davus. The gallows.
—Yet suffer me to take a little breath,
I'll devise something presently.

Pam. [61] Alas!
I have not leisure for your punishment;
The time demands attention to myself,
Nor will be wasted in revenge on you.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

CHARINUS *alone.*

Is this to be believ'd, or to be told?
Can then such inbred malice live in man,
To joy in ill, and from another's woes
To draw his own delight?—Ah, is't then so?
—Yes, such there are, the meanest of mankind,
Who, from a sneaking bashfulness, at first
Dare not refuse; but when the time comes on
To make their promise good, then force perforce
Open themselves and fear: yet must deny.
Then too, oh shameless impudence! they cry,
"Who then are you? and what are you to me?
"Why should I render up my love to you?
"Troth, neighbour, charity begins at home."
—Speak of their broken faith, they blush not, they,
Now throwing off that shame they ought to wear,[62]
Which they before assum'd without a cause.
—What shall I do? accost him? tell my wrongs?
Expostulate, and throw reproaches on him?
What will that profit, say you?—Very much:
I shall at least embitter his delight,
And gratify my anger.

SCENE II.

To him PAMPHILUS *and* DAVUS.

Pam. Oh, Charinus,
By my imprudence, unless Heav'n forefend,
I've ruin'd both myself and you.

Char. Imprudence!
Paltry evasion! You have broke your faith.
Pam. What now?
Char. And do you think that words like these
Can baffle me again?
Pam. What means all this?
Char. Soon as I told you of my passion for her,
Then she had charms for you.——Ah, senseless fool,
To judge your disposition by my own!
Pam. You are mistaken.
Char. Was your joy no joy,
Without abusing a fond lover's mind,
Fool'd on with idle hopes?—Well, take her.
Pam. Take her?
Alas! you know not what a wretch I am;
How many cares this slave has brought upon me,
My rascal here!
Char. No wonder, if he takes
Example from his master.
Pam. Ah, you know not
Me, or my love, or else you would not talk thus.
Char. Oh yes, I know it all. You had but now
A dreadful altercation with your father:
And therefore he's enrag'd, nor could prevail
On you, forsooth, to wed. [*ironically.*
Pam. To shew you then,
How little you conceive of my distress,
These nuptials were mere semblance, mock'ry all,
Nor was a wife intended me.
Char. I know it:
You are constrain'd, poor man, by inclination.
Pam. Nay, but have patience! you don't know—

Char.

Char. I know
That you're to marry her.
Pam. Why rack me thus?
Nay hear! He never ceas'd to importune
That I would tell my father, I would wed;
So prest, and urg'd, that he at length prevail'd.
Char. Who did this?
Pam. Davus.
Char. Davus!
Pam. Davus all.
Char. Wherefore?
Pam. I know not: but I know the gods
Meant in their anger I should listen to him.
Char. Is it so, Davus?
Davus. Even so.
Char. How, villain?
The gods confound you for it!—Tell me, wretch,
Had all his most inveterate foes desir'd
To throw him on this marriage, what advice
Could they have given else?
Davus. I am deceiv'd,
But not dishearten'd.
Char. True. [*ironically.*
Davus. This way has fail'd;
We'll try another way: unless you think,
Because the business has gone ill at first,
We cannot graft advantage on misfortune.
Pam. Oh ay, I warrant you, if you look to't,
Out of one wedding you can work me two.
Davus. Pamphilus, 'tis my duty, as your slave,
To strive with might and main, by day and night,
With hazard of my life, to do you service:

Tis your's, if I am crost, to pardon me.
My undertakings fail indeed, but then
I spare no pains. Do better, if you can,
And send me packing.

Pam. Ay, with all my heart:
Place me but where you found me first.

Davus. I will.

Pam. But do it instantly

Davus. Hist! hold awhile:
I hear the creaking of Glycerium's door[63].

Pam. Nothing to you.

Davus. I'm thinking.

Pam. What, at last?

Davus. Your business shall be done, and presently.

SCENE III.

Enter MYSIS.

Mysis to Glycer. within.] Be where he will, I'll find
your Pamphilus,
And bring him with me. Meanwhile, you, my soul,
Forbear to vex yourself.

Pam. Mysis!

Mysis. Who's there?
Oh Pamphilus, well met, sir!

Pam. What's the matter?

Mysis. My mistress, by the love you bear her, begs
Your presence instantly. She longs to see you:

Pam. Ah, I'm undone: This sore breaks out afresh.
Unhappy that we are, thro' your curst means,
To be tormented thus. [*to* Davus.]—She has been told
A nuptial is prepar'd, and therefore sends.

Char.

Char. From which how safe you were, had he been quiet. [*pointing to* Davus.

Davus. Ay, if he raves not of himself enough,
Do, irritate him. [*to* Charinus.

Mysis. Truly that's the cause;
And therefore 'tis, poor soul, she sorrows thus.

Pam. Mysis, I swear to thee by all the gods,
I never will desert her: tho' assur'd
That I for her make all mankind my foes[64].
I sought her, carried her: our hearts are one,
And farewell they that wish us put asunder!
Death, only death shall part us.

Mysis. I revive.

Pam. Apollo's oracles are not more true.
If that my father may be wrought upon,
To think I hinder'd not the match, tis well:
But if that cannot be, come what come may,
Why let him know, 'twas I—What think you now? [*to* Char.

Char. That we are wretches both.

Davus. My brain's at work.

Char. Oh brave!

Pam. I know what you'd attempt.

Davus. Well, well!
I will effect it for you.

Pam. Ay, but now.

Davus. E'en now.

Char. What is't?

Davus. For him, sir, not for you.
Be not mistaken.

Char. I am satisfied.

Pam. Well, what do you propose?

Davus. This day, I fear,

Is scarce sufficient for the execution,
So think not I have leisure to relate.
Hence then! You hinder me: hence, hence! I say.
Pam. I'll to Glycerium. [*Exit.*
Davus. Well, and what mean you?
Whither will you, sir?
Char. Shall I speak the truth?
Davus. Oh, to be sure: now for a tedious tale!
Char. What will become of me?
Davus. How! not content!
Is it not then sufficient, if I give you
The respite of a day, a little day,
By putting off this wedding?
Char. Ay, but, Davus,——
Davus. But what?
Char. That I may wed——
Davus. Ridiculous!
Char. If you succeed, come to me.
Davus. Wherefore come?
I can't assist you.
Char. Should it so fall out.—
Davus. Well, well, I'll come.
Char. If aught, I am at home. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Manent DAVUS, MYSIS.

Davus. Mysis, wait here till I come forth
Mysis. For what?
Davus. It must be so.
Mysis. Make haste then.
Davus. In a moment. [*Exit to* Glycerium's.

SCENE

SCENE V.

MYSIS *alone.*

Can we securely then count nothing our's?
Oh all ye gods! I thought this Pamphilus
The greatest good my mistress could obtain,
Friend, lover, husband, ev'ry way a blessing:
And yet what woe, poor wretch, endures she not
On his account? Alas! more ill than good.
But here comes DAVUS.

SCENE VI.

Re-enter DAVUS, *with the child.*

Mysis. Prithee, man, what now?
Where are you carrying the child?
Davus. Oh, Mysis,
Now have I need of all your ready wit,
And all your cunning.
Mysis. What are you about?
Davus. Quick, take the boy, and lay him at our door.
Mysis. What, on the bare ground?
Davus. From the altar then[65]
Take herbs and strew them underneath.
Mysis. And why
Can't you do that yourself?
Davus. Because, supposing
There should be need to swear to my old master
I did not lay the bantling there myself,
I may with a safe conscience. [*gives her the child.*
Mysis. I conceive.
But pray how came this sudden qualm upon you?
Davus. Nay, but be quick, that you may comprehend

What

What I propose.—[Mysis *lays the child at* Simo's *door.*]
Oh Jupiter! [*looking out.*

Mysis. What now?

Davus. Here comes the father of the bride!——I change
My first intended purpose [66].

Mysis. What you mean
I can't imagine.

Davus. This way, from the right
I'll counterfeit to come:—And be't your care
To throw in aptly now and then a word,
To help out the discourse as need requires.

Mysis. Still what you're at, I cannot comprehend.
But if I can assist, as you know best,
Not to obstruct your purposes, I'll stay. [Davus *retires.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Chremes, *going towards* Simo's.

Chremes. Having provided all things necessary,
I now return to bid them call the bride.
What's here? [*seeing the child.*] By Hercules, a child!
Ha, woman,
Was't you that laid it here?

Mysis, Where is he gone? [*looking after* Davus.

Chremes. What, won't you answer me?

Mysis. looking about.] Not here: Ah me!
The fellow's gone, and left me in the lurch.
[Davus, *coming forward, and pretending not to see them.*

Davus. Good heavens, what confusion at the Forum!
The people all disputing with each other!
The market-price is so confounded high! [*loud.*

What to say else I know not. [*aside.*
Mysis, to Davus.] What d'ye mean
[Chremes *retires, and listens to their conversation.*
By leaving me alone?
Davus. What farce is this?
Ha, Mysis, whence this child? Who brought it here?
Mysis. Have you your wits, to ask me such a question?
Davus. Whom should I ask, when no one else is here?
Chremes, behind.] I wonder whence it comes.
[*to himself.*
Davus. Wilt answer me? [*loud.*
Mysis. Ah! [*confused.*
Davus. This way, to the right! [*apart to* Mysis.
Mysis. You're raving mad.
Was't not yourself?
Davus. I charge you not a word,
But what I ask you. [*apart to* Mysis.
Mysis. Do you threaten me?
Davus. Whence comes this child? [*loud.*
Mysis. From our house [67].
Davus. Ha! ha! ha!
No wonder, that a harlot has assurance.
Chremes. This is the Andrian's servant-maid, I take it.
Davus. Do we then seem to you such proper folks
To play these tricks upon? [*loud to* Mysis.
Chremes. I came in time. [*to himself.*
Davus. Make haste, and take your bantling from our door [*loud.*
Hola! do not stir from where you are, be sure. [*softly.*
Mysis. A plague upon you: you so terrify me!
Davus. Wench, did I speak to you or no? [*loud.*
Mysis. What would you?

Davus.

Davus. What would I? Say, whose child have you laid here?
Tell me. [*loud.*
Mysis. You don't know?
Davus. Plague of what I know:
Tell what I ask. [*softly.*
Mysis. Your's.
Davus. Ours! Whose? [*loud.*
Mysis. Pamphilus's.
Davus. How say you? Pamphilus's? [*loud.*
Mysis. To be sure.
Chremes. I had good cause to be against this match. [*to himself.*
Davus. O monstrous impudence! [*bawling.*
Mysis. Why all this noise?
Davus. Did not I see this child convey'd by stealth
Into your house last night?
Mysis. Oh rogue!
Davus. 'Tis true.
I saw old Canthara stuff'd out.
Mysis. Thank heav'n,
Some free-women [68] were present at her labour.
Davus. Troth, she don't know the gentleman, for whom
She plays this game. She thinks, should Chremes see
The child laid here, he would not grant his daughter.
Faith, he would grant her the more willingly.
Chremes. Not he indeed. [*to himself.*
Davus. But now, one word for all,
Take up the child; or I shall trundle him
Into the middle of the street, and roll
You, madam, in the mire.

Mysis.

Mysis. The fellow's drunk.

Davus. One piece of knavery begets another :
Now, I am told, 'tis whisper'd all about,
That she's a citizen of Athens--- [*loud.*

Chremes. How!

Davus. And that by law he will be forc'd to wed her [69].

Mysis. Why prithee is she not a citizen?

Chremes. What a fine scrape was I within a hair
Of being drawn into! [*to himself.*

Davus. What voice is that? [*turning about.*
Oh Chremes! you are come in time. Attend!

Chremes. I have heard all already.

Davus. You've heard all?

Chremes. Yes, all, I say, from first to last.

Davus. Indeed?
Good lack, what knaveries! This lying jade
Should be dragg'd hence to torture [70].---This is he!
[*to* Mysis.
Think not 'twas Davus you impos'd upon.

Mysis. Ah me!---Good sir, I spoke the truth indeed.

Chremes. I know the whole.---Is Simo in the house?

Davus. Yes, sir. [*Exit* Chremes.

SCENE VIII.

Manent Davus, Mysis. Davus *runs up to her.*

Mysis. Don't offer to touch me, you villain!
If I don't tell my mistress every word---

Davus. Why you don't know, you fool, what good we've done.

Mysis. How should I?

Davus.

Davus. This is father to the bride:
Nor could it otherwise have been contriv'd
That he should know what we would have him.
Mysis. Well,
You should have giv'n me notice.
Davus. Is there then[71]
No diff'rence, think you, whether all you say
Falls naturally from the heart, or comes
From dull premeditation?

SCENE IX.

Enter CRITO.

Crito. In this street
They say that Chrysis liv'd: who rather chose
To heap up riches here by wanton ways,
Than to live poor and honestly at home:
She dead, her fortune comes by law to me[72].
But I see persons to enquire of. [*goes up.*] Save you!
Mysis. Good now, who's that I see? is it not Crito,
Chrysis's kinsman? Ay, the very same.
Crito. O Mysis, save you!
Mysis. Save you, Crito!
Crito. Chrysis[73]
Is then——ha?
Mysis. Ay, she has left us, poor souls!
Crito. And ye; how go you on here?---pretty well?
Mysis. We?---as we *can*, as the old saying goes,
When, as we *would*, we cannot.
Crito. And Glycerium,
Has she found out her parents?

Mysis.

Mysis. Wou'd she had!

Crito. Not yet! An ill wind blew me hither then.
For truly, had I been appris'd of that,
I'd ne'er have set foot here: For this Glycerium
Was always call'd and thought to be her sister.
What Chrysis left, she takes possession of:
And now for me, a stranger, to commence [74]
A law-suit here, how good and wise it were,
Other examples teach me. She, I warrant,
Has got her some gallant too, some defender:
For she was growing up a jolly girl
When first she journied hither. They will cry
That I'm a pettifogger, fortune-hunter,
A beggar.---And besides it were not well
To leave her in distress.

Mysis. Good soul! Troth, Crito,
You have the good old-fashion'd honesty.

Crito. Well, since I am arriv'd here, bring me to her,
That I may see her.

Mysis. Ay, with all my heart.

Davus. I will in with them: for I would not chuse
That our old gentleman should see me now. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

CHREMES, SIMO.

Chremes. ENOUGH already, Simo, and enough
I've shewn my friendship for you; hazarded
Enough of peril: Urge me then no more!

Wishing

Wishing to please you, I had near destroy'd
My daughter's peace and happiness for ever.

Simo. Ah, Chremes, I must now entreat the more,
More urge you to confirm the promis'd boon.

Chremes. Mark, how unjust you are thro' wilfulness!
So you obtain what you demand, you set
No bounds to my compliance, nor consider
What you request; for if you *did* consider,
You'd cease to load me with these injuries.

Simo. What injuries?

Chremes. Is that a question now?
Have you not driven me to plight my child
To one possest with other love, averse
To marriage; to expose her to divorce,
And crazy nuptials; by her woe and bane
To work a cure for your distemper'd son?
You had prevail'd: I travell'd in the match,
While circumstances would admit; but now
The case is chang'd, content you:---It is said,
That she's a citizen; a child is born:
Prithee excuse us!

Simo. Now, for heaven's sake,
Believe not them, whose interest it is
To make him vile and abject as themselves.
These stories are all feign'd, concerted all,
To break the match: When the occasion's past,
That urges them to this, they will desist.

Chremes. Oh, you mistake: E'en now I saw the maid
Wrangling with Davus.

Simo. Artifice! mere trick.

Chremes. Ay, but in earnest; and when neither knew
That I was there.

Simo.

Simo. It may be so: and Davus
Told me before-hand they'd attempt all this;
Though I, I know not how, forgot to tell you.

SCENE II.

Enter DAVUS *from* GLYCERIUM'S.

Davus, to himself.] He may be easy now, I warrant him---

Chremes. See, yonder's Davus.

Simo. Ha! whence comes the rogue?

Davus. By my assistance, and this stranger's safe. [*to himself.*

Simo. What mischief's this? [*listening.*

Davus. A more commodious man,
Arriving just in season, at a time
So critical, I never knew. [*to himself.*

Simo. A knave!
Who's that he praises? [*listening.*

Davus. All is now secure. [*to himself.*

Simo. Why don't I speak to him?

Davus. My master here! [*turning about.*
What shall I do? [*to himself.*

Simo. Good sir, your humble servant! [*sneering.*

Davus. Oh, Simo! and our Chremes!—All is now
Prepar'd within.

Simo. You've taken special care. [*ironically.*

Davus. E'en call them when you please.

Simo. Oh, mighty fine!
That to be sure is all that's wanting now.
---But tell me, sir! what business had you there?
[*pointing to* Glycerium's.

Davus.

Davus. I? [*confused.*

Simo. You.

Davus. I——? [*stammering.*

Simo. You, sir.

Davus. I went in but now. [*disordered.*

Simo. As if I ask'd, how long it was ago!

Davus. With Pamphilus.

Simo. Is Pamphilus within?

—Oh torture!—Did not you assure me, sirrah,
They were at variance?

Davus. So they are.

Simo. Why then
Is Pamphilus within?

Chremes. Oh, *why* d'ye think?
He's gone to quarrel with her. [*sneering.*

Davus. Nay but, Chremes,
There's more in this, and you shall hear strange news.
There's an old countryman, I know not who,
Is just arriv'd here; confident and shrewd;
His look bespeaks him of some consequence.
A grave severity is in his face,
And credit in his words.

Simo. What story now?

Davus. Nay, nothing, sir, but what I heard him say.

Simo. And what says he, then?

Davus. That he's well assur'd
Glycerium's an Athenian citizen.

Simo. Ho, Dromo! Dromo! [*calling.*

Davus. What now?

Simo. Dromo!

Davus.

Davus. Hear me,
Simo. Speak but a word more---Dromo !
Davus. Pray, sir, hear !

SCENE III.

Enter DROMO.

Dromo. Your pleasure, sir ?
Simo. Here drag him headlong in,
And truss the rascal up immediately.
Dromo. Whom ?
Simo. Davus.
Davus. Why ?
Simo. Because I'll have it so.
Take him, I say.
Davus. For what offence ?
Simo. Off with him.
Davus. If it appear that I've said aught but truth,
Put me to death.
Simo. I will not hear. I'll trounce you !
Davus. But tho' it should prove true, sir !
Simo. True or false.
See that you keep him bound : and, do you hear ?
[75] Bind the slave hand and foot. Away !

[*Exeunt* Dromo *and* Davus.

SCENE IV.

Manent SIMO, CHREMES.

By heav'n,
As I do live, I'll make you know this day

What

What peril lies in trifling with a master,
And make *him* know what 'tis to plague a father.
Chremes. Ah, be not in such rage.
Simo. Oh Chremes, Chremes!
Filial unkindness!—Don't you pity me?
To feel all this for such a thankless son!—
Here, Pamphilus, come forth! ho, Pamphilus!
Have you no shame? [*calling at* Glycerium's *door.*

SCENE V.

Enter PAMPHILUS.

Pam. Who calls?—Undone! my father!
Simo. What say you? Most———
Chremes. Ah, rather speak at once
Your purpose, Simo, and forbear reproach.
Simo. As if 'twere possible to utter aught
Severer than he merits! Tell me then; [*to Pam.*
Glycerium is a citizen?
Pam. They say so.
Simo. They say so!—Oh amazing impudence!—
Does he consider what he says? does he
Repent the deed? or does his colour take
The hue of shame?—To be so weak of soul,
Against the custom of our citizens,
Against the law [76], against his father's will,
To wed himself to shame and this vile woman.
Pam. Wretch that I am!
Simo. Ah, Pamphilus! d'ye feel
Your wretchedness at last? Then, then, when first
You wrought upon your mind at any rate

To

To gratify your passion; from that hour
Well might you feel your state of wretchedness.
But why give in to this? Why torture thus,
Why vex my spirit? Why afflict my age
For his distemp'rature? Why rue his sins?
—No; let him have her, joy in her, live with her.
Pam. My father!———
Simo. How, *my father!*[77]—Can I think
You want this father? You that for yourself
A home, a wife, and children have acquir'd
Against your father's will? and witnesses
Suborn'd, to prove that she's a citizen?
—You've gain'd your point.
Pam. My father, but one word!
Simo. What would you say?
Chremes. Nay, hear him, Simo.
Simo. Hear him?
What must I hear then, Chremes?
Chremes. Let him speak.
Simo. Well, let him speak: I hear him.
Pam. I confess,
I love Glycerium: if it be a fault,
That too I do confess. To you, my father,
I yield myself: dispose me as you please!
Command me! Say, that I shall take a wife;
Leave her;—I will endure it, as I may.—
This only I beseech you, think not I
Suborn'd this old man hither.—Suffer me
To clear myself, and bring him here before you.
Simo. Bring him here!
Pam. Let me, father!
Chremes. 'Tis but just:

Permit him!

Pam. Grant me this!

Simo. Well, be it so. [*Exit* Pamphilus.[78]

I could bear all this bravely, Chremes; more,
Much more, to know that he deceiv'd me not.

Chremes. For a great fault a little punishment
Suffices to a father.

SCENE VI.

Re-enter PAMPHILUS *with* CRITO.

Crito. Say no more!
Any of these inducements would prevail:
Or your entreaty, or that it is truth,
Or that I wish it for Glycerium's sake.

Chremes. Whom do I see? Crito, the Andrian?
Nay certainly 'tis Crito.

Crito. Save you, Chremes!

Chremes. What has brought you to Athens?

Crito. Accident.
But is this Simo?

Chremes. Ay.

Simo. Asks he for me?
So, sir, you say that this Glycerium
Is an Athenian citizen?

Crito. Do you
Deny it?

Simo. What then, are you come prepar'd?

Crito. Prepar'd! for what?

Simo. And dare you ask for what?
Shall you proceed thus with impunity?
Lay snares for inexperienc'd, lib'ral youth,

With

With fraud, temptation, and fair promises
Soothing their minds?———

Crito. Have you your wits?

Simo. —And then
With marriage solder up their harlot loves?

Pam. Alas! I fear the stranger will not bear this.
[*aside.*

Chremes. Knew you this person, Simo, you'd not think thus:
He's a good man.

Simo. A good man he?—To come,
Altho' at Athens never seen till now,
So opportunely on the wedding-day!---
Is such a fellow to be trusted, Chremes?

Pam. [79]But that I fear my father, I could make
That matter clear to him. [*aside.*

Simo. A sharper!

Crito. How?

Chremes. It is his humour, Crito: do not heed him.

Crito. Let him look to't. If he persists in saying
Whate'er he pleases, I shall make him hear
Something that may displease him.---Do I stir
In these affairs, or make them my concern?
Bear your misfortunes patiently! For me,
If I speak true or false, shall now be known.
—" A man of Athens once upon a time
" Was shipwreck'd on the coast of Andros: with him
" This very woman, then an infant. He
" In this distress applied, it so fell out,
" For help to Chrysis' father——"

Simo. All romance.

Chremes. Let him alone.

Crito. And will he interrupt me?

Chremes. Go on.

Crito. " Now Chrysis' father, who receiv'd him,
" Was my relation. There I've often heard
" The man himself declare, he was of Athens.
" There too he died."

Chremes. His name?

Crito. His name, so quickly?—
Phania.

Chremes. Amazement!

Crito. Troth, I think 'twas Phania;
But this I'm sure, he said he was of Rhamnus[80].

Chremes. Oh Jupiter!

Crito. These circumstances, Chremes,
Were known to many others, then in Andros.

Chremes. Heav'n grant it may be as I wish! Inform me,
Whose daughter, said he, was the child? his own?

Crito. No, not his own.

Chremes. Whose then?

Crito. His brother's daughter.

Chremes. Mine, mine, undoubtedly!

Crito. What say you?

Simo. How!

Pam. Hark, Pamphilus!

Simo. But why believe you this?

Chremes. That Phania was my brother.

Simo. True. I knew him.

Chremes. He, to avoid the war, departed hence:
And fearing 'twere unsafe to leave the child,
Embark'd with her in quest of me for Asia:
Since when I've heard no news of him till now.

Pam. I'm scarce myself, my mind is so enrapt

With fear, hope, joy, and wonder of so great,
So sudden happiness.
Simo. Indeed, my Chremes,
I heartily rejoice she's found your daughter.
Pam. I do believe you, father.
Chremes. But one doubt
There still remains, which gives me pain.
Pam. Away
With all your doubts! You puzzle a plain cause. [*aside.*
Crito. What is that doubt?
Chremes. That name does not agree.
Crito. She had another, when a child.
Chremes. What, Crito?
Can you remember?
Crito. I am hunting for it.
Pam. Shall then his memory oppose my bliss,
When I can minister the cure myself?
No, I will not permit it.—Hark you, Chremes,
The name is Pasibula.
Crito. True.
Chremes. The same.
Pam. I've heard it from herself a thousand times.
Simo. Chremes, I trust you will believe, we all
Rejoice at this.
Chremes. 'Fore heaven I believe so.
Pam. And now, my father——
Simo. Peace, son! the event
Has reconcil'd me.
Pam. O thou best of fathers!
Does Chremes too confirm Glycerium mine?
Chremes. And with good cause, if Simo hinder not.
Pam. Sir! [*to* Simo [81].

Simo.

Simo. Be it so.

Chremes. My daughter's portion is
Ten talents, Pamphilus. [82]

Pam. I am content.

Chremes. I'll to her instantly: and prithee, Crito,
Along with me! for sure she knows me not
[83] [*Exeunt* Chremes *and* Crito.

Simo. Why do you not give orders instantly
To bring her to our house?

Pam. Th' advice is good.
I'll give that charge to Davus.

Simo. It can't be.

Pam. Why?

Simo. He has other business of his own,
Of nearer import to himself.

Pam. What business?

Simo. He's bound.

[84] *Pam.* Bound! how, sir!

Simo. How, sir?—Neck and heels.

Pam. Ah, let him be enlarg'd!

Simo. It shall be done.

Pam. But instantly.

Simo. I'll in, and order it. [*Exit.*

Pam. Oh what a happy, happy, day is this!

SCENE VII.

[85] *Enter* CHARINUS *behind.*

Char. I come to see what Pamphilus is doing:
And there he is!

Pam. And is this true?—Yes, yes,
I know 'tis true, because I wish it so.

[86]Therefore I think the life of gods eternal,
For that their joys are permanent: and now,
[87]My soul hath her content so absolute,
That I too am immortal, if no ill
Step in betwixt me and this happiness.
Oh, for a bosom-friend now to pour out
My ecstasies before him!

Char. What's this rapture? [*listening.*

Pam. Oh, yonder's Davus: nobody more welcome: For he, I know, will join in transport with me.

SCENE THE LAST.

Enter DAVUS.

Davus, entering.] Where's Pamphilus?

Pam. Oh, Davus!

Davus. Who's there?

Pam. I.

Davus. Oh, Pamphilus!

Pam. You know not my good fortune.

Davus. Do you know my ill fortune?

Pam. To a tittle.

Davus. 'Tis after the old fashion, that my ills Should reach your ears, before your joys reach mine.

Pam. Glycerium has discover'd her relations.

Davus. Oh excellent!

Char. How's that? [*listening.*

Pam. Her father is
Our most near friend.

Davus. Who?

Pam. Chremes.

Davus. Charming news!

Pam.

Pam. And I'm to marry her immediately.
Char. Is this man talking in his sleep, and dreams
On what he wishes waking? [*listening.*
Pam. And moreover,
For the child, Davus———
Davus. Ah, sir, say no more.
You're th' only favourite of the gods.
Char. I'm made,
If this be true. I'll speak to them. [*comes forward.*
Pam. Who's there?
Charinus! oh, well met.
Char. I give you joy.
Pam. You've heard then—
Char. Ev'ry word: and prithee now,
In your good fortune, think upon your friend,
Chremes is now your own; and will perform
Whatever you shall ask.
Pam. I shall remember.
'Twere tedious to expect his coming forth:
Along with me then to Glycerium!
Davus, do you go home, and hasten them
To fetch her hence. Away, away!
Davus. I go. [*Exeunt* Pam. *and* Char.
[Davus *addressing the Audience.*
Wait not till they come forth: Within
She'll be betroth'd; within, if aught remains
Undone, 'twill be concluded.—Clap your hands![88]

THE

EUNUCH.[1]

ACTED AT THE MEGALESIAN GAMES,

L. Postumius Albinus and L. Cornelius Merula, Curule-Ædiles: principal actors, L. Ambivius Turpio and L. Attilius Prænestinus: the musick, composed for two right-handed flutes, by Flaccus, freedman to Claudius. It is from the Greek of Menander. It was acted twice [2], M. Valerius [3], and C. Fannius, Consuls [4].

PROLOGUE.

TO please the candid, give offence to none,
This, says the Poet, ever was his care:
[5] Yet if there's one, who thinks he's hardly censur'd,
Let him remember he was the aggressor:
He, who translating many, but not well,
On good Greek fables fram'd poor Latin plays;
He, who but lately to the publick gave
[6] The 'Phantom' of Menander; *he*, who made,
[7] In the 'Thesaurus,' the Defendant plead
And vouch the question'd treasure to be his,
Before the Plaintiff his own title shews,
Or whence it came into his father's tomb.
Henceforward, let him not deceive himself,
Or cry, "I'm safe, he can say nought of me."
I charge him that he err not, and forbear
To urge me farther; for I've more, much more,
Which now shall be o'erlook'd; but shall be known,
If he pursue his slanders, as before.
Soon as this Play, the 'Eunuch' of Menander,
Which we are now preparing to perform,
Was purchas'd by the Ædiles, he obtain'd
Leave to examine it[8]: and afterwards
When 'twas rehears'd before the Magistrates [9],
" A thief, he cried, no Poet gives this piece.
" Yet has he not deceiv'd us; for we know,
" The 'Colax' [10] is an antient Comedy
" Of Nævius, and of Plautus; and from thence
" The Parasite and Soldier both are stolen."

If

If that's the Poet's crime, it is a crime
Of ignorance, and not a studied theft.
Judge for yourselves! the fact is even thus.
The 'Colax' is a fable of Menander;
Wherein is drawn the character of Colax
The Parasite, and the vain-glorious Soldier:
Which characters, he scruples not to own,
He to his 'Eunuch' from the Greek transferr'd:
But that he knew [11], those pieces were before
Made Latin, *that* he steadfastly denies [12].
Yet if to other Poets 'tis not lawful
To draw the characters our fathers drew,
How can it then be lawful to exhibit
Slaves running to and fro; to represent
Good matrons, wanton harlots; or to shew
An eating parasite, vain-glorious soldier,
Supposititious children, bubbled dotards,
Or love, or hate, or jealousy?—In short,
Nothing's said now, but has been said before!
Weigh then these things with candour, and forgive
The Moderns, if what Antients did, they do.
Attend, and list in silence to our play,
That ye may know what 'tis the Eunuch means.

PERSONS.

PROLOGUE.

LACHES, *An Old Man.*

PHÆDRIA, *A Youth.*

CHÆREA, *A Youth.*

ANTIPHO, *A Youth.*

CHREMES, *A Youth.*

THRASO, *A Soldier.*

GNATHO, *A Parasite.*

PARMENO, *A Servant.*

DORUS, *The Eunuch.*

SANGA, *A Centurion.*

SIMALIO; and other Mutes.

THAIS, *A Harlot.*

PYTHIAS, *A Maidservant.*

DORYAS, *A Maidservant.*

SOPHRONA, *A Nurse.*

PAMPHILA; and other Mutes.

SCENE—ATHENS.

THE

EUNUCH.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

PHÆDRIA, PARMENO.

Phæd. AND what then shall I do[13]? not go? not now?
When she herself invites me? or were't best
Fashion my mind no longer to endure
These harlots' impudence?—Shut out! recall'd!
Shall I return? No, not if she implore me.
Par. Oh brave! oh excellent! if you maintain it!
But if you try, and can't go thro' with spirit,
And finding you can't bear it, uninvited,
Your peace unmade, all of your own accord,
You come and swear you love, and can't endure it,
Good night! all's over! ruin'd and undone!
She'll jilt you, when she sees you in her pow'r.
Phæd. You then, in time consider and advise!
Par. Master! the thing which hath not in itself
Or measure or advice, advice can't rule.
In love are all these ills: suspicions, quarrels,
Wrongs, reconcilements, war, and peace again:
Things thus uncertain, if by reason's rules
You'd certain make, it were as wise a task

To

To try with reason to run mad [14]. And now
What you in anger meditate—I her?
That him?---that me?---that would not---pardon me![15]
I would die rather: No! she shall perceive
How much I am a man.---Big words like these,
She in good faith with one false tiny drop,
Which, after grievous rubbing, from her eyes
Can scarce perforce be squeez'd, shall overcome.
Nay, she shall swear, 'twas you in fault, not she;
You too shall own th' offence, and pray for pardon.

Phæd. Oh monstrous! monstrous! Now indeed I see
How false she is, and what a wretch I am!
Spite of myself I love; and knowing, feeling,
With open eyes run on to my destruction;
And what to do I know not.

Par. What to do?
What *should* you do, sir, but redeem yourself
As cheaply as you can?—at easy rates
If possible---if not---at any rate---
And never vex yourself.

Phæd. Is that your counsel?

Par. Ay, if you're wise; and do not add to love
More troubles than it has, and those it has
Bear bravely! But she comes, our ruin comes[16];
For she, like storms of hail on fields of corn,
Beats down our hopes, and carries all before her.

SCENE II.

Enter THAIS.

Thais. Ah me! I fear lest Phædria take offence,
And think I meant it other than I did,

That

That he was not admitted yesterday.
[*to herself; not seeing them.*
Phæd. I tremble, Parmeno, and freeze with horror.
Par. Be of good cheer! approach yon fire---she'll warm you.
Thais. Who's there? My Phædria? Why did you stand here?
Why not directly enter?
Par. Not one word
Of having shut him out!
Thais. Why don't you speak?
Phæd. Because, forsooth, these doors will always fly
Open to me, or that because I stand
The first in your good graces. [*ironically.*
Thais. Nay, no more!
Phæd. No more?---O Thais, Thais, would to heaven
Our loves were parallel, that things like these
Might torture you, as this has tortur'd me;
Or that your actions were indifferent to me!
Thais. Grieve not, I beg, my love, my Phædria!
Not that I lov'd another more, I did this;
But I by circumstance was forc'd to do it.
Par. So then, it seems, for very love, poor soul,
You shut the door in's teeth.
Thais. Ah, Parmeno!
Is't thus you deal with me? Go to!---But hear
Why I did call you hither.
Phæd. Be it so.
Thais. But tell me first, can yon slave hold his peace?
Par. I? oh most faithfully: But hark ye, madam!

On

On this condition do I bind my faith:
The truths I hear, I will conceal; but falsehood,
Fiction, or gross pretence, shall out at once.
I'm full of chinks, and run through here and there:
So if you claim my secresy, speak truth.

Thais. My mother was a Samian, liv'd at Rhodes[17].

Par. This sleeps in silence. [*archly.*

Thais. There a certain merchant
Made her a present of a little girl,
Stol'n hence from Attica.

Phæd. A citizen?

Thais. I think so, but we cannot tell for certain:
Her father's and her mother's name she told
Herself; her country, and the other marks
Of her original, she neither knew,
Nor from her age, was't possible she should.
The merchant added further, that the pirates,
Of whom he bought her, let him understand,
She had been stol'n from Sunium[18]. My mother
Gave her an education, brought her up
In all respects as she had been her own;
And she in gen'ral was suppos'd my sister.
I journied hither with the gentleman
To whom alone I was connected then,
The same who left me all I have.

Par. These articles
Are both rank falsehoods, and shall out.

Thais. Why so?

Par. Because nor you with one could be content,
Nor he alone enrich'd you; for my master
Made good and large addition.

Thais. I allow it.

But

But let me hasten to the point I wish.
Meantime the Captain, who was then but young
In his attachment to me, went to Caria[19].
I, in his absence[20], was address'd by you;
Since when, full well you know, how very dear
I've held you, and have trusted you with all
My nearest counsels.
Phæd. And yet Parmeno
Will not be silent even here.
Par. Oh, sir,
Is that a doubt?
Thais. Nay, prithee now, attend!
My mother's lately dead at Rhodes: her brother,
Too much intent on wealth, no sooner saw
This virgin, handsome, well-accomplish'd, skill'd
In musick, than, spurr'd on by hopes of gain,
In public market he expos'd and sold her.
It so fell out, my soldier-spark was there,
And bought her, all unknowing these events;
To give to me: But soon as he return'd,
And found how much I was attach'd to you,
He feign'd excuses to keep back the girl;
Pretending, were he thoroughly convinc'd
That I would still prefer him to yourself,
Nor fear'd that when I had receiv'd the girl,
I would abandon him, he'd give her to me;
But *that* he doubted. For my part, I think
He is grown fond of her himself.
Phæd. Is there
Aught more between them?
Thais. No; for I've enquir'd:
And now, my Phædria, there are sundry causes

Wherefore I wish to win the virgin from him.
First, for she's called my sister; and moreover,
That I to her relations may restore her.
I'm a lone woman, have nor friend, nor kin:
Wherefore, my Phædria, I would raise up friends
By some good turn:---And you, I prithee now,
Help me to do it! Let him some few days
Be my gallant in chief. What! no reply?

Phæd. Abandon'd woman! can I aught reply
To deeds like these?

Par. Oh excellent! well said!
He feels at length: Now, master, you're a man.

Phæd. I saw your story's drift.---" A little girl
" Stol'n hence---My mother brought her up---was call'd
" My sister---I would fain obtain her from him,
" That I to her relations might restore her---"
All this preamble comes at last to this:
I am excluded, he's admitted. Why?
But that you love him more than me, and fear
Lest this young captive win your hero from you.

Thais. Do I fear that?

Phæd. Why, prithee now, what else?
Does *he* bring gifts alone? didst e'er perceive
My bounty shut against you? Did I not,
Because you told me you'd be glad to have
An Æthiopian servant-maid, all else
Omitted, seek one out? You said besides,
You wish'd to have an eunuch, 'cause, forsooth,
They were for dames of quality: I found one.
For both I yesterday paid twenty *minæ*[21].
Yet you contemn me---I forgot not these,

And for these I'm despis'd.

Thais. Why this, my Phædria?
Tho' I would fain obtain the girl, and tho'
I think by these means it might well be done;
Yet, rather than make you my enemy,
I'll do as you command.

Phæd. Oh, had you said
Those words sincerely---"Rather than make you
"My enemy!"---Oh, could I think those words
Came from your heart, what is't I'd not endure!

Par. Gone! conquer'd with one word! alas, how soon!

Thais. Not speak sincerely? from my very soul?
What did you ever ask, altho' in sport,
But you obtain'd it of me? Yet I can't
Prevail on you to grant but two short days.

Phæd. Well---for two days---so those two be not twenty.

Thais. No, in good faith, but two, or---

Phæd. Or? no more.

Thais. It shall not be: but you will grant me those?

Phæd. Your will must be a law.

Thais. Thanks, my sweet Phædria!

Phæd. I'll to the country; there consume myself
For these two days: it must be so: we must
Give way to Thais---See you, Parmeno,
The slaves brought hither.

Par. Sir, I will.

Phæd. My Thais,
For these two days, farewell!

Thais. Farewell, my Phædria!
Would you aught else with me?

Phæd. Aught else, my Thais?
Be with yon Soldier present, as if absent[22]:
All night and day love *me*: still long for *me*;
Dream, ponder still of *me*; wish, hope for *me*;
Delight in *me*; be all in all with *me*:
Give your whole heart, for mine's all your's, to *me*.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Manet THAIS[23].

Ah me! I fear that he believes me not,
And judges of my heart from those of others[24].
I in my conscience know, that nothing false
I have deliver'd, nor to my true heart
Is any dearer than this Phædria:
And whatsoe'er in this affair I've done,
For the girl's sake I've done: for I'm in hopes
I know her brother, a right noble youth.
To-day I wait him, by his own appointment;
Wherefore I'll in, and tarry for his coming.

ACT II. SCENE I.

PHÆDRIA. PARMENO.

Phædria. CARRY the slaves according to my order[25].
Par. I will.
Phæd. But diligently.
Par. Sir, I will.
Phæd. But soon.
Par. I will, sir.

Par.

Phæd. Say, is it sufficient?

Par. Ah! what a question's that? as if it were
So difficult! I wish, sir Phædria,
You could gain aught so easy, as lose these.

Phæd. I lose, what's dearer yet, my comfort with them.
Repine not at my gifts.

Par. Not I: moreover
I will convey them straight. But have you any
Other commands?

Phæd. Oh yes: Set off our presents
With words as handsome as you can; and drive,
As much as possible, that rival from her!

Par. Ah, sir, I should, of course, remember that.

Phæd. I'll to the country, and stay there.

Par. O, ay! [*ironically*.

Phæd. But hark you!

Par. Sir, your pleasure?

Phæd. Do you think
I can with constancy hold out, and not
Return before my time?

Par. Hold out? Not you.
Either you'll straight return, or want of sleep[26]
Will drive you forth at midnight.

Phæd. I will toil;
That, weary, I may sleep against my will.

Par. Weary you may be; but you'll never sleep.

Phæd. Ah, Parmeno, you wrong me. I'll cast out
This treacherous softness from my soul, nor thus
Indulge my passions. Yes, I could remain,
If need, without her even three whole days!

Par. Hui! three whole livelong days![27] Consider, sir.

Phæd. I am resolved.

SCENE II.

PARMENO *alone.*

Heav'ns, what a strange disease is this![28] That love
Should so change men, that one can hardly swear
They are the same!—No mortal liv'd
Less weak, more grave, more temperate than he.
—But who comes yonder?—Gnatho, as I live;
The Captain's parasite! and brings along
The virgin for a present: oh rare wench!
How beautiful![29] I shall come off, I doubt,
But scurvily with my decrepid Eunuch.
This girl surpasses ev'n Thais herself.

SCENE III.

Enter[30] GNATHO, *leading* PAMPHILA; PARMENO *behind.*

Gnath. Good heav'ns![31] how much one man excels another!
What diff'rence 'twixt a wise man and a fool!"
What just now happen'd, proves it: Coming hither,
I met with an old countryman; a man
Of my own place and order; like myself,
No scurvy fellow; who, like me, had spent
In mirth and jollity his whole estate.
Seeing him in a wretched trim; his looks
Lean, sick, and dirty; and his clothes, all rags;
"How now!" cry'd I, "what means this figure, friend?
"Alas," says he, "my patrimony's gone.
"—Ah, how am I reduc'd! My old acquaintance

"And

" And friends all shun me."—Hearing this, how cheap
I held him in comparison with me!
" Why, how now, wretch! said I, most idle wretch!
" Have you spent all, nor left ev'n hope behind?
" What! have you lost your sense with your estate?
" Me!—look on me—come from the same condition!
" How sleek! how neat! how clad! in what good case?
" I've ev'ry thing, though nothing; nought possess,
" Yet nought I ever want."—" Ah, sir! but I
" Have an unhappy temper, and can't bear
" To be the butt of others, or to take
" A beating now and then."—" How then! d'ye think
" Those are the means of thriving? No, my friend!
" Such formerly indeed might drive a trade:
" But mine's a new profession [31]; I the first
" That ever struck into this road. There are
" A kind of men, who wish to be the head
" Of every thing: but are not. These I follow;
" Not for their sport and laughter, but for gain
" To laugh with them, and wonder at their parts.
" Whate'er they say, I praise it; if again
" They contradict, I praise *that* too: Does any
" Deny? I too deny: Affirm? I too
" Affirm: and in a word I've brought myself
" To say, unsay, swear, and forswear, at pleasuse:
" And that is now the best of all professions."

Par. A special fellow this! who drives fools mad.

Gnat. Deep in this conversation, we at length
Come to the market, where the sev'ral tradesmen,
Butchers, cooks, grocers, poult'rers, fishmongers,
(Who, while my means were ample, profited,
And, tho' now wasted, profit by me still,)

All

All run with joy to me, salute, invite,
And bid me welcome. He, poor half-starv'd wretch,
Soon as he saw me thus carest, and found
I got my bread so easily, desir'd
He might have leave to learn that art of me.
I bade him follow me, if possible:
And, as the Schools of the Philosophers
Have ta'en from the philosophers their names,
So, in like manner, let all parasites
Be call'd from me Gnathonicks!
Par. Mark, what ease,
And being kept at other's cost, produces!
Gnat. But hold, I must convey this girl to Thais,
And bid her forth to sup.—Ha, Parmeno!
Our rival's slave, standing at Thais' door!
—How melancholy he appears! All's safe:
These poor rogues find but a cold welcome here.
I'll play upon this knave. [*aside.*
Par. These fellows think
This present will make Thais all their own. [*aside.*
Gnat. To Parmeno, his lov'd and honour'd friend,
Gnatho sends greeting. [*ironically.*] What are you upon?
Par. My legs. [32]
Gnat. I see it.—Is there nothing here
Displeasing to you?
Par. You.
Gnat. I do believe it.
But prithee, is there nothing else?
Par. Wherefore?
Gnat. Because you're melancholy.
Par. Not at all.

Gnat.

Gnat. Well, do not be so!—Pray, now, what d'ye think
Of this young handmaid?
Par. Troth, she's not amiss.
Gnat. I plague the rascal. [*half-aside.*
Par. How the knave's deceiv'd! [*half-aside.*
Gnat. Will not this gift be very acceptable
To Thais, think you?
Par. You'd insinuate
That we're shut out.—There is, alas! a change
In all things.
Gnat. For these six months, Parmeno,
For six whole months at least, I'll make you easy;
You shan't run up and down, and watch till day-light;
Come, don't I make you happy?
Par Very happy.
Gnat. 'Tis my way with my friends.
Par. You're very good.
Gnat. But I detain you: you, perhaps, was going
Somewhere else.
Par. No where.
Gnat. May I beg you then
To use your int'rest here, and introduce me
To Thais?
Par. Hence! away! These doors
Fly open now, because you carry her.
[*pointing to* Pamphila.
Gnat. Wou'd you have any one call'd forth? [*Exit.*
Par. Well! well!
Pass but two days; and you, so welcome now,
That the doors open with your little finger,
Shall kick against them then, I warrant you,
Till your heels ache again.

Re-

Re-enter GNATHO.

Gnat. Ha! Parmeno!
Are you here still! What! are you left a spy,
Lest any go-between should run by stealth
To Thais from the Captain? [*Exit.*
Par. Very smart!
No wonder such a wit delights the Captain!
But hold! I see my master's younger son
Coming this way. I wonder much he should
Desert Piræus [33], where he's plac'd on guard.
'Tis not for nothing. All in haste he comes,
And seems to look about.

SCENE IV.

Enter CHÆREA. PARMENO *behind.*

Chær. Undone! Undone!
The girl is lost: I know not where she is,
Nor where I am: Ah, whither shall I trace?
Where seek? of whom enquire? or which way turn?
I'm all uncertain; but have one hope still:
Where'er she is, she cannot long lie hid.
O charming face! All others from my memory
Hence I blot out. Away with common beauties! [34]
Par. So, here's the other! and he mutters too
I know not what of love.—Ah, poor old father!
As for this stripling, if he once begin,
His brother's is but jest and children's play
To his mad fury.
Chær. Twice ten thousand curses

Seize

Seize the old wretch, who kept me back to-day;
And me for staying! with a fellow too
I did not care a farthing for!—But see!
Yonder stands Parmeno.—Good day!
Par. How now?
Wherefore so sad? and why this hurry, Chærea?
Whence come you?
Chær. I? I cannot tell, i'faith,
Whence I am come, or whither I am going,
I've so entirely lost myself.
Par. And why?
Chær. I am in love.
Par. Oh brave!
Chær. Now, Parmeno,
Now you may shew what kind of man you are.
You know you've often told me; "Chærea,
"Find something out to set your heart upon,
"And mark how I will serve you!"---Yes, you know
You've often said so, when I scrap'd together
All the provisions for you at my father's
Par. Away, you trifler!
Chær. Nay, in faith, 'tis true:
Now make your promise good! and in a cause
Worthy the utmost reachings of your soul:
A girl, my Parmeno! not like our misses,
Whose mothers try to keep their shoulders down,
And bind their bosoms, that their shapes may seem
Genteel and slim. Is a girl rather plump?
They call her Nurse[35], and stint her in her food.
Thus art, in spite of nature, makes them all
Mere bulrushes: and therefore they're belov'd.
Par. And what's this girl of your's?

Chær.

Chær. A miracle!

Par. Oh, to be sure!

Chær. True, natural red and white;
Her body firm, and full of precious stuff!

Par. Her age?

Chær. About sixteen.

Par. The very prime!

Chær. This girl, by force, by stealth, or by entreaty,
Procure me! how, I care not, so I have her.

Par. Well, whom does she belong to?

Chær. I don't know.

Par. Whence comes she?

Chær. I can't tell.

Par. Where does she live?

Chær. I can't tell neither.

Par. Where was it you saw her?

Chær. Here in the street.

Par. And how was it you lost her?

Chær. Why, it was that, which I so fum'd about,
As I came hither! Nor was ever man
So jilted by good fortune, as myself.

Par. What mischief now?

Chær. Confounded luck!

Par. How so?

Chær. How so! D'ye know one Archidemides,
My father's kinsman, and about his age?

Par. Full well.

Chær. As I was in pursuit of her,
He met me.

Par. Rather inconveniently.

Chær. Oh most unhappily! for lighter ills
May pass for *inconvenient*, Parmeno.

Nay,

Nay, I could swear, with a safe conscience too,
For six, or seven months, I had not seen him,
Till now, when least I wish'd and most would shun it.
Is not this monstrous? Eh!

Par. Oh! very monstrous.

Chær. Soon as from far he saw me, instantly,
Bent, trembling, drop-jaw'd, gasping, out of breath,
He hobbled up to me.---" Holo! ho! Chærea!"—
I stopt.--"D'ye know what I want with you?"--"What?"
----" I have a cause to-morrow."----" Well! what
" then?"——
---" Fail not to tell your father, he remember
" To go up with me, as an advocate [36]. "---
His prating took some time.---" Aught else?" said I.
" Nothing," said he.---Away flew I, and saw
The girl that instant turn into this street.

Par. Sure he must mean the virgin, just now brought
To Thais for a present.

Chær. When I reach'd
This place, the girl was vanish'd.

Par. Had your lady
Any attendants?

Chær. Yes; a parasite,
With a maid-servant.

Par. 'Tis the very same:
Away! have done! all's over [37].

Chær. What d'ye mean?

Par. The girl I mean.

Chær. D'ye know then who she is?
Tell me!---or have you seen her?

Par. Yes, I've seen her;
I know her; and can tell you where she is.

Chær.

Chær. How, my dear Parmeno! D'ye know her?
Par. Yes.
Chær. And where she is, d'ye know?
Par. Yes,—there she is; [*pointing.*
Carried to madam Thais for a present.
Chær. What monarch could bestow a gift so precious?
Par. The mighty Captain Thraso, Phædria's rival.
Chær. Alas, poor brother!
Par. Ay, and if you knew
The gift he sends to be compar'd with this,
You'd cry, Alas, indeed!
Chær. What is his gift?[38]
Par. An Eunuch.
Chær. What! that old and ugly slave,
That he bought yesterday?
Par. The very same.
Chær. Why, surely, he'll be trundled out o'doors,
He and his gift together.---But till now
I never knew this Thais was our neighbour.
Par. She came but lately.
Chær. Ev'ry way unlucky!
Ne'er to have seen her neither!---Prithee, tell me,
Is she so handsome, as she's said to be[39]?
Par. Yes, faith!
Chær. But nothing to compare to mine.
Var. Oh, quite another thing.
Chær. But Parmeno!
Contrive that I may have her.
Par. Well, I will.
Depend on my assistance:---have you any
Further commands?— [*as if going.*

Chær.

Chær. Where are you going?
Par. Home;
To bring, according to your brother's order,
The slaves to Thais.
Chær. Oh that happy Eunuch!
To be convey'd into that house!
Par. Why so?
Chær. Why so! Why, he shall have that charming girl
His fellow-servant, see her all day long,
Converse with her, dwell under the same roof,
And sometimes eat, and sometimes sleep by her.
Par. And what if you should be so happy?
Chær. How
Tell me, dear Parmeno!
Par. Assume his dress.
Chær. His dress! what then?
Par. I'll carry you for him.
Chær. I hear you.
Par. I will say that you are he.
Chær. I understand you.
Par. So shall you enjoy
Those blessings, which but now you envied him:
Eat with her, be with her, touch, toy with her,
And sleep by her: since none of Thais' maids
Know you, or dream of what you are. Besides,
Your figure and your age are such, that you
May well pass for an eunuch.
Chær. Oh, well said!
I ne'er heard better counsel. Come, let's in!
Dress me, and carry me! Away, make haste!
Par. What are you at? I did but jest.

Chær.

Chær. You trifle.

Par. I'm ruin'd: Fool! what have I done?---
Nay whither
D'ye push me thus? you'll throw me down. Nay, stay!

Chær. Away!

Par. Nay prithee!

Chær. I'm resolv'd.

Par. Consider;
You carry this too far.

Chær. No, not at all.
Give way!

Par. And Parmeno must pay for all[40].
Ah, we do wrong!

Chær. Is it then wrong[41], for me
To be convey'd into a house of harlots,
And turn those very arts on them, with which
They hamper us, and turn our youth to scorn?
Can it be wrong for me too, in my turn,
To deceive them, by whom we're all deceiv'd?
No, rather let it be! 'tis just to play
This trick upon them! which, if greybeards know,
They'll blame indeed, but all will think well done.

Par. Well, if you must, you must; but do not then,
After all's over, throw the blame on me.

Chær. No, no!

Par. But do you order me?

Chær. I do:
Order, command, compel you; nor will e'er
Deny, or disavow my putting-on.

Par. Come on then: follow me!

Chær. Heav'n grant success!

ACT III. SCENE I

THRASO, *and* GNATHO.

Thraso. AND Thais then returns me many thanks?
Gnat. Ten thousand.
Thra. Say, is she delighted with it?
Gnat. Not for the present's sake so much, as that
From you it was presented: But therein
She truly triumphs.

Enter PARMENO *behind.*

Par. I'm upon the watch,
To mark a proper opportunity
To bring my presents. But behold the Captain!
Thra. It is, indeed, something, I know not how,
Peculiar to me, do whate'er I please,
It will appear agreeable.
Gnat. In truth
I always have observ'd it.
Thra. Ev'n the king[42]
Held himself much oblig'd, whate'er I did:
Not so to others.
Gnat. Men of wit, like you,
The glory, got by others' care and toil,
Often transfer unto themselves.
Thra. You've hit it[43].
Gnat. The king then held you——
Thra. Certainly.
Gnat. Most dear.
Thra. Most near. He trusted his whole army to me,
His counsels.——

Gnat. Wonderful!

Thra. And then, whene'er
Satiety of company, or hate
Of business seiz'd him—when he would repose—
As if——you understand me.

Gnat. Perfectly.
When he wou'd—in a manner---clear his stomach
Of all uneasiness.

Thra. The very thing.
On such occasions he chose none but me.

Gnat. Hui! there's a king indeed! a king of taste!

Thra. No general man[44], I promise you.

Gnat. Oh no!
He must have been particular indeed,
If he convers'd with you.

Thra. The courtiers all
Began to envy me, and rail'd in secret:
I car'd not; whence their spleen increas'd the more.
One in particular, who had the charge
Of th' elephants from India, grew at last
So very troublesome; "I prithee, Strato,
"Are you so savage, and so fierce, (said I,)
"Because you're governor of the wild beasts?"

Gnat. Oh, finely said!---and shrewdly! Excellent!
Too hard upon him!---what said he to't?

Thra. Nothing.

Gnat. And how the devil should he?

Par. Gracious heav'n!
The stupid coxcomb!---and that rascal too! [*aside.*

Thra. Ay! but the story of the Rhodian, Gnatho!
How smart I was upon him at a feast---
Did I ne'er tell you?

Gnat.

Gnat. Never : but pray do !
---I've heard it o'er and o'er a thousand times. [*aside.*
Thra. We were by chance together at a feast—
This Rhodian, that I told you of, and I.—
I, as it happen'd, had a wench : the spark
Began to toy with her, and laugh at me.
" Why how now, Impudence ! (said I) are you
" *A hare*[45] yourself, and yet would hunt for *game ?*"
Gnat. Ha ! ha ! ha !
Thra. What's the matter ?
Gnat. Ha ! ha ! ha !
Witty ! smart ! excellent ! incomparable !
Is it your own ? I swear I thought 'twas old.
Thra. Why, did you ever hear it ?
Gnat. Very often ;
And reckon'd admirable.
Thra. 'Tis my own.
Gnat. And yet 'twas pity to be so severe
On a young fellow, and a gentleman.
Par. Ah ! devil take you ! [*aside.*
Gnat. What became of him ?
Thra. It did for him. The company were all
Ready to die with laughing :---in a word,
They dreaded me.
Gnat. No wonder.
Thra. Harkye, Gnatho !
Thais, you know, suspects I love this girl.
Shall I acquit myself ?
Gnat. On no account.
Rather increase her jealousy.
Thra. And why ?

Gnat.

Gnat. Why?---Do you ask?---As if you didn't know!---
Whene'er she mentions Phædria, or whene'er
She praises him, to vex you———
Thra. I perceive.
Gnat. To hinder that, you've only this resource:
When she names Phædria, name you Pamphila.
If she should say, "Come! let's have Phædria
"To dinner with us!"---"Ay, and Pamphila
"To sing to us!"---If she praise Phædria's person,
Praise you the girl's! So give her tit for tat,
And gall her in her turn.
Thra. Suppose she lov'd me[46],
This might avail me, Gnatho!
Gnat. While she loves
The presents which you give, expecting more,
So long she loves you; and so long you may
Have pow'r to vex her. She will always fear
To make you angry, lest some other reap
The harvest, which she now enjoys alone.
Thra. You're right: and yet I never thought of it.
Gnat. Ridiculous! because you did not turn
Your thoughts to't; or how much more readily
Would you have hit on this device yourself!

SCENE II.[47]

Enter THAIS, *and* PYTHIAS.

Thais. I thought I heard the Captain's voice: and see!
Good-day, my Thraso!

Thra.

Thra. Oh my Thais, welcome!
How does my sweeting?---Are you fond of me
For sending you that musick-girl?
Par. Oh brave!
He sets out nobly!
Thais. For your worth I love you.
Gnat. Come, let's to supper! why do you delay?
Par. Mark t'other! he's a chip of the old block[48].
Thais. I'm ready when you please.
Par. I'll up to her,
And seem as if but now come forth.—Ha! Thais,
Where are you gadding?
Thais. Well met, Parmeno!
I was just going———
Par. Whither?
Thais. Don't you see
The Captain?
Par. Yes, I see him—to my sorrow.
The presents from my master wait your pleasure.
Thra. Why do we stop thus? wherefore go not hence? [*angrily.*
Par. Beseech you, Captain, let us, with your leave,
Produce our presents, treat, and parley with her![49]
Thra. Fine gifts, I warrant you, compar'd with mine!
Par. They'll answer for themselves.---Ho, there within!
Order the slaves, I told you, to come forth.

Enter a Black Girl.

This way! do you stand forward!---This girl, ma'am,
Comes quite from Æthiopia.
Thra. Worth three *minæ*.[50]

Gnat.

Gnat. Scarce.

Par. Ho! where are you, Dorus?---oh, come hither!

Enter CHÆREA *in the Eunuch's habit.*

An Eunuch, madam! of a liberal air,
And in his prime!

Thais. Now as I live, he's handsome!

Par. What say you, Gnatho? Is he despicable?
Or, Captain, what say you?——Dumb?——Praise sufficient!
Try him in letters, exercises, musick:
In all the arts a gentleman should know,
I'll warrant him accomplish'd [51].

Thra. Troth, that Eunuch
Is well enough.

Par. And he, who sends these presents,
Requires you not to live for *him* alone,
And for *his* sake to shut out all mankind:
Nor does he tell his battles, shew his wounds,
Or shackle your free will, as some folks do.
[*looking at* Thraso.
But when 'twill not be troublesome, or when
You've leisure, in due season, he's content
If *then* he is admitted.

Thra. This poor wretch
Seems to belong to a poor wretched master.

Gnat. Beyond all doubt: for who that could obtain
Another, would endure a slave like this?

Par. Peace, wretch, that art below the meanest slave!
You, that could bring your mind so very low,
As to cry Ay and No at yon fool's bidding,

I'm

I'm sure, might get your bread out o' the fire[52].

Thra. Why don't we go? [*impatiently.*

Thais. Let me but introduce
These first, and give some orders in the house,
And I'll attend you.

[*Exit with* Chærea, *and the Æthiopian.*

Thra. I'll depart from hence.
Gnatho, wait you for her!

Par. It ill beseems
The dignity of a renown'd commander,
T'escort his mistress in the street.

Thra. Away,
Slave! you're beneath my notice---like your master.

[*Exit* Par.

Gnat. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Thra. What moves your laughter, Gnatho?

Gnat. Your speech but now: and then the Rhodian came
Across my mind.---But Thais comes.

Thra. Go, run,
And see that ev'ry thing's prepar'd at home!

Gnat. It shall be done. [*Exit.*

Thais. [*entering with* Pythias.] Take care now, Pythias[53],
Great care, if Chremes come, to press him stay;
Or, if that's inconvenient, to return:
If that's impossible, then bring him to me!

Pyth. I'll do so.

Thais. Hold! what else had I to say?
Take care, be sure, of yonder virgin! see,
You keep at home!

Thra.

Thra. Let's go!

Thais. Girls, follow me!

[*Exit, attended by servants and* Thraso.

SCENE III.

CHREMES *alone.*

In truth, the more and more I think, the more
I am convinc'd that Thais means me ill:
So plain I see her arts to draw me in.
Ev'n when she first invited me, (and when,
Had any ask'd, *What business have you there?*
The question would have stagger'd me,) she fram'd
Sev'ral excuses to detain me there;
Said she had made a sacrifice [54], and had
Affairs of consequence to settle with me.
—Oho! thought I immediately, I smell
A trick upon me!---Down she sat, behav'd
Familiarly, and tried to beat about
For conversation: being at a loss,
She ask'd, how long my parents had been dead?
—I told her, Long time since:---on which she ask'd,
Whether I had a country-house at Sunium?
—And how far from the sea?---I half believe
She likes my villa, and would wheedle me
To give it her.---Her final questions were,
If I ne'er lost a little sister thence?
—Who was miss'd with her?---what she had, when lost?
—If there was any body capable
Of recollecting her?----Why all these questions?
Unless perhaps she means,---a saucy baggage!---
To play the counterfeit, and feign herself

That

That sister, who was lost so long ago?
But she, if living, is about sixteen;
Not more; and Thais older than myself.
She sent beside to press me earnestly
To visit her again.---Or, let her say
What she would have; or trouble me no more!
I'll not return a third time.---Ho! who's there?
Here am I! Chremes!

SCENE IV.

Enter PYTHIAS.

Pyth. Oh, sweet, charming, sir!
Chre. A coaxing hussy! did not I foresee
A trick upon me?
Pyth. Thais begs and prays
You'd come again to-morrow.
Chre. I am going
Into the country.
Pyth. Nay, now, prithee come!
Chre. I can't, I tell you.
Pyth. Walk in then, and stay
Till she returns herself.
Chre. Not I.
Pyth. And why,
Dear Chremes? [*taking hold of him.*
Chre. Off, you saucy slut!
Pyth. Well, sir,
Since you're so positive, shall I entreat you
To go to her?
Chre. I will.

Pyth.

Pyth. Here, Dorias! [*A maid-servant enters.*
Conduct this gentleman to Captain Thraso's.
[Pythias *re-enters.*---Chremes *goes out another way with* Dorias.

SCENE V.

ANTIPHO *alone.*

But yesterday a knot of us young fellows
Assembled at Piræus, and agreed
To club together for a feast to-day.
Chærea had charge of all; the rings were given [55],
And time, and place appointed.---The time's past;
No entertainment's at the place; and Chærea
Is no where to be met with.---For my part,
I'm quite to seek in this; and what so say,
Or guess, I know not.---Yet the company
Have all commission'd me to find him out.
I'll see if he's at home:---But who comes here
From Thais?---Is it he, or no?---'Tis he.---
—What manner of man's here?---what habit's that
—What mischief is the meaning of all this?
—I'm all astonishment, and cannot guess.
But I'll withdraw awhile, and try to learn. [*Retires.*

SCENE VI.

Enter CHÆREA *in the Eunuch's habit.*

Chær. [*looking about.*] Is any body here?---No, nobody.
Does any follow me?---No, nobody.

May I then let my ecstacy break forth ?
Oh, Jupiter ! [56] 'tis now the very time,
When I could suffer to be put to death,
Lest not another transport, like to this,
Remain in life to come.---But is there not
Some curious impertinent to come
Across me now, and murder me with questions?
—To ask, why I'm so flutter'd ? why so joyful ?
Whither I'm going ? whence I came ? whence too
I got this habit ? what I'm looking after ?
Whether I'm in my senses ? or stark mad ?

Anti. I'll go myself, and do that kindness to him.
Chærea, [*advancing.*] what's all this flutter ? what's this dress ?
What is't transports you ? what d'ye want ? art mad ?
Why do you stare at me ? and why not speak ?

Chær. O happy, happy day !---You're welcome, friend !
There's not a man on earth I'd rather see
This moment than yourself.

Anti. Come, tell me all !

Chær. Tell you ! I will beseech you give me hearing.
D'ye know my brother's mistress here ?

Anti. I do :
Thais, I think.

Chær. The same.

Anti. I recollect.

Chær. To-day a girl was sent a present to her.
Why need I speak or praise her beauty now
To you, that know me, and my taste so well ?
She set me all on fire.

Anti. Is she so handsome ?

Chær.

Chær. Most exquisite: Oh, had you but once seen her,
You would pronounce her, I'm confident,
The first of woman-kind.---But in a word,
I fell in love with her.---By great good luck
There was at home an Eunuch, which my brother
Had bought for Thais, but not yet sent thither.
—I had a gentle hint from Parmeno.
Which I seiz'd greedily.

Anti. And what was that?

Chær. Peace, and I'll tell you.---To change dresses with him,
And order Parmeno to carry me
Instead of him.

Anti. How? for an Eunuch, you?

Chær. E'en so.

Anti. What good could you derive from that?

Chær. What good!---why, see, and hear, and be with her
I languish'd for, my Antipho!---was that
An idle reason, or a trivial good?
—To Thais I'm deliver'd; she receives me,
And carries me with joy into her house;
Commits the charming girl——

Anti. To whom?---to you?

Chær. To me.

Anti. In special hands, I must confess.

Chær.---Injoins me, to permit no man come near her;
Nor to depart, myself, one instant from her;
But in an inner chamber[57] to remain
Alone with her alone. I nod, and look
Bashfully on the ground.

Anti Poor simple soul!

Chær.

Chær. " I am bid forth," says she; and carries off
All her maid-servants with her, save some few
Raw novices, who straight prepar'd the bath.
I bade them haste; and while it was preparing,
In a retiring-room the virgin sat;
Viewing a picture[58], where the tale was drawn
Of Jove's descending in a golden show'r
To Danaë's bosom.---I beheld it too,
And because *he* of old the like game play'd,
I felt my mind exult the more within me,
That Jove should change himself into a man,
And steal in secret thro' a stranger-roof,
With a mere woman to intrigue.---Great Jove,
Who shakes the highest heav'ns with his thunder[59]!
And I, poor mortal man, not do the same!---
I did it, and with all my heart I did it.
—While thoughts, like these, possest my soul, they call'd
The girl to bathe. She goes, bathes, then returns:
Which done, the servants put her into bed.
I stand to wait their orders. Up comes one;
" Here, harkye, Dorus! take this fan, and mark
" You cool her gently thus, while we go bathe.
" When we have bath'd, you, if you please, bathe too."
I, with a sober air, receive the fan.
Anti. Then would I fain have seen your simple face!
I should have been delighted to behold
How like an ass you look'd, and held the fan.
Chær. Scarce had she spoke, when all rush'd out o'doors;

Away

Away they go to bathe; grow full of noise,
As servants use, when masters are abroad.
Meanwhile sleep seiz'd the virgin: I, by stealth,
Peep'd thro' the fansticks thus; then looking round,
And seeing all was safe, made fast the door.

Anti. What then?

Chær. What then, fool!

Anti. I confess.

Chær. D'ye think,
Blest with an opportunity like this,
So short[60], so wish'd for, yet so unexpected,
I'd let it slip? No. Then I'd been, indeed,
The thing I counterfeited.

Anti. Very true.
But what's become of our club-supper?

Chær. Ready.

Anti. An honest fellow! where? at your own house?

Chær. At Freeman Discus's.

Anti. A great way off.

Chær. Then we must make more haste.

Anti. But change your dress.

Chær. Where can I change it? I'm distrest. From home
I must play truant, lest I meet my brother.
My father too, perhaps, is come to town[61].

Anti. Come to my house then! that's the nearest place
Where you may shift.

Chær. With all my heart; let's go!
And at the same time, I'll consult with you
How to secure this dear girl.

Anti. Be it so.[62]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter DORIAS, *with a casket*[63].

DORIAS.

Now, as I hope for mercy, I'm afraid,
From what I've seen, lest yonder swaggerer
Make some disturbance, or do violence
To Thais. For, as soon as Chremes came,
(Chremes, the youth that's brother to the virgin)
She begg'd of Thraso, he might be admitted.
This piqu'd him; yet he durst not well refuse.
She, fearing Chremes should not be detain'd,
Till she had time and opportunity
To tell him all she wish'd about his sister,
Urg'd Thraso more and more to ask him in.
The Captain coldly asks him; down he sat;
And Thais enter'd into chat with him.
The Captain, fancying a rival brought
Before his face, resolv'd to vex her too:
"Here, boy," said he, "let Pamphila be call'd
"To entertain us!"—"Pamphila!" cries Thais;
"She at a banquet!—No, it must not be."—
Thraso insisting on't, a broil ensued:
On which my mistress slyly slipping off
Her jewels[64], gave them me to bear away;
Which is, I know, a certain sign, she will,
As soon as possible, sneak off herself. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter PHÆDRIA.[65]

Phæd. Going into the country, I began
(As happens when the mind is ill at ease)
To ponder with myself upon the road,
Tossing from thought to thought, and viewing all
In the worst light. While thus I ruminate,
I pass'd unconsciously my country-house,
And journied far beyond, ere I perceiv'd it.
I turn'd about, but with a heavy heart;
And soon as to the very spot I came
Where the roads part, I stopt; then paus'd awhile:
" Alas! thought I, and must I here remain
" Two days? alone? without her?—Well! what then?
" That's nothing.—What, is't nothing?—If I've not
" The privilege to touch her, shall I not
" Behold her neither?—If *one* may not be,
" At least the *other* shall.---And certainly
" Love, in its last degree[66], is something still."
---Then I, on purpose, pass'd the house.---But see!
Pythias breaks forth affrighted.---What means this?

SCENE III.

Enter PYTHIAS *and* DORIAS; PHÆDRIA *at a distance.*

Pyth. Where shall I find, unhappy that I am,
Where seek this rascal-slave?---this slave, that durst
Attempt a deed like this? Undone! undone!
Phæd. What this may be, I dread.
Pyth. And then the villain,

After

After he had abus'd the virgin, tore
The poor girl's clothes, and dragg'd her by the hair.
Phæd. How's this?
Pyth. Oh, were he but within my reach,
How could I fly upon the vagabond,
And tear the villain's eyes out with my nails!
Phæd. What tumult's this, arisen in my absence?
I'll go and ask her.---[*going up.*]---What's the matter,
Pythias?
Why thus disturb'd? and whom is it you seek?
Pyth. Whom do I seek? Away, sir Phædria!
You and your gifts together!
Phæd. What's the matter?
Pyth. The matter, sir! The Eunuch, that you sent us,
Has made fine work here! The young virgin, whom
The Captain gave my mistress, he has ravish'd.
Phæd. Ravish'd? How say you?
Pyth. Ruin'd and undone!
Phæd. You're drunk.
Pyth. Would those, who wish me ill, were so!
Dori. Ah, Pythias! what strange prodigy is this?
Phæd. You're mad: how could an Eunuch---
Pyth. I don't know
Or who, or what he was.---What he has done,
The thing itself declares.---The virgin weeps;
Nor, when you ask what ails her, dare she tell.
But he, good man, is no where to be found:
And I fear too, that when he stole away,
He carried something off.
Phæd. I can't conceive
Whither the rascal can have flown, unless

He to our house, perhaps, slunk back again.

Pyth. See now, I pray you, if he has.

Phæd. I will. [*Exit.*

Dori. Good lack! so strange a thing I never heard.

Pyth. I've heard, that they lov'd women mightily,
But could do nothing; yet I never thought on't[67]:
For if I had, I'd have confin'd him close
In some bye place, nor trusted the girl to him.

SCENE IV.

Re-enter PHÆDRIA, *with* DORUS *the Eunuch, in* Chærea's *clothes.*

Phæd. Out, rascal, out!----What, are you resty, sirrah?
Out, thou vile bargain!

Dor. Dear sir! [*crying.*

Phæd. See the wretch!
What a wry mouth he makes!---Inform me, rascal,
What means this coming back, and change of dress?
What answer, sirrah?---If I had delay'd
A minute longer, Pythias, I had miss'd him,
He was equipp'd so bravely for his flight.

Pyth. What, have you got the rogue?

Phæd. I warrant you.

Pyth. Well done! well done!

Dori. Ay, marry, very well.

Pyth. Where is he?

Phæd. Don't you see him?

Pyth. See him? whom?

Phæd. This fellow, to be sure.

Pyth. This man! who is he?

Phæd.

Phæd. He that was carried to your house to-day.
Pyth. None of our people ever laid their eyes
Upon this fellow, Phædria!
Phæd. Never saw him?
Pyth. Why, did you think this fellow had been brought
To us?
Phæd. Yes, surely; for I had no other.
Pyth. Oh dear! this fellow's not to be compar'd
To t'other.---He was elegant, and handsome.
Phæd. Ay, so he might appear awhile ago,
Because he had gay clothes on: now he seems
Ugly, because he's stript.
Pyth. Nay, prithee, peace!
As if the diff'rence was so very small!——
The youth conducted to our house to-day,
'Twould do you good to cast your eyes on, Phædria:
This is a drowsy, wither'd, weazel-fac'd[63],
Old fellow.
Phæd. How?—you drive me to that pass,
That I scarce know what I have done myself.
—Did not I buy you, rascal? [*to* Dorus.
Dor. Yes, sir.
Pyth. Order him
To answer me.
Phæd. Well, question him.
Pyth. to Dorus.] Was you
Brought here to-day? [*shakes his head.*] See there! Not he. It was
Another, a young lad, about sixteen,
Whom Parmeno brought with him.
Phæd. to Dorus.] Speak to me!

First tell me, whence had you that coat? What, dumb?
I'll make you speak, you villain? [*beating him.*
Dor. Chærea came——— [*crying.*
Phæd. My brother?
Dor. Yes, sir!
Phæd. When?
Dor. To-day.
Phæd. How long since?
Dor. Just now.
Phæd. With whom?
Dor. With Parmeno.
Phæd. Did you
Know him before?
Dor. No, sir; nor e'er heard of him.
Phæd. How did you know he was my brother then?
Dor. Parmeno told me so, and Chærea
Gave me these clothes—
Phæd. Confusion! [*aside.*
Dor. Put on mine;
And then they both went out o'doors together.
Pyth. Now, sir, do you believe that I am sober?
Now do you think, I've told no lie? And now
Are you convinc'd the girl has been abus'd!
Phæd. Away, fool! d'ye believe what this wretch says?
Pyth. What signifies belief?—It speaks itself.
Phæd. apart to Dorus.] Come this way---harkee ye!
---further still---Enough.
Tell me once more.---Did Chærea strip you?
Dor. Yes.
Phæd. And put your clothes on?
Dor. Yes, sir!
Phæd. And was brought,

In your stead, hither?

Dor. Yes.

Phæd. Great Jupiter!

[*pretending to be in a passion with him.*

What a most wicked scoundrel's this?

Pyth. Alas!

Don't you believe, then, we've been vilely us'd?

Phæd. No wonder if *you* credit what he says?

I don't know what to do. [*aside.*] Here, harkye, sirrah!

Deny it all again. [*apart to Dorus.*]---What! can't I beat

The truth out of you, rascal?---Have you seen

My brother Chærea? [*aloud, and beating him.*

Dor. No, sir! [*crying.*

Phæd. So! I see

He won't confess without a beating.———This way! [*apart.*]---Now

He owns it; now denies it.---Ask my pardon! [*apart.*

Dor. Beseech you, sir, forgive me!

Phæd. Get you gone. [*kicking him.*

Dor. Oh me! oh dear! [*Exit, howling.*

Phæd. aside.] I had no other way

To come off handsomely.---We are all undone.

---D'ye think to play your tricks on me, you rascal?

[*Aloud; and exit after* Dorus.

SCENE V.

Manent PYTHIAS *and* DORIAS.

Pyth. As sure as I'm alive, this is a trick

Of Parmeno.

Dori. No doubt on't.

Pyth.

Pyth. I'll devise[69]
Some means to-day to fit him for't.---But now,
What would you have me do?
Dori. About the girl?
Pyth. Ay; shall I tell? or keep the matter secret?
Dori. Troth, if you're wise, you know not what you know,
Nor of the Eunuch, nor the ravishment:
So shall you clear yourself of all this trouble,
And do a kindness to our mistress too.
Say nothing, but that Dorus is gone off.
Pyth. I'll do so.
Dori. Prithee is not Chremes yonder?
Thais will soon be here.
Pyth. How so?
Dori. Because
When I came thence, a quarrel was abroach
Amongst them.
Pyth. Carry in the jewels, Dorias!
Meanwhile I'll learn of Chremes what has happen'd.
[*Exit* Dorias.

SCENE VI.

Enter CHREMES *tipsy.*

Chrem. So! so!---I'm in for't---and the wine I've drank
Has made me reel again.---Yet while I sat,
How sober I suppos'd myself!---But I
No sooner rose, than neither foot nor head
Knew their own business!
Pyth. Chremes!

Chrem.

Chrem. Who's that?---Ha!
Pythias!---How much more handsome you seem now,
Than you appear'd a little while ago!
Pyth. I'm sure you seem a good deal merrier.
Chrem. I'faith, 'tis an old saying, and a true one,
" Ceres and Bacchus are warm friends of Venus[70]."
—But, pray, has Thais been here long before me?
Pyth. Has she yet left the Captain's?
Chrem. Long time since:
An age ago. They've had a bloody quarrel.
Pyth. Did not she bid you follow her?
Chrem. Not she:
Only she made a sign to me at parting.
Pyth. Well, wasn't that enough?
Chrem. No, faith! I never
At all conceiv'd her meaning, till the Captain
Gave me the hint, and kick'd me out o'doors.
—But here she is! I wonder how it was
I overtook her!

SCENE VII.

Enter THAIS.

Thais. I am apt to think
The Captain will soon follow me, to take
The virgin from me: Well then, let him come;
But if he does but lay a finger on her,
We'll tear his eyes out.---His impertinence,
And big words, while *mere* words, I can endure:
But if he comes to action, woe be to him!
Chrem. Thais, I have been here some time.

Thais

Thais. My Chremes!
The very man I wanted!---Do you know
That you have been th' occasion of this quarrel?
And that this whole affair relates to you?
Chrem. To *me!* how so?
Thais. Because, while I endeavour,
And study to restore your sister to you,
This and much more I've suffer'd.
Chrem. Where's my sister?
Thais. Within, at my house.
Chrem. Ha! [*with concern.*
Thais. Be not alarm'd:
She has been well brought up, and in a manner
Worthy herself and you.
Chrem. Indeed?
Thais. 'Tis true:
And now most freely I restore her to you,
Demanding nothing of you in return.
Chrem. I feel your goodness, Thais, and shall ever
Remain much bounden to you.
Thais. Ay, but now
Take heed, my Chremes, lest you lose your sister,
Ere you receive her from me! for 'tis *she*,
Whom now the Captain comes to take by storm.
—Pythias, go, fetch the casket with the proofs[71].
Chrem. D'ye see him, Thais? [*looking out.*
Pyth. Where does the casket stand?
Thais. Upon the cabinet.—D'ye loiter, hussy?
[*Exit* Pythias.
Chrem. What force the Captain brings with him against you!
Good heav'n!

Thais.

Thais. Are you afraid, young gentleman?
Chrem. Away!---who? I? afraid?---No mortal less.
Thais. Nay, you had need be stout at present, Chremes.
Chrem. What kind of man d'ye take me for?
Thais. Consider,
He, whom you've now to cope with, is a stranger,
Less powerful than you, less known, and less
Befriended here than you!
Chrem. I know all that:
But why, like fools, admit, what we may shun?
Better prevent a wrong, than afterwards
Revenge it, when receiv'd.—Do you step in,
And bolt the door, while *I* run to the Forum,
And call some advocates to our assistance. [*going.*
Thais. Stay! [*holding him.*
Chrem. 'Twill be better.
Thais. Hold!
Chrem. Nay, let me go!
I'll soon be back.
Thais. We do not want them, Chremes.
Say, only, that this maiden is your sister,
And that you lost her when a child, and now
Know her again for your's.

Enter PYTHIAS.

Thais to Pyth.] Produce the proofs.
Pyth. Here they are.
Thais. Take them, Chremes! If the Captain
Attempts to do you any violence,
Lead him before a magistrate. D'ye mark me?
Chrem. I do.

Thais.

Thais. Be sure now, speak with a good courage!

Chrem. I will.

Thais. Come, gather up your cloak.—Undone!
My champion wants a champion for himself.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter THRASO, GNATHO, SANGA, &c.

Thraso. Shall I put up with an affront so gross,
So monstrous, Gnatho?—No, I'd rather die.
Simalio, Donax, Syrus, follow me!
First, I will storm their castle.

Gnat. Excellent!

Thra. Next carry off the virgin.

Gnat. Admirable!

Thra. Then punish Thais herself.

Gnat. Incomparable!

Thra. Here, in the centre, Donax, with your club!
Do you, Simalio, charge on the left wing!
You, Syrus, on the right!---Bring up the rest!
Where's the Centurion Sanga[72], and his band
Of rascal run-aways?

San. Here, sir!

Thra. How now?
Think'st thou to combat with a dishclout, slave!
That thus thou bring'st it here?

San. Ah, sir! I knew
The valour of the gen'ral, and his troops;
And seeing this affair must end in blood,
I brought a clout to wipe the wounds withal.

Thra. Where are the rest?

San. Rest! Plague, whom d'ye mean?

There's

There's nobody, but Sannio, left at home.

Thra. Lead you the van; [*to Gnatho.*] and I'll bring up the rear:
Thence give the word to all.

Gnat. What wisdom is!
Now he has drawn up these in rank and file,
His post behind secures him a retreat.

Thra. Just so his line of battle Pyrrhus[73] form'd.

Chremes *and* Thais *appear above at a window.*

Chrem. D'ye see, my Thais, what he is about?
To bar and bolt the doors was good advice.

Thais. Tut, man! yon fool, that seems so mighty brave,
Is a mere coward. Do not be afraid!

Thra. What were best? [*to* Gnatho.

Gnat. Troth, I wish you had a sling;
That you from far in ambush might attack them!
They'd soon fly then, I warrant you.

Thra. But see!
Thais appears.

Gnat. Let's charge them then! Come on!

Thra. Halt!—'Tis the part of a wise general
To try all methods, ere he comes to arms.
How do you know, but Thais may obey
My orders without force?

Gnat. Oh, gracious heavens!
Of what advantage is it to be wise!
I ne'er approach, but I go wiser from you.

Thra. Thais, first answer this! Did you or no,
When I presented you the virgin, promise
To give yourself some days to me alone?

Thais. What then?

Thra. Is that a question, when you brought
Your lover to affront me to my face!---

Thais. What business have you with him?

Thra. ——And stole off
In company with him?

Thais. It was my pleasure.

Thra. Therefore, restore me Pamphila! unless
You chuse to see her carried off by force.

Chrem. She restore Pamphila to you? Or you
Attempt to touch her, rascal?

Gnat. Ah, beware!
Peace, peace, young gentleman!

Thra. to Chrem.] What is't you mean?
Shall I not touch my own?

Chrem. Your own, you scoundrel?

Gnat. Take heed! you know not whom you rail at thus.

Chrem. Won't you be gone?---here, harkye, sir!—d'ye know
How matters stand with you? If you attempt
To raise a riot in this place to-day,
I'll answer for it, that you shall remember
This place, to-day, and me, your whole life long.

Gnat. I pity you: to make so great a man
Your enemy!

Chrem. Hence! or I'll break your head.

Gnat. How's that, you hang-dog? Are you for that sport?

Thra. Who are you, fellow?---what d'ye mean?---and what
Have you to do with Pamphila?

Chrem.

Chrem. I'll tell you.
First, I declare, that she's a free-born woman.
Thra. How?
Chrem. And a citizen of Athens.
Thra. Hui!
Chrem. My sister.
Thra. Impudence!
Chrem. So, Captain, now
I give you warning, offer her no force!
---Thais, I'll now to Sophrona, the Nurse,
And bring her hither to inspect the proofs.
Thra. And you prohibit me to touch my own?
Chrem. Yes, I prohibit you.
Gnat. D'ye hear? he owns
The robbery himself. Isn't that sufficient?
Thra. And, Thais, you maintain the same?
Thais. Ask those,
Who care to answer. [*Shuts down the window.*

Manent THRASO, *and* GNATHO, &c.

Thra. What shall we do now?
Gnat. Why---e'en go back again!---This harlot here
Will soon be with you to request forgiveness.
Thra. D'ye think so?
Gnat. Ay, most certainly. I know
The way of women.---When you will, they won't:
And when you won't, they're dying for you.
Thra. True.
Gnat. Shall I disband the army?
Thra. When you will.
Gnat. Sanga, as well becomes a brave militia, [74]

Take to your houses and fire-sides again.

Sang. My mind has been a sop i'th' pan long since.

Gnat. Good fellow!

Sang. To the right about there! march!

[*Exit with* Gnatho *and* Thraso *at the head of the troops.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

THAIS *and* PYTHIAS.

Thais. STILL, still, you baggage, will you shuffle with me?

---" I know----I don't know----he's gone off---I've heard——

" I was not present."—Be it what it may,

Can't you inform me openly?---The virgin,

Her clothes all torn, in sullen silence weeps:

The Eunuch's run away.--Why?--what has happen'd?

Still silent? Won't you answer me?

Pyth. Alas!

What can I answer you?---He was, they say,

No Eunuch.

Thais. What then?

Pyth. Chærea.

Thais. Chærea!

What Chærea?

Pyth. Phædria's younger brother.

Thais. How!

What's that, hag?

Pyth. I've discover'd it: I'm sure on't.

Thais.

Thais. Why, what had Chærea to do here? or why
Was he brought hither?

Pyth. Who can tell? unless,
As I suppose, for love of Pamphila.

Thais. Alas! I am undone; undone, indeed,
If that, which you have told me now, be true.
Is't that the girl bemoans thus?

Pyth. I believe so.

Thais. How, careless wretch! was that the charge I gave you
At my departure?

Pyth. What could *I* do? She
Was trusted, as you bade, to him alone.

Thais. Oh, jade, you set the wolf to keep the sheep.
---I'm quite asham'd to 've been so poorly bubbled.

Pyth. Who comes here?----Hist! peace, madam, I beseech you!
We're safe: we have the very man.
[*Seeing* Chærea *at a distance.*

Thais. Where is he?

Pyth. Here, on the left; d'ye see him, ma'am?

Thais. I see him.

Pyth. Let him be seiz'd immediately!

Thais. And what
Can we do to him, fool?

Pyth. Do to him, say you?
—See, what a saucy face the rogue has got!
Ha'nt he? and then how settled an assurance!

SCENE II.

Enter CHÆREA.

Chær. At Antipho's, [75] as if for spite, there were
His father and his mother both at home,
So that I could by no means enter, but
They must have seen me. Meanwhile, as I stood
Before the door, came by an old acquaintance,
At sight of whom, I flew, with all my speed,
Into a narrow unfrequented alley;
And thence into another, and another,
Frighten'd and flurried as I scampered on,
Lest any one should know me in this habit.
But is that Thais? She. I'm all aground.
What shall I do?---Pshaw! what have I to care?
What can she do to me?

Thais. Let's up to him.
Oh, Dorus! Good sir, welcome!---And so, sirrah,
You ran away?

Chær. Yes, madam!

Thais. And you think
It was a clever trick, I warrant you?

Chær. No, madam!

Thais. Can you believe that you shall go unpunish'd?

Chær. Forgive me this one fault! If I commit
Another, kill me!

Thais. Do you dread my cruelty?

Chær. No, ma'am!

Thais. What then?

Chær. I only was afraid,
She might accuse me to you. [*pointing to* Pythias.

Thais.

Thais. Of what crime?
Chær. A little matter.
Pyth. Rogue! a little matter?
Is it so little, think you, to abuse
A virgin, and a citizen?
Chær. I thought
She was my fellow-servant.
Pyth. Fellow-servant!
I can scarce hold from flying at his hair.
Monstrous! he's come to make his sport of us.
Thais. Away! you rave.
Pyth. Not I. If I had done't,
I should have still been in the monster's debt;
Particularly, as he owns himself
Your servant.
Thais. Well---no more of this.---O Chærea,
You've done a deed unworthy of yourself:
For granting, I perhaps might well deserve
This injury, it was not honourable
In you to do it.—As I live, I know not
What counsel to pursue about this girl;
You've so destroy'd my measures, that I cannot
Restore her, without blushing, to her friends,
Nor so deliver her, as I propos'd,
To make them thank me for my kindness, Chærea.
Chær. Henceforth, I hope, eternal peace shall be
Betwixt us, Thais! Oft from things like these,
And bad beginnings, warmest friendships rise.
What if some God hath order'd this?
Thais. Indeed,
I'll so interpret it, and wish it so.
Chær. I prithee do!—and be assur'd of this,

That nought I did in scorn, but all in love.

Thais. I do believe it; and, on that account,
More readily forgive you: for, O Chærea,
I am not form'd of an ungentle nature,
Nor am I now to learn the pow'r of love.

Chær. Now, Thais, by my life, I love thee too.

Pyth. Then, by my troth, you must take care of him.

Chær. I durst not——

Pyth. I don't mind a word you say.

Thais. Have done!

Chær. But now, in this one circumstance,
Let me beseech you to assist me, Thais!
I trust myself entirely to your care;
Invoke you, as my patroness; implore you.
Perdition seize me, but I'll marry her!

Thais. But if your father——

Chær. What of him? I know
He'll soon consent, provided it appears
That she's a citizen.

Thais. If you'll but wait
A little while, her brother will be here:
He's gone to fetch the nurse, that brought her up:
And you shall witness the discovery.

Chær. I will remain then.

Thais. But, in the mean time,
Had you not rather wait within, than here
Before the door?

Chær. Much rather.

Pyth. What the plague
Are you about?

Thais. What now?

Pyth. What now, indeed?
Will you let him within your doors again?
Thais. Why not?
Pyth. Remember that I prophesy,
He'll make some fresh disturbance.
Thais. Prithee, peace!
Pyth. It seems, you have not had sufficient proof
Of his assurance.
Chær. I'll do no harm, Pythias!
Pyth. I'll not believe it, till I see it, Chærea.
Chær. But you shall keep me, Pythias!
Pyth. No, not I.
For, by my troth, I would trust nothing with you,
Neither to keep, nor be kept by you.—Hence!
Away!
Thais. Oh brave! the brother's here. [*looking out.*
Chær. Confusion!
Let's in, dear Thais! I'd not have him see me
Here in this dress.
Thais. Why so? Are you asham'd?
Chær. I am indeed.
Pyth. Indeed! asham'd! oh dear!
Think of the girl!
Thais. Go in! I'll follow you.
Pythias,[76] do you stay here to bring in Chremes.
[*Exeunt* Thais *and* Chærea.

SCENE III.

PYTHIAS, CHREMES, SOPHRONA.

Pyth. What can I think of? what can I devise?
Some trick now to be even with that rogue
Who palm'd this young spark on us.

Chrem. leading the nurse.] Nay but stir
Your stumps a little faster, nurse!

Soph. I come.

Chrem. Ay, marry; but you don't *come on* a jot.

Pyth. Well! have you shewn the tokens to the nurse?

Chrem. I have.

Pyth. And pray what says she? Did she know them?

Chrem. At first sight.

Pyth. Oh brave news! I'm glad to hear it;
For I've a kindness for the girl. Go in;
My mistress is impatient for your coming.

[*Exeunt* Chremes *and* Sophrona.

See, yonder's my good master Parmeno,
Marching this way: How unconcern'd, forsooth,
He stalks along!—But I've devis'd, I hope,
The means to vex him sorely.---First I'll in,
To know the truth of this discovery,
And then return to terrify this rascal. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Parmeno.

Par. I'm come to see what Chærea has been doing:
Who, if he has but manag'd matters well,
Good heav'ns, how much, and what sincere applause
Shall Parmeno acquire!---For not to mention,
In an intrigue so difficult as this,
Of so much probable expence at least,
Since with a griping harlot he'd have bargain'd,
That I've procur'd for him the girl he lov'd,
Without cost, charge, or trouble; t'other point,

That,

That, *that* I hold my master-peice, *there* think
I've gain'd the prize, in shewing a young spark
The dispositions and the ways of harlots;
Which having early learnt, he'll ever shun.
[*Enter* Pythias *behind.*
When they're abroad, forsooth, there's none so clean,
Nothing so trim, so elegant, as they;
Nor, when they sup with a gallant, so nice!
To see these very creatures' gluttony,
Filth, poverty, and meanness, when at home;
So eager after food, that they devour
From yesterday's stale broth the coarse black bread:---
All this to know is safety to young men.

SCENE V.

PYTHIAS, PARMENO.

Pyth. behind.] 'Faith, sirrah, I'll be handsomely reveng'd
For all you've done and said. You shall not boast
Your tricks on us without due punishment.
[*Aloud, coming forward.*
Oh heav'ns! oh dreadful deed! oh hapless youth!
Oh wicked Parmeno, that brought him here!

Par. What now?

Pyth. It mov'd me so, I could not bear
To see it: therefore I flew out o'doors.
What an example will they make of him!

Par. Oh Jupiter! what tumult can this be?
Am I undone, or no?---I'll e'en enquire.
Pythias, [*going up.*] What now? what is't you rave about?

Who's

Who's to be madethis terrible example?

Pyth. Who? most audacious monster! While you meant

To play your tricks on us, you have destroy'd
The youth, whom you brought hither for the Eunuch.

Par. How so? and what has happen'd? Prithee tell me!

Pyth. Tell you? D'ye know the virgin, that was sent
To-day to Thais, is a citizen?
Her brother too a man of the first rank?

Par. I did not know it.

Pyth. Ay, but so it seems.
The poor young spark abus'd the girl; a thing
No sooner known, than he, the furious brother——

Par. Did what?

Pyth. First bound him hand and foot——

Par. How! bound him!

Pyth. And now, though Thais begg'd him not to do it——

Par. How! what!

Pyth. Moreover threatens, he will serve him
After the manner of adulterers;
A thing I ne'er saw done, and ne'er desire.

Par. How durst he offer at an act so monstrous?

Pyth. And why so monstrous?

Par. Is it not most monstrous?
Who ever saw a young man seiz'd by force,
And punish'd for adultery in a brothel?

Pyth. I don't know.

Par. Ay; but you must all know this.
I tell you, and foretell you, that young spark
Is my old master's son.

Pyth.

Pyth. Indeed! is he?
Par. And let not Thais suffer any one
To do him any violence!---But why
Don't I rush in myself?
Pyth. Ah! have a care
What you're about; lest you do him no good,
And hurt yourself: for they imagine you,
Whatever has been done, the cause of all.
Par. What shall I do then? what resolve? Confusion!
—Oh! yonder's my old master, just return'd
To town. Shall I tell *him* of it, or no?
I'll tell him, tho' I am well convinc'd, the blame
Will light on me, and heavily: and yet
It must be done to help poor Chærea.
Pyth. Right.
I'll in again; and you, in the mean while,
Tell the old gentleman the whole affair. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Enter LACHES.[77]

Laches. I've this convenience from my neighb'ring villa;
I'm never tir'd of country, or of town.
For as disgust comes on, I change my place.
—But is not that our Parmeno? 'Tis he.
Parmeno, who is it you're waiting for
Before that door?
Par. Who's that? Oh, sir! you're welcome:
I'm glad to see you safe return'd to town.
Laches. Whom do you wait for?
Par. I'm undone: my tongue

Cleaves

Cleaves to my mouth through fear. [*apart.*

Laches. Ha! what's the matter?
Why do you tremble so? Is all right? Speak!

Par. First be persuaded, sir,—for that's the case,
Whatever has befallen, has not befallen
Through any fault of mine.

Laches. What is't?

Par. That's true.
Your pardon, sir, I should have told that first
—Phædria lately bought a certain Eunuch
By way of present to this gentlewoman.

Laches. What gentlewoman, sirrah?

Par. Madam Thais.

Laches. Bought? I'm undone! at what price?

Par. Twenty minæ.

Laches. I'm ruin'd.

Par. And then Chærea's fall'n in love
With a young musick-girl.

Laches. How! what! in love!
Knows he, already, what a harlot is?
Is he in town? Misfortune on misfortune!

Par. Nay, sir! don't look on me! it was not done
By my advice.

Laches. Leave prating of yourself.
As for you, rascal, if I live——But first,
Whatever has befallen, tell me, quick!

Par. Chærea was carried thither for the Eunuch.

Laches. He for the Eunuch?

Par. Yes. Since when, it seems,
They've seiz'd and bound him for a ravisher.

Laches. Confusion!

Par. See the impudence of harlots!

Laches.

Laches. Is there aught else of evil or misfortune,
You have not told me yet?

Par. You know the whole.

Laches. Then why do I delay to rush in on them?
[*Exit.*[78]

Par. There is no doubt but I shall smart for this.
But since I was oblig'd to't, I rejoice
That I shall make these strumpets suffer too:
For our old gentleman has long desir'd
Some cause to punish them[79]; and now he has it.

SCENE VII.

Enter PYTHIAS. PARMENO *at a distance.*

Pyth. I swear, that I was never better pleas'd,
Than when I saw th' old man come blund'ring in.
I had the jest alone; for I alone
Knew what he was afraid of.

Par. Hey! what now?

Pyth. I'm now come forth t'encounter Parmeno.
Where is he?

Par. She seeks me.

Pyth. Oh, there he is.
I'll go up to him.

Par. Well, fool, what's the matter? [Pyth. *laughs.*
What wou'd you? what d'ye laugh at? Hey! what still?

Pyth. Oh, I shall die: I'm horribly fatigu'd
With laughing at you. [*laughing heartily.*

Par. For what cause?

Pyth. What cause? [*laughing.*
I ne'er saw, ne'er shall see, a greater fool.
Oh, 'tis impossible to tell what sport

You've made within[80].—I swear, I always thought
That you had been a shrewd, sharp, cunning fellow.
What! to believe directly what I told you!
Or[81] was not you contented with the crime
You urg'd the youth to perpetrate, unless
You afterwards betray'd him to his father?
How d'ye suppose he felt, when old Grey-beard
Surpriz'd him in that habit?---What! you find
That you're undone. [*laughing heartily.*

Par. What's this, Impertinence?
Was it a lie, you told me? D'ye laugh still?
Is't such a jest to make fools of us, hag?

Pyth. Delightful! [*laughing.*

Par. If you don't pay dearly for it!—

Pyth. Perhaps so. [*laughing.*

Par. I'll return it.

Pyth. Oh, no doubt on't. [*laughing.*

But what you threaten, Parmeno, is distant:
You'll be truss'd up to-day; who first draw in
A raw young lad to sin, and then betray him.
They'll both conspire to make you an example.
[*laughing.*

Par. I'm done for.

Pyth. Take this, slave, as a reward
For the fine gift you sent us; so, farewell!
[*Exit* Pythias.

Par. I've been a fool indeed; and like a rat,
Betray'd myself to-day by my own squeaking.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

[82] *Enter* THRASO, GNATHO. [Parmeno *behind.*

Gnat. What now? with what hope, or design, advance we?
What's your intention, Thraso?

Thra. My intention?
To Thais, to surrender at discretion.

Gnat. How say you?

Thra. Even so. Why should not I,
As well as Hercules to Omphale?

Gnat. A fit example.—Oh, that I could see her
Combing your empty noddle with her slipper! [*aside.*
But her door opens.

Thraso. Death! what mischief now?
I ne'er so much as saw this face before.
Why bursts he forth with such alacrity?

SCENE IX.

Enter CHÆREA *at another part of the stage.*

Chær. Lives there, my countrymen, a happier man
To-day than I?—Not one.—For on my head
The gods have plainly emptied all their store,
On whom they've pour'd a flood of bliss at once.

Par. What's he so pleas'd at?

Chær. seeing him.] Oh my Parmeno!
Inventor, undertaker, perfecter
Of all my pleasures, know'st thou my good fortunes?
Know'st thou my Pamphila's a citizen?

Par. I've heard so.

Chær.

Chær. Know'st thou, she's betroth'd my wife?
Par. Good news, by heaven!
Gnat. Hear you, what he says? [*to* Thraso.
Chær. Then I rejoice, my brother Phædria's love
Is quietly secur'd to him for ever:
We're now one family: and Thais has
Found favour with my father, and resign'd
Herself to us for patronage and care.
Par. She's then entirely Phædria's?
Chær. Ay entirely.
Par. Another cause of joy: the Captain routed!
Chær. See, Parmeno, my brother (wheresoe'er
He be) know this, as soon as possible!
Par. I'll see if he's at home. [*Exit.*
Thraso. Hast any doubt,
But I'm entirely ruin'd, Gnatho?
Gnat. None.
Chær. What shall I mention first? whom praise the most?
Him that advis'd this action? or myself
That durst to undertake it?---or extol
Fortune, the governess of all, who deign'd,
Events so many, of such moment too,
So happily to close within one day?
Or shall I praise my father's frank good-humour,
And gay festivity?---O Jupiter,
Make but these blessings permanent!

SCENE

SCENE X.

Enter PHÆDRIA.

Phæd. Good heavens!
What wond'rous things has Parmeno just told me!
But where's my brother?
Chær. Here.
Phæd. I'm quite transported.
Chær. I dare believe you are; and trust me, brother.
None can be worthier of your love than Thais:
Our family are all much bounden to her.
Phæd. So! you'd need sing her praise to me!
Thraso. Confusion!
As my hope dies, my passion gathers strength.
Gnatho, your help! my only hope's in you.
Gnat. What would you have me do?
Thraso. Accomplish this;
By pray'r, by purchase, that I still may have
Some little share in Thais.
Gnat. A hard task!
Thraso. Do but incline to do't, you can, I know.
Effect it, and demand whatever gift,
Whate'er reward you please, it shall be your's.
Gnat. Indeed?
Thraso. Indeed.
Gnat. If I accomplish this,
I claim, that you agree to throw your doors,
Present or absent, always open to me;
A welcome uninvited guest for ever.
Thraso. I pawn my honour as the pledge.
Gnat. I'll try

Phæd.

Phæd. What voice is that? Oh, Thraso!

Thraso. Gentlemen,
Good day!

Phæd. Perhaps you're not acquainted yet,
With what has happen'd here?

Thraso. I am.

Phæd. Why then
Do I behold you in these territories?

Thra. Depending on——

Phæd. Depend on nought but this!
Captain, I give you warning, if, henceforth,
I ever find you in this street, although
You tell me, "*I was looking for another*,
"*I was but passing through*," expect no quarter.

Gnat. Oh fie! that is not handsome.

Phæd. I have said it.

Gnat. You cannot be so rude.

Phæd. It shall be so.

Gnat. First grant me a short hearing: if you like
What I propose, agree to't.

Phæd. Let us hear!

Gnat. Do you retire a moment, Thraso! [Thraso *retires.*] First,
I must beseech you both, most firmly think,
That I, whate'er I do in this affair,
For my own sake I do it: But if that
Likewise advantage you, not to agree
In you were folly.

Phæd. What are your proposals?

Gnat. I think, 'twere not imprudent to admit
The Captain, as your rival.

Phæd. How!

Admit

Admit him, say you?

Gnat. Nay reflect a little.
Phædria, you live at a high rate with Thais,
Revel, and feast, and stick at no expence.
Yet what you give's but little, and you know
'Tis needful Thais should receive much more.
Now to supply your love without your cost,
A fitter person, one more form'd, can't be
Than Thraso is: First, he has wherewithal
To give, and gives most largely: A fool too,
A dolt, a block, that snores out night and day;
Nor can you fear she'll e'er grow fond of him;
And you may drive him out whene'er you please.

Phæd. What shall we do? [*to* Chærea.

Gnat. Moreover this; the which
I hold no trifle, no man entertains
More nobly or more freely.

Phæd. I begin
To think we've need of such a fool.

Chær. And I.

Gnat. Well judg'd! and let me beg one favour more;
Admit me into your fraternity!
I've roll'd this stone too long [84].

Phæd. We do admit you.

Chær. With all our hearts.

Gnat. And you, sirs, in return,
Shall pledge me in the Captain; [85] eat him; drink him;
And laugh at him.

Chær. A bargin!

Phæd. 'Tis his due[86].

Gnat. Thraso, whene'er you please, come forward!

Thraso.

Thraso. Well!
How stands the case?

Gnat. Alas! they knew you not:
But when I drew your character, and prais'd
Your worth, according to your deeds and virtues,
I gain'd my point.

Thraso. 'Tis well: I'm much oblig'd.
I ne'er was any where, in all my life,
But all folks lov'd me most exceedingly.

Gnat. There! Did not I assure you, gentlemen,
That he had all the Attick elegance?

Phæd. He is the very character you drew.

Gnat. Retir ethen.—Ye, [*to the Audience.*] farewell,
and clap your hands!

THE

SELF-TORMENTOR.

Acted at the MEGALESIAN GAMES,

L. Cornelius Lentulus, and L. Valerius Flaccus, Curule Ædiles: principal actors, L. Ambivius Turpio and L. Attilius Prænestinus: the musick composed by Flaccus, freedman to Claudius. Taken from the Greek of Menander. Acted the first time with unequal flutes, afterwards with two right-handed ones: it was acted a third time. Published, M. Juventius, and M. Sempronius, Consuls[1].

PROLOGUE.

Lest any of you wonder, why the Bard
To an old actor hath assign'd the part
Sustain'd of old by young performers [2]; that
I'll first explain: then say what brings me here [3].
To-day, a whole play, wholly from the Greek,
We mean to represent: The Self-Tormentor [4]:
Wrought from a single to a double plot. [5]
Now therefore that our comedy is new, [6]
And what it is, I've shewn: who wrote it too,
And whose in Greek it is, were I not sure
Most of you knew already [7], would I tell.
But, wherefore I have ta'en this part upon me,
In brief I will deliver: for the bard
Has sent me here as pleader, not as prologue:
You he declares his judges, me his counsel:
And yet as counsel nothing can I speak
More than the author teaches me to say,
Who wrote th' oration which I now recite.
As to reports, which envious men have spread,
That he has ransack'd many Grecian plays,
While he composes some few Latin ones,—
That he denies not, he has done; nor does
Repent he did it; means to do it still;
Safe in the warrant and authority
Of great bards, who did long since the same.
Then for the charge, that his arch-enemy [8]
Maliciously reproaches him withal,
That he but lately hath applied himself
To musick [9], with the genius of his friends,

Rather

Rather than natural talents, fraught; how true,
Your judgment, your opinion, must decide.
I would entreat you, therefore, not to lean
To tales of slander, rather than of candour.
Be favourable; nurse with growing hopes
The bards, who give you pleasing novelties;
Pleasing I say, not such as *his* I mean,
Who lately introduc'd a breathless slave,[10]
Making the crowd give way:—But wherefore trace
A dunce's faults? which shall be shewn at large,
When more he writes, unless he cease to rail.
Attend impartially! and let me once
Without annoyance act an easy part[11];
Lest your old servant be o'er-labour'd still
With toilsome characters, the running slave,
The eating parasite, enrag'd old man,
The bold-fac'd sharper, covetous procurer;
Parts, that ask pow'rs of voice, and iron sides.
Deign then, for my sake, to accept this plea,
And grant me some remission from my labour.
For they, who now produce new comedies,
Spare not my age: If there is aught laborious,
They run to me; but if of little weight,
Away to others. In our piece to-day
The style is pure[12]: Now try my talents then
In either character. If I for gain,
Never o'er-rated my abilities;
If I have held it still my chief reward
To be subservient to your pleasure; fix
In me a fair example, that our youth
May seek to please you, rather than themselves.

PERSONS.

PROLOGUE.

MENEDEMÚS, *Father of Clinia.*

CHREMES, *Father of Clitipho.*

CLINIA, *Son of Menedemus.*

CLITIPHO, *Son of Chremes.*

SYRUS, *Servant to Chremes.*

DROMO, *Servant to Menedemus.*

SOSTRATA, *Wife of Chremes.*

ANTIPHILA, *Beloved by Clinia.*

BACCHIS, *Beloved by Clitipho.*

NURSE.

PHRYGIA; *and other servants of* Bacchis.

SCENE—*a Village near* ATHENS.

THE
SELF-TORMENTOR[13].

ACT I. SCENE I.

CHREMES, MENEDEMUS.

Chremes. THOUGH our acquaintance is as yet but young,
Since you have bought this farm that neighbours mine,
And little other commerce is betwixt us;
Yet or your virtue, or good neighbourhood
(Which is in my opinion kin to friendship),
Urge me to tell you, fairly, openly,
That you appear to me to labour more
Than your age warrants, or affairs require.
For, in the name of heav'n and earth, what wou'd you?
What do you drive at? Threescore years of age,
Or older, as I guess; with an estate,
Better than which, more profitable, none
In these parts hold; master of many slaves;
As if you had not one at your command,
You labour in their offices yourself.
I ne'er go out so soon, return so late,
Morning or evening, but I see you still
At labour on your acres, digging, ploughing,
Or carrying some burthen[14]: in a word,
You ne'er remit your toil, nor spare yourself.
This, I am certain, is not done for pleasure.
—You'll say, perhaps, it vexes you to see

Your

Your work go on so slowly:—do but give
The time you spend in labouring yourself,
To set your slaves to work, 'twill profit more.

Mened. Have you such leisure from your own affairs
To think of those, that don't concern you, Chremes?

Chremes. I am a man, and feel for all mankind [15].
Think, I advise, or ask for information:
If right, that I may do the same; if wrong,
To turn you from it.

Mened. I have need to do thus.
Do you as you think fit.

Chremes. Need any man
Torment himself?

Mened. I need [16].

Chremes. If you're unhappy,
I'm sorry for it [17]. But what evil's this?
What is th' offence so grievous to your nature,
That asks such cruel vengeance on yourself?

Mened. Alas! alas! [*in tears.*

Chremes. Nay, weep not; but inform me.
Be not reserv'd: fear nothing: prithee, trust me:
By consolation, counsel, or assistance,
I possibly may serve you.

Mened. Would you know it?

Chremes. Ay, for the very reason I have mention'd.

Mened. I will inform you.

Chremes. But meanwhile lay down
Those rakes: don't tire yourself.

Mened. It must not be.

Chremes. What mean you?

Mened. Give me leave: that I may take
No respite from my toil.

Chremes.

Chremes. I'll not allow it. [*taking away the rakes.*

Mened. Ah, you do wrong.

Chremes. What, and so heavy too!

[*weighing them in his hand*

Mened. Such my desert.

Chremes. Now speak. [*laying down the rakes.*

Mened. One only son
I have.---*Have* did I say?—*Had* I mean, Chremes.
Have I or no, is now uncertain.

Chremes. Wherefore?

Mened. That you shall know. An old Corinthian woman
Now sojourns here, a stranger in these parts,
And very poor. It happen'd, of her daughter
My son became distractedly enamour'd,
E'en to the brink of marriage; and all this
Unknown to me: which I no sooner learnt,
Than I began to deal severely with him,
Not as a young and love-sick mind requir'd,
But in the rough and usual way of fathers.
Daily I chid him; crying, "How now, sir!"[13]
"Think you that you shall hold these courses long,
"And I your father living?—Keep a mistress,
"As if she were your wife!---You are deceiv'd,
"If you think that, and do not know me, Clinia.
"While you act worthily, you're mine; if not,
"I shall act towards you worthy of myself.
"All this arises from mere idleness.
"I, at your age, ne'er thought of love; but went
"To seek my fortune in the wars in Asia,
"And there acquir'd in arms both wealth and glory."
—In short, things came to such a pass, the youth,

O'ercome with hearing still the self-same thing,
And wearied out with my reproaches; thinking,
Age and experience had enabled me
To judge his interest better than himself,
Went off to serve the king in Asia, Chremes.
Chremes. How say you?
Mened. Stole away three months ago,
Without my knowledge.
Chremes. Both have been to blame:
And yet this enterprise bespeaks a mind,
Modest and manly.
Mened. Having heard of this
From some of his familiars, home I came
Mournful, half-mad, and almost wild with grief.
I sit me down; my servants run to me;
Some draw my sandals off; while others haste
To spread the couches[19], and prepare the supper:
Each in his way, I mark, does all he can
To mitigate my sorrow. Noting this,
" How!" said I to myself; " so many then
" Anxious for me alone? to pleasure me?
" So many slaves to dress me?[20] All this cost
" For me alone?---Meanwhile, my only son,
" For whom all these were fit, as well as me,
" —Nay rather more, since he is of an age
" More proper for their use—Him, him, poor boy,
" Has my unkindness driven forth to sorrow.
" Oh I were worthy of the heaviest curse,
" Could I brook that!---No; long as he shall lead
" A life of penury abroad, an exile
" Through my unjust severity, so long
" Will I revenge his wrongs upon myself,

" Labouring,

" Labouring, scraping, sparing, slaving for him."
—In short, I did so; in the house I left
Nor clothes, nor moveables; I scrap'd up all.
My slaves, both male and female, except those
Who more than earn'd their bread in country-work,
I sold: then set my house to sale [22]: In all,
I got together about fifteen talents [23];
Purchas'd this farm; and here fatigue myself;
Thinking I do my son less injury,
While I'm in misery too [24]: nor is it just
For me, I think, to taste of pleasure here,
Till he return in safety to partake on't.

Chremes. You I believe a tender parent; him
A duteous son, if govern'd prudently:
But you were unacquainted with his nature,
And he with your's. Sad life, where things are so!
You ne'er betray'd your tenderness to him;
Nor durst he place that confidence in you,
Which well becomes the bosom of a father.
Had that been done, this had not happen'd to you.

Mened. True, I confess: but I was most in fault.

Chremes. All, Menedemus, will, I hope, be well,
And trust, your son will soon return in safety.

Mened. Grant it, good Gods!

Chremes. They will. Now therefore, since
The Dionysia [25] are held here to-day,
If 'tis convenient, come, and feast with me.

Mened. Impossible.

Chremes. Why so?---Nay, prithee now,
Indulge yourself awhile: your absent son,
I'm sure, would have it so.

Mened. It is not meet,

That I, who drove him forth to misery,
Should fly it now myself.

Chremes. You are resolv'd?

Mened. Most constantly.

Chrem. Farewell then!

Mened. Fare you well! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

CHREMES *alone.*

He draws tears from me.---How I pity him!
---But 'tis high time, as the day goes, to warn
My neighbour Phania to come forth to supper.
I'll go, and see if he's at home.
[*Goes to* Phania's *door, and returns.*
There was,
It seems, no need of warning; for, they tell me,
He went to his appointment some time since.
'Tis I myself that keep my guests in waiting.
I'll in immediately.---But what's the meaning
That my door opens?---Who's this?---I'll retire.
[*Retires.*

SCENE III.

Enter CLITIPHO, *speaking to* Clinia *within.*

As yet, my Clinia, you've no cause to fear:
They are not long: and she, I'm confident,
Will be here shortly with the messenger.
Prithee, away then with these idle cares,
Which thus torment you!

Chremes, behind.] Whom does my son speak to?

Clit.

Clit. My father, as I wish'd.---Good sir, well met.
Chrem. What now?
Clit. D'ye know our neighbour Menedemus?
Chrem. Ay, very well.
Clit. D'ye know he has a son?
Chrem. I've heard he is in Asia.
Clit. No such thing:
He's at our house, sir.
Chrem. How!
Clit. But just arriv'd:
Ev'n at his landing I fell in with him,
And brought him here to supper: for, from boys,
We have been friends and intimates.
Chrem. Good news!
Now do I wish the more that Menedemus,
Whom I invited, were my guest to-day,
That I, and under my own roof, might be
The first to have surpriz'd him with this joy!
And I may yet.— [*going.*
Clit. Take heed! it were not good.
Chrem. How so?
Clit. Because the youth is yet in doubt:
Newly arriv'd, in fears of ev'ry thing;
He dreads his father's anger, and suspects
The disposition of his mistress tow'rds him;
Her, whom he doats upon; on whose account,
This difference and departure came about.
Chremes. I know it.
Clit. He has just dispatch'd his boy[26]
Into the city to her, and our Syrus
I sent along with him.
Chremes. What says the son?

Clit.

Clit. Says? That he's miserable.

Chremes. Miserable!

Who need be less so? for what earthly good
Can man possess, which he may not enjoy?
Parents, a prosp'rous country, friends, birth, riches.
Yet these all take their value from the mind
Of the possessor: he that knows their use,
To him they're blessings; he that knows it not,
To him misuse converts them into curses.

Clit. Nay, but he ever was a cross old man:
And now there's nothing that I dread so much,
As lest he be transported in his rage
To some gross outrages against his son.

Chremes. He!---He?---But I'll contain myself. 'Tis good
For Menedemus that his son should fear. [*aside.*

Clit. What say you, sir, within yourself?
[*overhearing.*

Chremes. I say,
Be't as it might, the son should have remain'd.
Grant that the father bore too strict a hand
Upon his loose desires; he should have borne it.
Whom would he bear withal, if not a parent?
Was't fitting that the father should conform
To the son's humour, or the son to his?
And for the rigour that he murmurs at,
'Tis nothing: The severities of fathers,
Unless perchance a hard one here and there,
Are much the same: they reprimand their sons
For riotous excesses, wenching, drinking;
And starve their pleasures by a scant allowance.
Yet this all tends to good: but when the mind

Is

Is once enslav'd to vicious appetites,
It needs must follow vicious measures too.
Remember then this maxim, Clitipho,
A wise one 'tis,—To draw from others' faults
A profitable lesson for yourself.
Clit. I do believe it.
Chremes. Well, I'll in, and see
What is provided for our supper: You,
As the day wears, see that you're not far hence. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

CLITIPHO *alone.*

What partial judges of all sons are fathers!
Who ask grey wisdom from our greener years,
And think our minds should bear no touch of youth;
Governing by their passions, now kill'd in them,
And not by those that formerly rebell'd.
If ever I've a son, I promise him
He shall find me an easy father; fit
To know, and apt to pardon his offences;
Not such as mine, who, speaking of another,
Shews how he'd act in such a case himself:
Yet when he takes a cup or two too much,
Oh, what mad pranks he tells me of his own!
But warns me now, "to draw from others' faults
"A profitable lesson for myself."
Cunning old gentleman! he little knows,
He pours his proverbs in a deaf man's ear.
The words of Bacchis, *Give me*, *Bring me*, now
Have greater weight with me: to whose commands,
Alas! I've nothing to reply withal;

Nor

Nor is there man more wretched than myself.
For Clinia here (though he, I must confess,
Has cares enough) has got a mistress, modest,
Well-bred, and stranger to all harlot arts:
Mine is a self-will'd, wanton, haughty madam,
Gay, and extravagant; and let her ask
Whate'er she will, she must not be denied;
Since poverty I durst not make my plea.
This is a plague I have but newly found,
Nor is my father yet appris'd of it.

ACT II. SCENE I.

CLINIA.

Clin. HAD my affairs in love been prosperous,
They had, I know, been here long since: but, ah!
I fear she's fall'n from virtue in my absence:
So many things concur to prove it so,
My mind misgives me;—opportunity,
The place, her age, an infamous old mother,
Under whose governance she lives, to whom
Nought but gain's precious.

To him CLITIPHO.

Clit. Clinia!
Clin. Woe is me! [*to himself.*
Clit. Take heed, lest some one issue from your father's,
And chance to see you here.
Clin. I will: but yet

My

My mind forebodes I know not what of ill.

Clit. What, still foreboding, ere you know the truth?

Clin. Had there been no untoward circumstance,
They had return'd already.

Clit. Patience, Clinia!
They'll be here presently.

Clin. Presently! but when?

Clit. Consider, 'tis a long way off[27]: and then
You know the ways of women; to set off,
And trick their persons out, requires an age.

Clin. Oh Clitipho, I fear——

Clit. Take courage; see,
Dromo and Syrus!

SCENE II.

Enter Syrus *and* Dromo, *conversing; at a distance.*

Syrus. Say you?

Dromo. Even so.

Syrus. But while we chat, the girls are left behind.

Clit. listening.] Girls, Clinia! do you hear?

Clin. I hear, I see,
And now, at last, I'm happy, Clitipho.

Dromo, to Syrus.] Left behind! troth, no wonder: so incumber'd;
A troop of waiting-women at their heels!

Clinia, listening.] Confusion! whence should she have waiting-women?

Clit. How can *I* tell?

Syrus, to Dromo.] We ought not to have dropp'd them.
They bring a world of baggage!

Clinia,

Clinia, listening.] Death!

Syrus. Gold, clothes!

It grows late too, and they may miss their way.
We've been to blame: Dromo, run back, and meet them.
Away! quick, quick! don't loiter. [*Exit* Dromo.

Clin. What a wretch!

All my fair hopes quite blasted!

Clit. What's the matter?

What is it troubles you?

Clin. What troubles me?

D'ye hear? She waiting-women, gold, and clothes!
She, whom I left with one poor servant-girl!
Whence come they, think you?

Clit. Oh, I take you now.

Syrus, to himself.] Gods, what a crowd! our house will hardly hold them.
What eating, and what drinking will there be!
How miserable our old gentleman!
But here are those I wish'd to see!
[*seeing* Clitipho *and* Clinia.

Clin. Oh Jove!

Where then are truth, and faith, and honour fled?
While I a fugitive, for love of you,
Quit my dear country, you, Antiphila,
For sordid gain desert me in distress;
You, for whose sake I courted infamy,
And cast off my obedience to my father.
He, I remember now with grief and shame,
Oft warn'd me of these women's ways; oft tried
In vain by sage advice to wean me from her.
But now I bid farewell to her for ever;

Though,

Though, when 'twere good and wholesome, I was froward.
No wretch more curst than I!
Syrus. He has misconstrued
All our discourse, I find.—You fancy, Clinia,
Your mistress other than she is. Her life,
As far as we from circumstance could learn,
Her disposition tow'rd you, are the same.
Clin. How! tell me all: for there is nought on earth
I'd rather know than that my fears are false.
Syrus. First then, that you may be appris'd of all,
Th' old woman, thought her mother, was not so:
That beldam also is deceas'd; for this
I overheard her, as we came along,
Telling the other.
Clit. Other! who? what other?
Syrus. Let me but finish what I have begun,
And I shall come to that.
Clit. Dispatch then.
Syrus. First,
Having arriv'd, Dromo knocks at the door:
Which an old woman had no sooner open'd,
But in goes Dromo, and I after him.
Th' old woman bolts the door, and spins again.
And now, or never, Clinia, might be known,
Coming thus unexpectedly upon her,
Antiphila's employments in your absence:
For such, as then we saw, we might presume
Her daily practice, which, of all things else,
Betrays the mind and disposition most.
Busily plying of the web we found her[28],
Decently clad in mourning,—I suppose,

For the deceas'd old woman.—She had on
No gold or trinkets, but was plain and neat,
And drest like those who dress but for themselves:
No female varnish to set off her beauty;
Her hair dishevel'd, long, and flowing loose
About her shoulders.——Peace! [*to* Clinia.

Clin. Nay, prithee, Syrus,
Do not transport me thus without a cause.

Syrus. Th' old woman spun the woof; one servant girl,
A tatter'd dirty dowdy, weaving by her. [29]

Clit. Clinia, if this be true, as sure it is,
Who is more fortunate than you? D'ye mark
The ragged dirty girl that he describ'd?
A sign the mistress leads a blameless life,
When she maintains no flaunting go-between:
For 'tis a rule with those gallants, who wish
To win the mistress, first to bribe the maid.

Clin. Go on, I beg you, Syrus; and take heed
You fill me not with idle joy.—What said she
When you nam'd me?

Syrus. As soon as we inform'd her
You were return'd, and begg'd her to come to you,
She left her work immediately, and burst
Into a flood of tears, which one might see
Were shed for love of you [30].

Clin. By all the gods!
I know not where I am for very joy.
Oh, how I trembled!

Clit. Without cause, I knew.
But come; now, Syrus, tell us, who's that other? [31]

Syrus. Your mistress, Bacchis.

Clit.

Clit. How! what! Bacchis?
Where d'ye propose to carry her, rogue?
Syrus. Where?
To our house certainly.
Clit. My father's?
Syrus. Ay.
Clit. Oh monstrous impudence!
Syrus. Consider, sir;
More danger, the more honour.
Clit. Look ye, sirrah,
You mean to purchase praise at my expence,
Where the least slip of yours would ruin me.
What is't you drive at?
Syrus. But———
Clit. But what?
Syrus. I'll tell you;
Give me but leave!
Clin. Permit him.
Clit. Well, I do.
Syrus. This business—now—is just as if——
[*drawling.*
Clit. Confusion!
What a long round-about beginning!
Clin. True.
To the point, Syrus!
Syrus. I've no patience with you.
You use me ill, sir, and I can't endure it.
Clin. Hear him: peace, Clitipho! [*to* Clitipho.
Syrus. You'd be in love;
Possess your mistress; and have wherewithal
To make her presents: but to gain all this
You'd risk no danger. By my troth, you're wise;

If it be wise to wish for what can't be.
Take good and bad together; both, or none:
Choose which you will; no mistress, or no danger.
And yet the scheme I've laid is fair and safe;
Your mistress may be with you at your father's
Without detection; by the self-same means
I shall procure the sum you've promis'd her,
Which you have rung so often in my ears,
You've almost deafen'd them.—What would you more?

Clit. If it may be so———

Syrus. If! The proof shall shew.

Clit. Well, well then, what's this scheme?

Syrus. We will pretend
That Bacchis is *his* mistress.

Clit. Mighty fine!
What shall become then of his own? Shall she
Pass for his too, because one's not enough
To answer for?

Syrus. No. She shall to your mother.

Clit. How so?

Syrus. 'Twere tedious, Clitipho, to tell:
Let it suffice, I've reason for it.

Clit. Nonsense!
I see no ground to make me hazard this.

Syrus. Well; if you dread this, I've another way,
Which you shall both own has no danger in't.

Clit. Ay, prithee, find that out.

Syrus. With all my heart.
I'll run and meet the women on the road,
And order them to go straight home again.

Clit. How! what!

Syrus. I mean to ease you of your fear,

That

That you may sleep in peace on either side.[32] [*going.*

Clit. What shall I do?

Clin. E'en profit of his scheme.

Clit. But, Syrus, tell me then——

Syrus. Away, away!

This day, too late, you'll wish for her in vain. [*going.*

Clin. This is your time: enjoy it, while you may:
Who knows, if you may have the like again?

Clit. Syrus, I say.

Syrus. Call as you please, I'll on.

Clit. Clinia, you're right.—Ho, Syrus! Syrus, ho!
Syrus, I say!

Syrus. So, he grows hot at last. [*to himself.*
What would you, sir? [*turning about.*

Clit. Come back, come back!

Syrus. I'm here. [*returns.*
Your pleasure, sir!—What, will not this content you?

Clit. Yes, Syrus; me, my passion, and my fame
I render up to you: dispose of all!
But see you're not to blame.

Syrus. Ridiculous!
Spare your advice, good Clitipho! you know
Success is my concern still more than yours:
For if perchance we fail in our attempt,
You shall have words: but I, alas! dry blows.
Be sure then of my diligence; and beg
Your friend to join, and countenance our scheme.

Clin. Depend on me: I see it must be so.

Clit. Thanks, my best Clinia!

Clin. But take heed she trip not.

Syrus. Oh, she is well instructed.

Clit. Still I wonder

How

How you prevail'd so easily upon her;
Her, who's so scornful.

Syrus. I came just in time,
Time, that in most affairs is all in all:
For there I found a certain wretched captain,
Begging her favours. She, an artful baggage [33],
Denied him, to inflame his mind the more,
And make her court to you.—But hark ye, sir,
Be cautious of your conduct! No imprudence!
You know how shrewd and keen your father is;
And I know your intemperance too well.
No double-meanings, glances, leers, sighs, hems,
Coughing, or titt'ring, I beseech you, sir!

Clit. I'll play my part———

Syrus. Look to't!

Clit. To your content.

Syrus. But see, the women! they're soon after us.
[*looking out.*

Clit. Where are they?—[*Syrus stops him.*] Why d'ye hold me?

Syrus. She is not
Your mistress now.

Clil. True: not before my father,
But now, meanwhile———

Syrus. Nor now, meanwhile.

Clit. Allow me!

Syrus. No.

Clit. But a moment!

Syrus. No.

Clit. A single kiss!

Syrus. Away, if you are wise!

Clit. Well, well, I'm gone.

——What's

——What's *he* to do?

Syrus. Stay here.

Clit. Oh happy——

Syrus. March! [*Pushes off* Clitipho.

SCENE III.

Enter BACCHIS *and* ANTIPHILA, *at a distance.*

Bacch. Well, I commend you, my Antiphila:
Happy, that you have made it still your care,
That virtue should seem fair as beauty in you!
Nor, gracious Heav'n so help me! do I wonder
If ev'ry man should wish you for his own;
For your discourse bespeaks a worthy mind.
And when I ponder with myself, and weigh
Your course of life, and all the rest of those
Who live not on the common, 'tis not strange,
Your morals should be different from ours.
Virtue's your int'rest; those, with whom *we* deal,
Forbid it to be ours: for our gallants,
Charm'd by our beauty, court us but for that;
Which fading, they transfer their love to others.
If then meanwhile we look not to ourselves,
We live forlorn, deserted, and distrest.
You, when you've once agreed to pass your life
Bound to one man, whose temper suits with yours,
He too attaches his whole heart to you:
Thus mutual friendship draws you each to each;
Nothing can part you, nothing shake your love.

Antiph. I know not others [34]: for myself I know,
From his content I ever drew my own.

Clin.

Clin. overhearing.] Excellent maid! my best Antiphila!
Thou too, thy love alone is now the cause
That brings me to my native land again.
For when away, all evils else were light
Compar'd to wanting thee. [*apart.*

Syrus. I do believe it. [*apart.*

Clin. O Syrus, 'tis too much [35]: I cannot bear it.
Wretch that I am!—and must I be debarr'd
To give a loose to love, a love like this? [*apart.*

Syrus. And yet if I may judge your father's mind,
He has more troubles yet in store for you. [*apart.*

Bacch. Who is that youth that eyes us?
[*seeing* Clin.

Antiph. Ha! [*seeing him.*]—Support me!

Bacch. Bless me, what now?

Antiph. I faint.

Bacch. Alas, poor soul!
What is't surprizes you, Antiphila?

Antiph. Is't Clinia that I see, or no?

Bacch. Whom do you see?

Clin. Welcome, my soul! [*running up to her.*

Antiph. My wish'd-for Clinia, welcome!

Clin. How fares my love?

Antiph. O'erjoy'd at your return.

Clin. And do I hold thee, my Antiphila,
Thou only wish, and comfort of my soul?

Syrus. In, in; for you have made our good man wait.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Chremes. 'Tis now just day-break[36].—Why delay I then
To call my neighbour forth, and be the first
To tell him of his son's return?—The youth,
I understand, would fain not have it so:
But shall I, when I see this poor old man
Afflict himself so grievously, by silence
Rob him of such an unexpected joy,
When the discovery cannot hurt the son?
No, I'll not do't; but far as in my pow'r
Assist the father. As my son, I see,
Ministers to th' occasions of his friend,
Associated in counsels, rank, and age;
So we old men should serve each other too.

SCENE II.

Enter MENEDEMUS.[37]

Mened. to himself.] Sure I'm by nature form'd for misery
Beyond the rest of human-kind, or else
'Tis a false saying, though a common one,
"That time assuages grief." For ev'ry day
My sorrow for the absence of my son
Grows on my mind: the longer he's away,
The more impatiently I wish to see him,
The more pine after him.

Chremes. But he's come forth. [*seeing* Menedemus.
Yonder he stands. I'll go and speak with him.

Good

Good morrow, neighbour! I have news for you;
Such news, as you'll be overjoy'd to hear.
Mened. Of my son, Chremes?[38]
Chremes. He's alive and well.
Mened. Where?
Chremes. At my house.
Mened. My son?
Chremes. Your son.
Mened. Come home?
Chremes. Come home.
Mened. My dear boy come? my Clinia![39]
Chremes. He.
Mened. Away then! prithee, bring me to him.
Chremes. Hold!
He cares not you should know of his return,
And dreads your sight because of his late trespass.
He fears, besides, your old severity
Is now augmented.
Mened. Did not you inform him
The bent of my affections?
Chremes. Not I.
Mened. Wherefore, Chremes?
Chremes. Because 'twould injure both yourself and him,
To seem of such a poor and broken spirit.
Mened. I cannot help it. Too long, much too long,
I've been a cruel father.
Chremes. Ah, my friend,
You run into extremes; too niggardly,
Or, too profuse; imprudent either way.
First, rather than permit him entertain
A mistress, who was then content with little,

And

And glad of any thing, you drove him hence:
Whereon the girl was forc'd, against her will,
To grow a common gamester for her bread:
And, now she can't be kept without much cost,
You'd squander thousands. For, to let you know
How admirably madam's train'd to mischief[40],
How finely form'd to ruin her admirers,
She came to my house yester-night with more
Than half a score of women at her tail,
Laden with clothes and jewels.—If she had
A prince[41] to her gallant, he could not bear
Such wild extravagance; much less can you.

Mened. Is she within too?

Chremes. She within? Ay truly.
I've found it, to my cost: for I have given
To her and her companions but one supper;
And to give such another would undo me.
For, not to dwell on other circumstances,
Merely to taste, and smack, and spirt about[42],
What quantities of wine has she consum'd!
This is too rough, she cries; *some softer, pray!*
I have pierc'd ev'ry vessel, ev'ry cask;
Kept ev'ry servant running to and fro:
All this ado, and all in one short night!
What, Menedemus, must become of you,
Whom they will prey upon continually?
Now, afore heaven, thinking upon this,
I pitied you.

Mened. Why, let him have his will[43];
Waste, consume, squander: I'll endure it all,
So I but keep him with me.

Chremes. If resolv'd

To take that course, I hold it of great moment
That he perceive not you allow of this.
Mened. What shall I do then?
Chremes. Any thing, much rather
Than what you mean to do: at second-hand
Supply him; or permit his slave to trick you;
Though I perceive they're on that scent already,
And privately contriving how to do't.
There's Syrus, and that little slave of yours,
In an eternal whisper; the young men
Consulting too together: and it were
Better to lose a talent by these means,
Than on your plan a mina: for, at present,
Money is not the question, but the means
To gratify the youth the safest way:
For if he once perceives your turn of mind,
That you had rather throw away your life,
And waste your whole estate, than part with him,
Ah, what a window to debauchery
You'll open, Menedemus! Such a one,
As will embitter even life itself:
For too much liberty corrupts us all.
Whatever comes into his head, he'll have;
Nor think, if his demand be right or wrong.
You, on your part, to see your wealth and son
Both wreck'd, will not be able to endure.
You'll not comply with his demands; whereon
He falls to his old fence immediately,
And, knowing where your weak part lies, will threaten
To leave you instantly.
Mened. 'Tis very like.
Chremes. Now, on my life, I have not clos'd my eyes[44],

Nor

Nor had a single wink of sleep this night,
For thinking how I might restore your son.
Mened. Give me your hand: and let me beg you, Chremes,
Continue to assist me!
Chremes. Willingly.
Mened. D'ye know, what I would have you do at present?
Chremes. What?
Mened. Since you have perceiv'd they meditate
Some practice on me, prithee, urge them on
To execute it quickly: for I long
To grant his wishes, long to see him straight.
Chremes. Let me alone! I must lay hold of Syrus,
And give him some encouragement.---But see!
Some one, I know not who, comes forth. In, in[45],
Lest they perceive that we consult together!
I have a little business too in hand.
Simus and Crito, our two neighbours here,
Have a dispute about their boundaries[46];
And they've referr'd it to my arbitration.
I'll go and tell them, 'tis not in my power
To wait on them, as I propos'd, to-day.
I will be with you presently.
Mened. Pray do. [*Exit* Chremes.
Gods! that the nature of mankind is such,
To see, and judge of the affairs of others,
Much better than their own[47]! Is't therefore so,
Because that, in our own concerns, we feel
The influence of joy or grief too nearly?
How much more wisely does my neighbour here
Consult for me, than I do for myself!

Chremes,

Chremes, returning.] I've disengag'd myself, that I might be
At leisure to attend on your affairs. [*Exit* Mened.

SCENE III.

Enter Syrus, *at another part of the Stage.*

Syrus, to himself.] One way, or other, money must be had,
And the old gentleman impos'd upon.

Chremes, overhearing.] Was I deceiv'd, in thinking they were at it?
That slave of Clinia, it should seem, is dull,
And so our Syrus has the part assign'd him.

Syrus. Who's there? [*seeing* Chremes.] Undone, if he has overheard me! [*aside.*

Chremes. Syrus!

Syrus. Sir!

Chremes. What now?

Syrus. Nothing.---But I wonder
To see you up so early in the morning,
Who drank so freely yesterday.

Chremes. Not much.

Syrus. Not much? You have, sir, as the proverb goes,
The old age of an eagle [48].

Chremes. Ah!

Syrus. A pleasant,
Good sort of girl, this wench of Clinia.

Chremes. Ay, so she seems.

Syrus. And handsome.

Chremes. Well enough.

Syrus.

Syrus. Not like the maids of old [49], but passable,
As girls go now : nor am I much amaz'd
That Clinia doats upon her. But he has,
Alas, poor lad ! a miserable, close,
Dry, covetous, curmudgeon to his father ;
Our neighbour here: d'ye know him ?—Yet, as if
He did not roll in riches, his poor son
Was forc'd to run away for very want.
D'ye know this story ?
Chremes. Do I know it ? Ay.
A scoundrel ! should be horse-whipt.
Syrus. Who ?
Chremes. That slave
Of Clinia———
Syrus. Troth, I trembled for you, Syrus ! [*aside.*
Chremes. Who suffer'd this.
Syrus. Why, what should he have done ?
Chremes. What?---Have devis'd some scheme, some ways and means,
To raise the cash for the young gentleman
To make his mistress presents ; and have done
A kindness to the old hunks against his will.
Syrus. You jest.
Chremes. Not I : it was his duty, Syrus.
Syrus. How's this ? Why prithee then, d'ye praise those slaves,
Who trick their masters ?
Chremes. Yes, upon occasion.
Syrus. Mighty fine, truly !
Chremes. Why, it oft prevents
A great deal of uneasiness : for instance,
My neighbour Menedemus, well deceiv'd,

Would

Would ne'er have seen his son abandon him.
Syrus. I don't know whether he's in jest or earnest,
But it gives me encouragement to trick him. [*aside.*
Chremes. And now what is't the blockhead waits for, Syrus?
Is't, till his master runs away again,
When he perceives himself no longer able
To bear with the expences of his mistress?
Has he no plot upon th' old gentleman?
Syrus. He's a poor creature
Chremes. But it is your part,
For Clinia's sake, to lend a helping hand.
Syrus. Why that indeed I easily can do,
If you command me; for I know which way.
Chremes. I take you at your word.
Syrus. I'll make it good.
Chremes. Do so.
Syrus. But hark ye, sir! remember this,
If ever it hereafter come to pass,
(As who can answer for th' affairs of men?)
That your own son——
Chremes. I hope 'twill never be.
Syrus. I hope so too; nor do I mention this,
From any knowledge or suspicion of him:
But that in case---his time of life, you know;
And should there be occasion, trust me, Chremes,
But I could handle you most handsomely.
Chremes. Well, well, we'll think of it, when that time comes.
Now to your present task! [*Exit* Chremes.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

SYRUS, *alone.*

never heard
My master argue more commodiously;
Nor ever was inclin'd to mischief, when
It might be done with more impunity.
But who's this coming from our house?

SCENE V.

Enter CLITIPHO; CHREMES *following.*

Chremes. How now?
What manners are these, Clitipho? Does this
Become you?
Clit. What's the matter?
Chremes. Did not I
This very instant see you put your hand
Into yon wench's bosom?
Syrus. So! all's over:
I am undone. [*aside.*
Clit. Me, sir?
Chremes. These very eyes
Beheld you: don't deny it.---'Tis base in you,
To be so flippant with your hands. For what
Affront's more gross, than to receive a friend
Under your roof, and tamper with his mistress?
And last night in your cups too how indecent,
And rudely you behav'd!
Syrus. 'Tis very true.
Chremes. So very troublesome, so help me heav'n,
I fear'd the consequence. I know the ways

Of lovers: they oft take offence at things,
You dream not of.
Clit. But my companion, sir,
Is confident I would not wrong him.
Chremes. Granted.
Yet you should cease to hang for ever on them.
Withdraw, and leave them sometimes to themselves.
Love has a thousand sallies; you restrain them.
I can conjecture from myself. There's none,
How near soever, Clitipho, to whom
I dare lay open all my weaknesses.
With one my pride forbids it, with another
The very action shames me: and believe me,
It is the same with him; and 'tis our place
To mark on what occasions to indulge him.
Syrus. What says he now? [*aside.*
Clit. Confusion!
Syrus. Clitipho,
These are the very precepts that I gave you:
And how discreet and temperate you've been!
Clit. Prithee, peace!
Syrus. Ay, I warrant you.
Chremes. Oh, Syrus,
I'm quite asham'd of him.
Syrus. I do not doubt it:
Nor without reason; for it troubles me.
Clit. Still, rascal?
Syrus. Nay, I do but speak the truth.
Clit. May I not then go near them?
Chremes. Prithee, then,
Is there *one* way alone of going near them?
Syrus. Confusion! he'll betray himself, before

I get

I get the money: [*aside.*]---Chremes, will you once
Hear a fool's counsel?

Chremes. What do you advise?

Syrus. Order your son about his business.

Clit. Whither?

Syrus. Whither? where'er you please. Give place to them.
Go, take a walk.

Clit. Walk! where?

Syrus. A pretty question!
This, that, or any way.

Chremes. He says right. Go!

Clit. Now, plague upon you, Syrus! [*going.*

Syrus to Clit. going.] Henceforth, learn
To keep those hands of yours at rest. [*Exit* Clitipho.

SCENE VI.

CHREMES, SYRUS.

Syrus. D'ye mind?
What think you, Chremes, will become of him,
Unless you do your utmost to preserve,
Correct, and counsel him?

Chremes. I'll take due care.

Syrus. But now's your time, sir, to look after him.

Chremes. It shall be done.

Syrus. It must be, if you're wise:
For ev'ry day he minds me less and less.

Chremes. But, Syrus, say, what progress have you made
In that affair I just now mention'd to you?
Have you struck out a scheme, that pleases you?

Or are you still to seek?

Syrus. The plot, you mean,
On Menedemus. I've just hit on one.

Chremes. Good fellow! prithee now, what is't?

Syrus. I'll tell you.
But as one thing brings in another——

Chremes. Well?

Syrus. This Bacchis is a sad jade.

Chremes. So it seems.

Syrus. Ay, sir, if you knew all! Nay, even now
She's hatching mischief.—Dwelling hereabouts,
There was of late an old Corinthian woman,
To whom this Bacchis lent a thousand pieces.

Chremes. What then?

Syrus. The woman's dead; and left behind
A daughter, very young, whom she bequeath'd,
By way of pledge, to Bacchis for the money.

Chremes. I understand.

Syrus. This girl came here with Bacchis,
And now is with your wife[50].

Chremes. What then?

Syrus. She begs
Of Clinia to advance the cash; for which
She'll give the girl as an equivalent.
She wants the thousand pieces.

Chremes. Does she so?

Syrus. No doubt on't.

Chremes. So I thought.—And what do you
Intend to do?

Syrus. Who? I, sir? I'll away
To Menedemus presently; and tell him
This maiden is a rich and noble captive,

Stolen

Stolen from Caria; and to ransom her
Will greatly profit him.
Chremes. 'Twill never do.
Syrus. How so?
Chremes. I answer now for Menedemus,
I will not purchase her. What say you now?
Syrus. Give a more favourable answer!
Chremes. No:
There's no occasion [51].
Syrus. No occasion?
Chremes. No.
Syrus. I cannot comprehend you.
Chremes. I'll explain.
—But hold! what now? whence comes it, that our door
Opens so hastily?

SCENE VII.

Enter at a distance SOSTRATA *with a ring; and the* Nurse.

Sostrata. I'm much deceiv'd,
Or this is certainly the very ring;
The ring, with which my daughter was expos'd.
Chremes, to Syrus behind.] What can those words mean, Syrus?
Sostrata. Tell me, Nurse;
Does it appear to you to be the same?
Nurse. Ay, marry: and the very moment that
You shew'd it me, I said it was the same.
Sostrata. But have you thoroughly examin'd, Nurse?

Nurse.

Nurse. Ay, thoroughly.

Sostrata. In then, and let me know
If she has yet done bathing; and meanwhile
I'll wait my husband here. [*Exit* Nurse.

Syrus. She wants you, sir!
Enquire, what she would have. She's very grave.
'Tis not for nothing; and I fear the cause.

Chremes. The cause? pshaw! nothing. She'll take mighty pains
To be deliver'd of some mighty trifle.

Sostrata, seeing them.] Oh husband!

Chremes. Oh wife!

Sostrata. I was looking for you.

Chremes. Your pleasure?

Sostrata. First, I must entreat you then,
Believe, I would not dare do any thing
Against your order.

Chremes. What! must I believe
A thing past all belief?—I do believe it.

Syrus. This exculpation bodes some fault, I'm sure. [*aside.*

Sostrata. Do you remember, I was pregnant once,
When you assur'd me with much earnestness,
That if I were deliver'd of a girl,
You would not have the child brought up?

Chremes. I know
What you have done. You have brought up the child.

Syrus. Madam, if so, my master gains a loss. [52]

Sostrata. No, I have not: but there was at that time
An old Corinthian woman dwelling here,
To whom I gave the child to be expos'd.

Chremes. Oh Jupiter! was ever such a fool!

Sostrata.

Sostrata. Ah, what have I committed?

Chremes. What committed?

Sostrata. If I've offended, Chremes, 'tis a crime
Of ignorance, and nothing of my purpose.

Chremes. Own it, or not, I know it well enough,
That ignorantly, and imprudently,
You do and say all things: how many faults
In this one action are you guilty of?
For first, had you complied with my commands,
The girl had been dispatch'd [53]; and not her death
Pretended, and hopes given of her life.
But that I do not dwell upon: You'll cry,
"—Pity,—a mother's fondness."—I allow it.
But then how rarely you provided for her!
What could you mean? consider!—for 'tis plain,
You have betray'd your child to that old beldam,
Either for prostitution or for sale.
So she but liv'd, it was enough, you thought:
No matter how, or what vile life she led.
—What can one do, or how proceed, with those,
Who know of neither reason, right, nor justice?
Better or worse, for or against, they see
Nothing but what they list.

Sostrata. My dearest Chremes,
I own I have offended: I'm convinc'd.
But since you're more experienc'd than myself,
I pray you be the more indulgent too,
And let my weakness shelter in your justice.

Chremes. Well, well, I pardon you: but, Sostrata,
Forgiving you thus easily, I do
But teach you to offend again. But come,
Say, wherefore you begun this?

Sostrata.

Sostrata. As we women
Are generally weak and superstitious,
When first to this Corinthian old woman
I gave the little infant, from my finger
I drew a ring, and charg'd her to expose
That with my daughter: that if chance she died,
She might have part of our possessions [54] with her.
Chremes. 'Twas right: you thus preserv'd yourself
and her [55].
Sostrata. This is that ring.
Chremes. Where had it you?
Sostrata. The girl
That Bacchis brought with her——
Syrus. Ha! [*aside.*
Chremes. What says she?
Sostrata. Desir'd I'd keep it while she went to bathe [56].
I took no notice on't at first; but I
No sooner look'd on't, than I knew't again,
And straight run out to you.
Chremes. And what d'ye think,
Or know concerning her?
Sostrata. I cannot tell,
Till you enquire of herself, and find,
If possible, from whence she had the ring.
Syrus. Undone! I see more hope than I desire [57].
She's ours, if this be so. [*aside.*
Chremes. Is she alive
To whom you gave the child?
Sostrata. I do not know.
Chremes. What did she tell you formerly?
Sostrata. That she
Had done what I commanded her.

Chremes.

Chremes. Her name;
That we may make enquiry.
Sostrata. Philtere.
Syrus. The very same! she's found, and I am lost.
[*aside.*
Chremes. In with me, Sostrata!
Sostrata. Beyond my hopes.
How much I fear'd you should continue still
So rigidly inclin'd, as formerly,
When you refus'd to educate her, Chremes!
Chremes. Men cannot always be, as they desire[58],
But must be govern'd by their fortunes still.
The times are alter'd with me, and I wish
To have a daughter now; then, nothing less[59].

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SYRUS, *alone.*

My mind misgives me, my defeat is nigh[60].
This unexpected incident has driven
My forces into such a narrow pass,
I cannot even handsomely retreat
Without some feint, to hinder our old man
From seeing that this wench is Clitipho's.
As for the money, and the trick I dreamt of,
Those hopes are flown, and I shall hold it triumph,
So I but 'scape a scouring.—Cursed fortune!
To have so delicate a morsel snatch'd
Out of my very jaws!—What shall I do?

What

What new device? for I must change my plan.
—Nothing so difficult, but may be won
By industry.—Suppose, I try it thus? [*thinking.*
—'Twill never do.—Or thus?—No better still.
But thus I think.—No, no.—Yes, excellent!
Courage! I have it.—Good!—Good!—Best of all!—
—'Faith, I begin to hope to lay fast hold
Of that same slipp'ry money after all.

SCENE II.

Enter CLINIA *at another part of the stage.*

Clin. Henceforward, fate do with me what thou wilt!
Such is my joy, so full and absolute,
I cannot know vexation. From this hour
To you, my father, I resign myself,
Content to be more frugal than you wish!
Syrus, overhearing.] 'Tis just as I suppos'd. The girl's acknowledg'd;
His raptures speak it so.—[*Going up.*] I'm overjoy'd,
That things have happen'd to your wish.
Clin. O Syrus!
Have you then heard it too?
Syrus. Undoubtedly.
I, who was present at the very time!
Clin. Was ever any thing so lucky?
Syrus. Nothing.
Clin. Now, heav'n so help me, I rejoice at this
On her account much rather than my own,
Her, whom I know worthy the highest honours.
Syrus. No doubt on't.—But now, Clinia, hold awhile!
Give me a moment's hearing in my turn:

For

For your friend's business must be thought of now,
And well secur'd; lest our old gentleman
Suspect about the wench.

Clin. O Jupiter! [*in raptures.*

Syrus. Peace! [*impatiently.*

Clin. My Antiphila shall be my wife.

Syrus. And will you interrupt me?

Clin. Oh, my Syrus,
What can I do? I'm overjoy'd. Bear with me.

Syrus. Troth, so I do.

Clin. We're happy, as the gods!

Syrus. I lose my labour on you.

Clin. Speak; I hear.

Syrus. Ay, but you don't attend.

Clin. I'm all attention.

Syrus. I say then, Clinia, that your friend's affairs
Must be attended to, and well secur'd:
For if you now depart abruptly from us,
And leave the wench upon our hands, my master
Will instantly discover, she belongs
To Clitipho. But if you take her off,
It will remain, as still it is, a secret.

Clin. But, Syrus, this is flatly opposite
To what I most devoutly wish,—my marriage;
For with what face shall I accost my father?
D'ye understand me?

Syrus. Ay.

Clin. What can I say?
What reason can I give him?

Syrus. Tell no lie.
Speak the plain truth.

Clin. How?

Syrus.

Syrus. Every syllable.
Tell him your passion for Antiphila;
Tell him you wish to marry her, and tell him,
Bacchis belongs to Clitipho.
Clin. 'Tis well,
In reason, and may easily be done:
And then besides, you'd have me win my father,
To keep it hid from your old gentleman?
Syrus. No; rather to prevail on him, to go
And tell him the whole truth immediately.
Clin. How? are you mad or drunk? You'll be the ruin
Of Clitipho: for how can he be safe?
Eh, sirrah!
Syrus. That's my masterpiece: this plot
Is my chief glory, and I'm proud to think
I have such force, such pow'r of cunning in me,
As to be able to deceive them both,
By speaking the plain truth: that when your father
Tells Chremes, Bacchis is his own son's mistress,
He shan't believe it.
Clin. But that way again
You blast my hopes of marriage: for while Chremes
Supposes her my mistress, he'll not grant
His daughter to me. You perhaps don't care,
So you provide for him, what comes of me.
Syrus. Why, plague! d'ye think I'd have you counterfeit
For ever? But a day, to give me time
To bubble Chremes of the money.—Peace!
Not an hour more.
Clin. Is that sufficient for you?

But then, suppose, his father find it out!

Syrus. Suppose, as some folks say, the sky should fall! [61]

Clin. Still I'm afraid.

Syrus. Afraid indeed! as if
It were not in your pow'r, whene'er you pleas'd,
To clear yourself, and tell the whole affair.

Clin. Well, well, let Bacchis be brought over then!

Syrus. Well said!—And here she comes.

SCENE III.

Enter BACCHIS, PHRYGIA, *&c. at another part of the stage.*

Bacch. Upon my life,
This Syrus with his golden promises
Has fool'd me hither charmingly! Ten minæ
He gave me full assurance of: but if
He now deceives me, come whene'er he will,
Canting and fawning to allure me hither,
It shall be all in vain; I will not stir:
Or when I have agreed, and fix'd a time,
Of which he shall have giv'n his master notice,
And Clitipho is all agog with hope,
I'll fairly jilt them both, and not come near them;
And master Syrus' back shall smart for it.

Clin. She promises you very fair.

Syrus. D'ye think
She jests? She'll do it, if I don't take heed.

Bacch. They sleep: i'faith, I'll rouse them [62]. Hark ye, Phrygia,

Did

Did you observe the villa of Charinus[63],
Which yonder fellow shew'd us? [*aloud.*
Phry. I did, madam.
Bacch. The next upon the right. [*aloud.*
Phry. I recollect.
Bacch. Run thither quickly: for the Captain spends
The Dionysia there. [*aloud.*
Syrus, behind.] What means she now?
Bacch. Tell him I'm here; and sore against my will,
Detain'd by force: but I'll devise some means
To slip away and come to him. [*aloud.*
Syrus. Confusion!— [*comes forward.*
Stay, Bacchis, Bacchis! where d'ye send that girl?
Bid her stop!
Bacch. Go! [*to* Phrygia.
Syrus. The money's ready for you.
Bacch. Oh! then I stay. [Phrygia *returns.*
Syrus. You shall be paid directly.
Bacch. When you please: do I press you?
Syrus. But d'ye know
What you're to do?
Bacch. Why, what?
Syrus. You must go over,
You and your equipage, to Menedemus.
Bacch. What are you at now, sauce-box?
Syrus. Coining money,
For your use, Bacchis.
Bacch. Do you think to play
Your jests on me?
Syrus. No; this is downright earnest.
Bacch. Are you the person I'm to deal with?[64]
Syrus. No.

But

But 'twill secure your money.

Bacch. Let us go then!

Syrus. Follow her there.—Ho, Dromo!

SCENE IV.

Enter DROMO.

Dromo. Who calls?

Syrus. Syrus.

Dromo. Your pleasure! What's the matter now?

Syrus. Conduct
All Bacchis' maids to your house instantly.

Dromo. Why so?

Syrus. No questions; let them carry over
All they brought hither. Our old gentleman
Will think himself reliev'd from much expence
By their departure. Troth, he little knows,
With how much loss this small gain threatens him.
If you're wise, Dromo, know not what you know.

Dromo. I'm dumb.

[*Exit* Dromo, *with* Bacchis' *servants and baggage into the house of* Menedemus. *After which,*

SCENE V.

Enter CHREMES.

Chremes, to himself.]'Fore heav'n, I pity Menedemus.
His case is lamentable: to maintain
That jade, and all her harlot-family!
Altho' I know for some few days indeed
He will not feel it; so exceedingly
He long'd to have his son: but when he sees

Such

Such monstrous household riot and expence
Continue daily, without end or measure,
He'll wish his son away from him again.
But yonder's Syrus, in good time. [*seeing* Syrus.

Syrus. I'll to him. [*aside.*

Chremes. Syrus!

Syrus. Who's there? [*turning about.*

Chremes. What now?

Syrus. The very man!

I have been wishing for you this long time.

Chremes. You seem to've been at work with Menedemus.

Syrus. What! at our plot? No sooner said, than done.

Chremes. Indeed!

Syrus. Indeed.

Chremes. I can't forbear to stroke
Your head for it. Good lad! come nearer, Syrus!
I'll do thee some good turn for this. I will,
I promise you. [*patting his head.*

Syrus. Ah, if you did but know
How luckily it came into my head!

Chremes. Pshaw, are you vain of your good luck?

Syrus. Not I.
I speak the plain truth.

Chremes. Let me know it then.

Syrus. Clinia has told his father, that the wench
Is mistress to your Clitipho; and that
He brought her over with him to their house,
To hinder your detecting it.

Chremes. Good! good!

Syrus. D'ye think so?

Chremes. Charming!

Syrus.

Syrus. Ay, if you knew all.
But only hear the rest of our advice.
He'll tell his father, he has seen your daughter,
Whose beauty has so charm'd him at first sight,
He longs to marry her.
Chremes. Antiphila?
Syrus. The same: and he'll request him to demand her
Of you in marriage.
Chremes. To what purpose, Syrus?
I don't conceive the drift on't.
Syrus. No! you're slow.
Chremes. Perhaps so.
Syrus. Menedemus instantly
Will furnish him with money for the wedding,
To buy————d'ye take me?
Chremes. Clothes and jewels.
Syrus. Ay.
Chremes. But I will neither marry, nor betroth
My daughter to him.
Syrus. No? Why?
Chremes. Why!—is that
A question? To a wretch!———
Syrus. Well, as you please.
I never meant that he should marry her,
But only to pretend——
Chremes. I hate pretence.
Plot as you please, but do not render me
An engine in your rogueries. Shall I
Contract my daughter, where I never can
Consent to marry her?
Syrus. I fancied so.
Chremes. Not I.

Syrus. It might be done most dexterously:
And, in obedience to your strict commands,
undertook this business.
Chremes. I believe it.
Syrus. However, sir, I meant it well.
Chremes. Nay, nay,
Do't by all means, and spare no trouble in't;
But bring your scheme to bear some other way.
Syrus. It shall be done: I'll think upon some other
—But then the money which I mention'd to you,
Owing to Bacchis by Antiphila,
Must be repaid her: and you will not now
Attempt to shift the matter off; or say,
"—What is't to *me?* Was *I* the borrower?
"Did *I* command it? Could she pledge my daughter
"Against *my* will?"---These pleas you cannot urge;
For 'tis a common saying, and a true,
That strictest law is oft the highest wrong [65].
Chremes. I mean not to evade it.
Syrus. No, I'll warrant.
Nay you, tho' others did, could never think on't;
For all the world imagines you've acquir'd
A fair and handsome fortune.
Chremes. I will carry
The money to her instantly myself.
Syrus. No; rather send it by your son.
Chremes. Why so?
Syrus. Because he acts the part of her gallant.
Chremes. What then?
Syrus. Why then 'twill seem more probable,
If he presents it: I too shall effect
My scheme more easily.—And here he is.—

---In

—In, sir, and fetch the money out.
Chremes. I will. [*Exit* Chremes.

SCENE VI.

Enter CLITIPHO.

Clit. to himself.] Nothing so easy in itself, but when
Perform'd against one's will, grows difficult.
This little walk, how easy! yet how faint
And weary it has made me!---and I fear
Lest I be still excluded, and forbid
To come near Bacchis.---[*Seeing Syrus.*] Now all pow'rs above
Confound you, Syrus, for the trick you play'd me!
That brain of your's is evermore contriving
Some villainy to torture me withal.
Syrus. Away, you malapert! Your frowardness
Had well nigh been my ruin.
Clit. Would it had!
For you deserv'd it richly.
Syrus. How! deserv'd it?
---I'faith I'm glad I heard you say so much
Before you touch'd the cash, that I was just
About to give you.
Clit. Why, what can I say?
You went away; came back, beyond my hopes,
And brought my mistress with you; then again
Forbad my touching her.
Syrus. Well, well, I can't
Be peevish with you now.---But do you know
Where Bacchis is?
Clit. At our house.

Syrus. No.
Clit. Where then?
Syrus. At Clinia's.
Clit. Then I'm ruin'd.
Syrus. Courage, man!
You shall go to her instantly, and carry
The money that you promis'd her.
Clit. Fine talk!
Where should I get it?
Syrus. From your father.
Clit. Pshaw!
You play upon me.
Syrus. The event shall shew.
Clit. Then I am blest indeed. Thanks, thanks, dear Syrus!
Syrus. Hist! here's your father.----Have a care! don't seem
Surpriz'd at any thing: give way in all:
Do as he bids, and say but little. Mum!

SCENE VII.

Enter CHREMES.

Chremes. Where's Clitipho?
Syrus, to Clit.] Here, say.
Clit. Here, sir!
Chremes. Have you
Inform'd him of the business? [*to* Syrus.
Syrus. In good part.
Chremes. Here, take the money then, and carry it. [*to* Clitipho.
Syrus. Plague, how you stand, log!---take it.

Clit.

Clit. Give it me. [*awkwardly.*

Syrus. Now in with me immediately!---You, sir,
[*to* Chremes.
Be pleas'd meanwhile to wait our coming here;
There's nothing to detain us very long.
[*Exeunt* Clit. *and* Syrus.

SCENE VIII.

CHREMES, *alone.*

My daughter now has had ten minæ of me,
Which I account laid out upon her board:
Ten more her clothes will come to: and moreover
Two talents for her portion.———How unjust,
And absolute is custom![66] I must now
Leave every thing, and find a stranger out,
On whom I may bestow the sum of wealth,
Which I have so much labour'd to acquire.

SCENE IX.

Enter MENEDEMUS.

Mened. to himself.] Oh son, how happy hast thou made thy father,
Convinc'd of thy repentance!

Chremes, overhearing.] How mistaken!

Mened. Chremes! I wish'd for you.---'Tis in your power,
And I beseech you do it, to preserve
My son, myself, and family.

Chremes. I'll do't.

Wherein

Wherein can I oblige you?

Mened. You to-day
Have found a daughter.

Chremes. True. What then?

Mened. My Clinia
Begs your consent to marry her.

Chremes. Good heaven!
What kind of man are you?

Mened. What mean you, Chremes?

Chremes. Has it then slipt your memory so soon,
The conversation that we had together,
Touching the rogueries they should devise,
To trick you of your money?

Mened. I remember.

Chremes. This is the trick.

Mened. How, Chremes? I'm deceiv'd.
'Tis as you say. From what a pleasing hope
Have I then fall'n!

Chremes. And she, I warrant you [67],
Now at your house, is my son's mistress? Eh!

Mened. So they say.

Chremes. What! and you believ'd it?

Mened. All.

Chremes.—And they say too he wants to marry her?
That soon as I've consented, you may give him
Money to furnish him with jewels, clothes,
And other necessaries.

Mened. Ay, 'tis so:
The money's for his mistress.

Chremes. To be sure.

Mened. Alas! my transports are all groundless then.
—Yet I would rather bear with any thing,

Than

Than lose my son again.---What answer, Chremes,
Shall I return with, that he mayn't perceive
I've found him out, and take offence?
Chremes. Offence!
You're too indulgent to him, Menedemus!
Mened. Allow me. I've begun, and must go through.
Do but continue to assist me, Chremes.
Chremes. Say we have met, and treated of the match.
Mened. Well; and what else?
Chremes. That I give full consent;
That I approve my son-in-law;—in short,
You may assure him also, if you please,
That I've betroth'd my daughter to him.
Mened. Good!
The very thing I wanted.
Chremes. So your son
The sooner shall demand the money of you;
And so shall you, according to your wish,
The sooner give.
Mened. It is my wish indeed.
Chremes. 'Fore heaven, friend, as far as I can judge,
You'll soon be weary of your son again.
But be it as it may, give cautiously,
A little at a time, if you are wise.
Mened. I will.
Chremes. Go in, and see what he demands.
If you should want me, I'm at home.
Mened. 'Tis well.
For I shall let you know, do what I will.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

MENEDEMUS *alone*.

THAT I'm not over-wise, no conjurer,
I know full well: but my assistant here,
And counsellor, and grand comptroller Chremes,
Outgoes me far: dolt, blockhead, ninny, ass;
Or these, or any other common terms
By which men speak of fools, befit me well:
But him they suit not: his stupidity
Is so transcendent, it exceeds them all

SCENE II.

Enter CHREMES.

Chremes, to Sostrata within.] Nay prithee, good wife, cease to stun the Gods
With thanking them that you have found your daughter;
Unless you fancy they are like yourself,
And think, they cannot understand a thing
Unless said o'er and o'er a hundred times.
—But meanwhile, [*coming forward*] wherefore do my son and Syrus
Loiter so long?

Mened. Who are those loiterers, Chremes?

Chremes. Ha, Menedemus, are you there?---Inform me,
Have you told Clinia what I said?

Mened. The whole.

Chremes. And what said he?

Mened.

Mened. Grew quite transported at it,
Like those who wish for marriage.
Chremes. Ha! ha! ha!
Mened. What do you laugh at?
Chremes. I was thinking of
The cunning rogueries of that slave, Syrus. [*laughing.*
Mened. Oh, was that it?
Chremes. Why, he can form and mould
The very visages of men, a rogue! [*laughing.*
Mened. Meaning my son's well-acted transport?
Chremes. Ay. [*laughing.*
Mened. The very thing that I was thinking of.
Chremes. A subtle villain! [*laughing.*
Mened. Nay, if you knew more,
You'd be still more convinc'd on't.
Chremes. Say you so?
Mened. Ay; do but hear.
Chremes, laughing.] Hold! hold! inform me first
How much you're out of pocket. For as soon
As you inform'd your son of my consent,
Dromo, I warrant, gave you a broad hint,
That the bride wanted jewels, clothes, attendants;
That you might pay the money.
Mened. No.
Chremes. How? No?
Mened. No, I say.
Chremes. What! nor Clinia?
Mened. Not a word;
But only press'd the marriage for to-day.
Chremes. Amazing!—But our Syrus? Did not he
Throw in a word or two?
Mened. Not he.
Chremes. How so?

Mened.

Mened. Faith, I can't tell: but I'm amazed that you,
Who see so clearly into all the rest,
Should stick at this.—But that arch-villain Syrus
Has form'd and moulded your son too so rarely,
That nobody can have the least suspicion,
That this is Clinia's mistress.

Chremes. How?

Mened. I pass
Their kisses and embraces. All that's nothing.

Chremes. What is there more that he can counterfeit?

Mened. Ah! [*smiling.*

Chremes. What d'ye mean?

Mened. Nay, do but hear. I have
A private snug apartment, a back-room,
Whither a bed was brought[68] and made.

Chremes. What then?

Mened. No sooner done, than in went Clitipho.

Chremes. Alone?

Mened. Alone.

Chremes. I tremble.

Mened. Bacchis follow'd.

Chremes. Alone?

Mened. Alone.

Chremes. Undone!

Mened. No sooner in,
But they made fast the door.

Chremes. Ha! And was Clinia
Witness to this?

Mened. He was.---Both he and I.

Chremes. Bacchis is my son's mistress, Menedemus!
I'm ruin'd.

Mened. Why d'ye think so?

Mened.

Chremes. Mine is scarce
A ten-days' family.
Mened. What! are you dismay'd
Because he sticks so closely to his friend?
Chremes. Friend! His *she*-friend.
Mened. If so——
Chremes. Is that a doubt?
Is any man so courteous, and so patient,
As tamely to stand by, and see his mistress—
Mened. Ha, ha, ha! Why not?---That I, you know,
Might be more easily impos'd upon. [*ironically.*
Chremes. D'ye laugh at me? I'm angry with myself:
And well I may. How many circumstances
Conspir'd to make it gross and palpable,
Had I not been a stone!---What things I saw!
Fool, fool!---But by my life I'll be reveng'd;
For now———
Mened. And can't you then contain yourself?
Have you no self-respect? and am not I
A full example for you?
Chremes. Menedemus,
My anger throws me quite beside myself.
Mened. That you should talk thus! Is it not a shame
To be so liberal of advice to others,
So wise abroad, and poor in sense at home?
Chremes. What shall I do?
Mened. That which but even now [69]
You counsell'd me to do: Give him to know
That you're indeed a father: let him dare
Trust his whole soul to you, seek, ask of you;
Lest he to others have recourse, and leave you.

Chremes.

Chremes. And let him go! go where he will; much rather
Than here by his extravagance reduce
His father to distress and beggary.
For if I should continue to supply
The course of his expences, Menedemus,
Your desp'rate rakes would be my lot indeed.

Mened. Ah, to what evils you'll expose yourself,
Unless you're cautious! You will seem severe,
And yet forgive him afterwards, and then
With an ill grace too.

Chremes. Ah, you do not know
How much this grieves me.

Mened. Well, well, take your way.
But tell me, do you grant me my request,
That this your new-found daughter wed my son?
Or is there aught more welcome to you?

Chremes. Nothing.
The son-in-law, and the alliance, please me.

Mened. What portion shall I tell my son you've settled?
Why are you silent?

Chremes. Portion!

Mened. Ay, what portion?

Chremes. Ah!

Mened. Fear not, Chremes, tho' it be but small:
The portion nothing moves us.

Chremes. I propos'd,
According to my fortune, that two talents
Were full sufficient: But you *now* must say
If you'd save me, my fortune, and my son,
That I have settled all I have upon her.

Mened.

Mened. What mean you?

Chremes. Counterfeit amazement too,
And question Clitipho my reason for it.

Mened. Nay, but I really do not know your reason.

Chremes. My reason for it?---That his wanton mind,
Now flush'd with lux'ry and lasciviousness,
I may o'erwhelm; and bring him down so low,
He may not know which way to turn himself.

Mened. What are you at?

Chremes. Allow me! let me have
My own way in this business.

Mened. I allow you.
It is your pleasure?

Chremes. It is.

Mened. Be it so.

Chremes. Come then, let Clinia haste to call the bride.
And for this son of mine, he shall be school'd,
As children ought.---But Syrus!——

Mened. What of him?

Chremes. What! I'll so handle him, so curry him,
That while he lives he shall remember me.

[*Exit* Menedemus. [79]

What! make a jest of me? a laughing-stock?
Now, afore heav'n he would not dare to treat
A poor lone widow, as he treated me.

SCENE III.

Re-enter MENEDEMUS *with* CLITIPHO *and* SYRUS.

Clit. And can it, Menedemus, can it be,
My father has so suddenly cast off

All natural affection? for what act?
What crime, alas! so heinous have I done?
It is a common failing.
Mened. This, I know,
Should be more heavy and severe to you
On whom it falls: and yet am I no less
Affected by it, tho' I know not why,
And have no other reason for my grief,
But that I wish you well.
Clit. Did not you say,
My father waited here?
Mened. Ay; there he is. [*Exit* Menedemus.
Chremes. Why d'ye accuse your father, Clitipho?
Whate'er I've done, was providently done
Tow'rd you and your imprudence. When I saw
Your negligence of soul, and that you held
The pleasures of to-day your only care,
Regardless of the morrow; I found means
That you should neither want, nor waste my substance.
When you, whom fair succession first made heir,
Stood self-degraded by unworthiness,
I went to those the next in blood to you,
Committing and consigning all to them.
There shall your weakness, Clitipho, be sure
Ever to find a refuge, food, and raiment,
And roof to fly to.
Clit. Ah me!
Chremes. Better thus,
Than, you being heir, for Bacchis to have all.
Syrus. Distraction! what disturbances have I,
Wretch that I am, all unawares created!
Clit. Wou'd I were dead!

Chremes.

Chremes. Learn first, what 'tis to live.
When you know that, if life displeases you,
Then talk of dying.

Syrus. Master, may I speak?

Chremes. Speak.

Syrus. But with safety?

Chremes. Speak.

Syrus. How wrong is this,
Or rather what extravagance and madness,
To punish him for my offence!

Chremes. Away!
Do not you meddle. No one blames you, Syrus,
Nor need you to provide a sanctuary,
Or intercessor.

Syrus. What is it you do?

Chremes. I am not angry, nor with you, nor him:
Nor should you take offence at what I do.

[*Exit* Chremes

SCENE IV.

Manent CLITIPHO, SYRUS.

Syrus. He's gone. Ah, wou'd I'd ask'd him——

Clit. Ask'd what, Syrus?

Syrus. Where I should eat, since he has cast us off.
You, I perceive, are quarter'd on your sister.

Clit. Is't come to this, that I should be in fear
Of starving, Syrus?

Syrus. So we do but live,
There's hope——

Clit. Of what?

Syrus. That we shall have rare stomachs

Clit.

Clit. D'ye jest at such a time as this;
And lend me no assistance by your counsel?

Syrus. Nay, I was studying for you even now,
And was so all the while your father spoke.
And far as I can understand this—

Clit. What?

Syrus. Stay, you shall have it presently. [*thinking.*

Clit. Well, what?

Syrus. Thus then: I don't believe that you're their son.

Clit. How, Syrus! are you mad?

Syrus. I'll speak my thoughts.
Be you the judge. While they had you alone,
While yet there was no other, nearer joy,
You they indulg'd, and gave with open hand:
But now a daughter's found, their real child,
A cause is found to drive you forth.

Clit. 'Tis like.

Syrus. Think you this fault so angers him?

Clit. I think not.

Syrus. Consider too; 'tis ever found, that mothers
Plead for their sons, and in the father's wrath
Defend them. 'Tis not so at present.

Clit. True.
What shall I do then, Syrus?

Syrus. Ask of them
The truth of this suspicion. Speak your thoughts.
If 'tis not so, you'll speedily incline them
Both to compassion; or, if so, be told
Whose son you are.

Clit. Your counsel's good. I'll do't.

SCENE

SCENE V.

SYRUS *alone.*

A lucky thought of mine![71] for Clitipho,
The less he hopes, so much more easily
Will he reduce his father to good terms.
Besides, who knows but he may take a wife?
No thanks to Syrus neither.—But who's here?
Chremes!—I'm off: for seeing what has past,
I wonder that he did not order me
To be truss'd up immediately. I'll hence
To Menedemus, and prevail on him
To intercede for me: as matters stand,
I dare not trust to our old gentleman. [*Exit* Syrus.

SCENE VI.

Enter CHREMES, SOSTRATA.

Sostrata. Nay indeed, husband, if you don't take care,
You'll bring some kind of mischief on your son:
I can't imagine how a thought so idle
Could come into your head.
Chremes. Still, woman, still
D'ye contradict me? Did I ever wish
For any thing in all my life, but you
In that same thing oppos'd me, Sostrata?
Yet now if I should ask, wherein I'm wrong,
Or wherefore I act thus, you do not know:
Why then d'ye contradict me, simpleton?
Sostrata. Not know?
Chremes. Well, well, you know: I grant it, rather

Than hear your idle story o'er again.

Sostrata. Ah, 'tis unjust in you to ask my silence
In such a thing as this.

Chremes. I do not ask it.
Speak if you will: I'll do it ne'ertheless.

Sostrata. Will you?

Chremes. I will.

Sostrata. You don't perceive what harm
May come of this. He thinks himself a foundling[72].

Chremes. A foundling, say you?

Sostrata. Yes indeed, he does.

Chremes. Confess it to be true.

Sostrata. Ah, heav'n forbid!
Let our most bitter enemies do that!
Shall I disown my son, my own dear child?

Chremes. What! do you fear you cannot, at your pleasure,
Produce convincing proofs that he's your own?

Sostrata. Is it, because my daughter's found[73], you say this?

Chremes. No: but because (a stronger reason far)
His manners are so very like your own,
They are convincing proofs that he's your son
He is quite like you: not a vice, whereof
He is inheritor, but dwells in you:
And such a son no mother but yourself
Could have engender'd.—But he comes.—How grave
Look in his face, and you may guess his plight.

SCENE VII.

Enter CLITIPHO.

Clit. O mother, if there ever was a time
When you took pleasure in me, or delight
To call me son, beseech you, think of that;
Pity my present misery, and tell me
Who are my real parents?

Sostrata. My dear son,
Take not, I beg, that notion to your mind,
That you're an alien to our blood.

Clit. I am.

Sostrata. Ah me! and can you then demand me that?
So may you prosper after both, as you're
Of both the child! And if you love your mother,
Take heed henceforward that I never hear
Such words from you.

Chremes. And if you fear your father,
See that I never find such vices in you.

Clit. What vices?

Chremes. What? I'll tell you. Trifler, idler,
Cheat, drunkard, whoremaster, and prodigal.
—Think this, and think that you are ours.

Sostrata. These words
Suit not a father.

Chremes. No, no, Clitipho,
Tho' from my brain you had been born[74], as Pallas
Sprang, it is said, from Jupiter, I would not
Bear the disgrace of your enormities.

Sostrata. The gods forbid——

Chremes. I know not for the gods[75]:

I will do all that lies in me. You seek
For parents, which you have: but what is wanting,
Obedience to your father, and the means
To keep what he by labour hath acquir'd,
For that you seek not.—Did you not by tricks
Ev'n to my presence introduce——I blush
To speak immodestly [76] before your mother—
But you by no means blush'd to do't.

Clit. Alas!
How hateful am I to myself! how much
Am I asham'd! so lost, I cannot tell
How to attempt to pacify my father.

SCENE VIII.

Enter MENEDEMUS.

Mened. Now in good faith our Chremes plagues his son
Too long and too severely. I come forth
To reconcile him, and make peace between them.
And there they are!

Chremes. Ha, Menedemus! Wherefore
Is not my daughter summon'd? and the portion,
I settled on her, ratified by you?

Sostrata. Dear husband, I beseech you not to do it!

Clit. My father, I intreat you pardon me!

Mened. Forgive him, Chremes! let his pray'rs prevail!

Chremes. What! shall I then with open eyes bestow
My whole estate on Bacchis? I'll not do't.

Mened. We will prevent that. It shall not be so.

Clit. If you regard my life, forgive me, father!

Sostrata. Do, my dear Chremes!

Mened. Do, I prithee now!

Be not obdurate, Chremes!
Chremes. Why is this?
I see I can't proceed as I've begun.
Mened. 'Tis as it should be now.
Chremes. On this condition,
That he agrees to do what I think fit.
Clit. I will do ev'ry thing. Command me, father!
Chremes. Take a wife.
Clit. Father!
Chremes. Nay, sir, no denial!
Mened. I take that charge upon me. He shall do't.
Chremes. But I don't hear a word of it from him.
Clit. Confusion!
Sostrata. Do you doubt then, Clitipho?
Chremes. Nay, which he pleases.
Mened. He'll obey in all;
Whate'er you'd have him.
Sostrata. This, at first, is grievous,
While you don't know it; when you know it, easy.
Clit. I'm all obedience, father!
Sostrata. Oh my son,
I'll give you a sweet wife, that you'll adore,
Phanocrata's, our neighbour's daughter.
Clit. Her!
That red-hair'd, blear-ey'd, wide-mouth'd, hook-nos'd wench?
I cannot, father.
Chremes. Oh, how nice he is!
Would any one imagine it?
Sostrata. I'll get you
Another then.
Clit. Well, well; since I must marry,

I know

I know one pretty near my mind.

Sostrata. Good boy!

Clit. The daughter of Archonides, our neighbour.

Sostrata. Well chosen!

Clit. One thing, father, still remains.

Chremes. What?

Clit. That you'd grant poor Syrus a full pardon
For all that he hath done on my account.

Chremes. Be it so[77].—[*To the Audience:*] Farewell, sirs, and clap your hands!

THE

BROTHERS.

Acted at the Funeral-games of L. Æmilius Paulus[1], given by Q. Fabius Maximus, and P. Cornelius Africanus[2]: principal actors, L. Attilius Prænestinus, and Minutius Prothimus: the musick composed for Tyrian flutes[3], by Flaccus, freedman to Claudius. Taken from the Greek of Menander. First acted, L. Anicius and M. Cornelius, Consuls[4].

PROLOGUE.

The Bard perceiving his piece cavill'd at
By partial criticks, and his adversaries
Misrepresenting what we're now to play,
Pleads his own cause; and you shall be the judges,
Whether he merits praise or condemnation.
The *Synapothnescontes*[5] is a piece
By Diphilus, a comedy which Plautus,
Having translated, called COMMORIENTES.
In the beginning of the Græcian play
There is a youth, who rends a girl perforce
From a procurer: and this incident,
Untouch'd by Plautus, render'd word for word,
Has our Bard interwoven with his *Brothers;*
The new piece which we represent to-day.
Say then if this be theft[7], or honest use
Of what remain'd unoccupied.—For that
Which malice tells, that certain noble persons[8]
Assist the bard, and write in concert with him;
That which they deem a heavy slander, he
Esteems his greatest praise: that he can please
Those, who please you, who all the people please;
Those, who[9] in war, in peace, in counsel, ever
Have render'd you the dearest services,
And ever borne their faculties so meekly.
Expect not now the story of the play:
Part the old men, who first appear, will open;
Part will in act be shewn.—Be favourable;
And let your candour to the poet now
Increase his future earnestness to write!

PERSONS.

PROLOGUE.

DEMEA, *Father of Æschinus and Ctesipho.*

MICIO, *Brother to Demea.*

ÆSCHINUS, *A Young Man.*

CTESIPHO, *A Young Man.*

HEGIO, *An Old Man.*

SANNIO, *A Pimp.*

SYRUS, *A Servant.*

GETA, *A Servant.*

DROMO, *A Servant.*

PARMENO; other Servants, &c.

SOSTRATA, *A Matron.*

CANTHARA, *A Nurse.*

MUSICK-GIRL; and other Mutes.

SCENE—*Athens.*

THE

BROTHERS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

MICIO.

HO, Storax! [10]—No reply?—Then Æschinus
Never return'd, it seems, last night from supper;
Nor any of the slaves who went to meet him [11].
—'Tis commonly (and oh, how truly!) said,
If you are absent, or delay, 'twere best
That should befall you, which your wife declares,
Or which in anger she supposes of you,
Than that which kindest parents fear.---Your wife,
If you delay, suspects that you're engag'd
In some intrigue, debauch, or entertainment;
Consulting your own happiness abroad,
While she, poor soul! is left to pine at home.
---But what a world of fears possess me now!
How many ills I figure to myself,
As causes that my son is not return'd!
Lest he have taken cold, or had a fall,
Or broke a limb!---Good heavens! that a man
Should doat so much, or suffer any one
To wind himself so close about his heart,
As to grow dearer to him than himself!
And yet he is not *my* son, but my brother's,

Whose

Whose bent of mind is wholly different.
I, from youth upward even to this day,
Have led a quiet, and serene, town-life;
And, as some reckon fortunate, ne'er married.
He, in all points the opposite of this,
Has past his days entirely in the country
With thrift, and labour; married; had two sons.
The elder boy is by adoption mine;
I've brought him up; kept; lov'd him as my own;
Made him my joy, and all my soul holds dear,
Striving to make myself as dear to him.
I give, o'erlook, nor think it requisite
That all his deeds should be controll'd by me,
Giving him scope to act as of himself;
So that the pranks of youth, which other children
Hide from their fathers, I have us'd my son
Not to conceal from me. For whosoe'er
Hath won upon himself to play the false one,
And practise impositions on a father,
Will do the same with less remorse to others;
And 'tis, in my opinion, better far [12]
To bind your children to you by the ties
Of gentleness and modesty, than fear.
And yet my brother don't accord in this,
Nor do these notions, nor this conduct please him.
Oft he comes open-mouth'd---" Why how now, Micio?
" Why do you ruin this young lad of ours?
" Why does he wench? why drink? and why do you
" Allow him money to afford all this?
" You let him dress too fine. 'Tis idle in you."
---'Tis hard in him, unjust, and out of reason.
And he, I think, deceives himself indeed,

Who

Who fancies that authority more firm
Founded on force, than what is built on friendship;
For thus I reason, thus persuade myself:
He who performs his duty, driven to't
By fear of punishment, while he believes
His actions are observ'd, so long he's wary;
But if he hopes for secrecy, returns
To his own ways again: But he whom kindness,
Him also inclination makes your own:
He burns to make a due return, and acts,
Present or absent, evermore the same.
'Tis this then is the duty of a father,
To make a son embrace a life of virtue,
Rather from choice, than terror or constraint.
Here lies the mighty difference between
A father and a master. He who knows not
How to do this, let him confess he knows not
How to rule children.---But is this the man,
Whom I was speaking of? Yes, yes, 'tis he.
He seems uneasy too, I know not why,
And I suppose, as usual, comes to wrangle[13].

SCENE II.

Enter DEMEA.

Micio. Demea, I'm glad to see you well.

Demea. Oho!

Well met[14]: the very man I came to seek.

Micio. But you appear uneasy: what's the matter?

Demea. Uneasy? Well I may.---The matter, say you?
What can the matter be but Æschinus?

Micio. I said it would be so.---What has he done?

Demea.

Demea. What has he done! a wretch whom neither fear,
Nor modesty, nor any law can bind!
For, not to speak of all his former pranks,
What has he been about but even now?
Micio. What has he done?
Demea. Burst open doors [15], and made
His way by force into another's house;
Half-kill'd the master and his family,
And carried off a wench whom he was fond of.
All Athens cries out shame upon him for it.
I have been told of it a hundred times
Since my arrival. 'Tis the town-talk, Micio.
And if we needs must draw comparisons [16],
Does not he see his brother, thrifty, sober,
Attentive to his business in the country?
Not given to these practices? And when
I say all this to *him*, to *you* I say it.
You are his ruin, Micio.
Micio. How unjust
Is he, who wants experience! who believes
Nothing is right, but what he does himself!
Demea. Why d'ye say that?
Micio. Because you, Demea,
Misjudge these maters. 'Tis no heinous crime
For a young man to wench, or drink.---'Tis not,
Believe me!—nor to force doors open.—This
If neither you nor I have done, it was
That poverty allow'd us not. And now
You claim a merit to yourself, from that
Which want constrain'd you to. It is not fair:
For had there been but wherewithal to do't,

We likewise should have done thus. Wherefore you,
Were you a man, would let your younger son,
Now, while it suits his age, pursue his pleasures;
Rather than, when it less becomes his years,
When, after wishing long, he shall at last
Be rid of you, he should run riot then.

Demea. Oh Jupiter! the man will drive me mad.
No heinous crime, d'ye say, for a young man
To take these courses?

Micio. Nay, nay; do but hear me,
Nor stun me with the self-same thing for ever!
Your elder son you gave me for adoption:
He's mine then, Demea; and if he offends,
'Tis an offence to me, and *I* must bear
The burthen. Does he treat? or drink? or dress?[17]
'Tis at my cost.——Or wench? I will supply him,
While 'tis convenient to me; when 'tis not,
His mistresses perhaps will shut him out[18].
—Has he broke open doors? we'll make them good;---
Or torn a coat? it shall be mended. I,
Thank heaven, have enough to do all this,
And 'tis as yet not irksome.---In a word,
Have done, or choose some arbiter between us:
I'll prove that you are more in fault than I.

Demea. Ah! learn to be a father; learn from those,
Who know what 'tis to be indeed a parent!

Micio. By nature you're his father, I by counsel.

Demea. You! do you counsel any thing?

Micio. Nay, nay;
If you persist, I'm gone.

Demea. Is't thus you treat me?

Micio.

Micio. Must I be plagu'd with the same thing so often?

Demea. It touches me.

Micio. And me it touches too.
But Demea, let us each look to our own;
Let me take care of one, and mind you t'other.
For to concern yourself with both, appears
As if you'd re-demand the boy you gave.

Demea. Ah, Micio!

Micio. So it seems to me.

Demea. Well, well;
Let him, if 'tis your pleasure, waste, destroy,
And squander; 'tis no concern of mine.
If henceforth I e'er say one word———

Micio. Again?
Angry again, good Demea?

Demea. You may trust me.
Do I demand him back again I gave you?
—It hurts me. I am not a stranger to him.
—But if I once oppose——Well, well, I've done.
You wish I should take care of one. I do
Take special care of him: and he, thank heav'n,
Is as I wish he *should* be: which your ward,
I warrant, shall find out one time or other.
I will not say aught worse of him at present. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

MICIO, *alone.*[19]

Though what he says, be not entirely true,
There's somthing in it, and it touches me.

But

But I dissembled my concern with him,
Because the nature of the man is such,
To pacify, I must oppose and thwart him;
And even thus I scarce can teach him patience,
But were I to inflame or aid his anger,
I were as great a madman as himself.
Yet Æschinus, 'tis true, has been to blame.
What wench is there but he is her gallant?
Or tempts her with some gift?—But lately too
(Tir'd, I suppose, and sick of wantonness)
He told me he propos'd to take a wife.[20]
I hop'd the hey-day of the blood was over,
And was rejoic'd: but his intemperance
Breaks out afresh.—Well, be it what it may,
I'll find him out; and know it instantly,
If he is to be met with at the Forum. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter ÆSCHINUS, SANNIO, PARMENO, *the* Musick-girl, *and a Crowd of People.*

San. HELP, help, dear countrymen, for heaven's sake!
Assist a miserable harmless man!
Help the distrest!
Æsch. to the Girl.] Fear nothing: stand just there!
Why d'ye look back? you're in no danger. Never,
While I am by, shall he lay hands upon you.

San. Ay, but I will, in spite of all the world.

Æsch. Rogue as he is, he'll scarce do any thing
To make me cudgel him again to-day.

San. One word, sir Æschinus! that you may not
Pretend to ignorance of my profession;
I'm a procurer[21].

Æsch. True.

San. And, in my way,
Of as good faith as any man alive.
Hereafter, to absolve yourself, you'll cry,
That you repent of having wrong'd me thus.
I shan't care *that* for your excuse: [*snapping his fingers.*]
Be sure,
I'll prosecute my right; nor shall fine words
Atone for evil deeds. I know your way.
——"I'm sorry that I did it: and I'll swear
"You are unworthy of this injury;"——
Though all the while I'm us'd most scurvily.

Æsch. to Par.] Do you go forwards, Parmeno, and throw
The door wide open.

San. That sha'n't signify.

Æsch. to Parmeno.] Now in with her!

San. stepping between.] I'll not allow it.

Æsch. to Parmeno.] Here!
Come hither, Parmeno!—you're too far off.---
Stand close to that pimp's side---There---there---just there!
And now be sure you always keep your eyes
Steadfastly fix'd on mine; and when I wink,
To drive your fist directly in his face.

San. Ay, if he dare.

Æsch.

Æsch. to Par.] Now mind!---[*to Sannio.*] Let go the girl! [Sannio *still struggling with the Girl,* Æschinus *winks, and* Parmeno *strikes* Sannio].

San. Oh monstrous!

Æsch. He shall double it, unless
You mend your manners. [Par. *strikes* Sann. *again.*

San. Help, help! murder, murder!

Æsch. to Parmeno.] I did not wink: but you had better err
That way than t'other. Now go in with her.
[Parmeno *leads the Girl into* Micio's *House.*

San. How's this?---Do you reign king here, Æschinus?

Æsch. Did I reign king, you should be recompens'd
According to your virtues, I assure you.

San. What business have you with me?

Æsch. None.

San. D'ye know
Who I am, Æschinus?[22]

Æsch. Nor want to know.

San. Have I touch'd aught of yours, sir?

Æsch. If you had,
You should have suffer'd for't.

San. What greater right
Have you to take away my slave, for whom
I paid my money? answer me!

Æsch. 'Twere best,
You'd leave off bellowing before our door:
If you continue to be troublesome,
I'll have you dragg'd into the house, and there
Lash'd without mercy.

San. How, a freeman lash'd!
Æsch. Ev'n so.
San. O monstrous tyranny! Is this,
Is this the liberty they boast of here,
Common to all?
Æsch. If you have brawl'd enough,
Please to indulge me with one word, you pimp.
San. Who has brawl'd most, yourself, or I?
Æsch. Well! well!
No more of that, but to the point!
San. What point?
What wou'd you have?
Æsch. Will you allow me then
To speak of what concerns you?
San. Willingly:
Speak but in justice.
Æsch. Excellent! a pimp,
And talks of justice!
San. Well, I am a pimp[23];
The common bane of youth, a perjurer,
A public nuisance, I confess it: yet
I never did you wrong.
Æsch. No, that's to come.
San. Prithee return to whence you first set out, sir!
Æsch. You, plague upon you for it! bought the girl
For twenty minæ; which sum we will give you.
San. What if I do not choose to sell the girl;
Will you oblige me?
Æsch. No.
San. I fear'd you would.
Æsch. She's a free-woman, and should *not* be sold;

And

And, as such [24], by due course of law I claim her.
Now then consider which you like the best,
To take the money, or maintain your action.
Think on this, pimp, till I come back again. [*Exit* [25].

SCENE II.

SANNIO *alone.*

Oh Jupiter! I do not wonder now
That men run mad with injuries. He drags me
Out of my own house; cudgels me most soundly;
And carries off my slave against my will:
And after this ill-treatment, he demands
The Musick-Girl to be made over to him,
At the same price I bought her.---He has pour'd
His blows upon me, thick as hail; for which,
Since he deserves so nobly at my hands,
He should no doubt be gratified.---Nay, nay,
Let me but touch the cash, I'm still content.
But this I guess will be the case: as soon
As I shall have agreed to take his price,
He'll produce witnesses immediately
To prove that I have sold her.---And the money
Will be mere moon-shine.---"By-and-by."---"To-morrow."
—Yet I could bear that too, tho' much wrong,
Might I but get the money after all:
For thus it is, friend Sannio; when a man
Has taken up this trade, he must receive,
And pocket the affronts of young gallants.
—But nobody will pay me, and I draw
Conclusions to no purpose.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Syrus.

Syrus to Æsch. within.] Say no more!
Let me alone to talk with him! I warrant
I'll make him take the money; ay, and own
That he's well treated too.
[*Coming forward.*] Why how now, Sannio?
What's the dispute I overheard just now
'Twixt you and my young master?
San. Never, sure,
Was a dispute conducted more unfairly,
Than that between us two to-day! Poor I
With being drubb'd, and he with drubbing me,
Till we were both quite weary.
Syrus. All your fault.
San. What could I do?
Syrus. Give a young man his way.
San. What could I give him more, who gave my face?
Syrus. Nay but conceive my meaning, Sannio!
To seem upon occasion to slight money,
Proves in the end, sometimes, the greatest gain.
Why prithee, blockhead, could you be afraid,
Had you abated somewhat of your right,
And humour'd the young gentleman, he would not
Have paid you back again with interest?
San. I never purchase hope with ready money.
Syrus. Away! you'll never thrive. You do not know
How to ensnare men, Sannio.
San. Well, perhaps,
Your way were best: yet I was ne'er so crafty
But I had rather, when 'twas in my power,

Receive

Receive prompt payment.

Syrus. Pshaw! I know your spirit:
As if you valued twenty minæ now,
So you might do a kindness to my master!
—Besides, they say you're setting out for Cyprus.
[*carelessly.*

San. Ha! [*alarmed.*

Syrus.—And have purchas'd a large stock of goods
To carry over thither. Hir'd a vessel;
That 'tis, I know, which keeps you in suspence:
When you return, I hope, you'll settle this.

San. I shall not budge a foot.—Undone, by heav'n!
Urg'd by these hopes they've undertaken this. [*aside.*

Syrus. He fears. I hinted Cyprus. There's the rub.
[*aside.*

San. to himself.] Confusion! they have nick'd me to a hair![26]
I've bought up sev'ral slaves, and other wares,
For exportation; and to miss my time
At Cyprus-fair[27] would be a heavy loss.
Then if I leave this business broken thus,
All's over with me; and at my return
'Twill come to nothing, grown quite cold and stale.
"—What! come at last?—Why did you stay so long?
"Where have you been?"—that it were better lose it,
Than wait for it so long, or sue for't then.

Syrus, coming up to him.] Well, have you calculated what's your due?

San. Monstrous oppression! Is this honourable,
Or just in Æschinus, to take away
My property by force?

Syrus. So, so, he comes. [*aside.*

—I have

---I have but one word more to say to you.
See, how you like it.---Rather, Sannio,
Than run the risk to get or lose the whole,
E'en halve the matter: and he shall contrive
To scrape together by some means ten minæ.[29]

San. Alas! alas! am I in danger then
Of losing ev'n my very principal?
Shame on him! he has loosen'd all my teeth:
My head is swell'd all over like a mushroom:
And will he cheat me too?---I'm going no where.

Syrus. Just as you please.---Have you aught else to say,
Before I go?

San. Yes, one word, prithee, Syrus!
However things have happen'd, rather than
I should be driven to commence a suit,
Let him return me my bare due at least;
The sum she cost me, Syrus.---I'm convinc'd
You've had no tokens of my friendship yet;
But you shall find I will not be ungrateful.

Syrus. I'll do my best. But I see Ctesipho.
He is rejoic'd about his mistress.

San. Say,
Will you remember me?

Syrus. Hold, hold a little!

[Syrus *and* Sannio *retire.*

SCENE IV.

Enter CTESIPHO *at another part of the stage.*

Ctes. Favours are welcome in the hour of need
From any hand; but doubly welcome, when
Conferr'd

Conferr'd by those, from whom we most expect them.
O brother, brother, how shall I applaud thee?
Ne'er can I rise to such a height of praise
But your deservings will out-top me still:
For in this point I am supremely blest,
That none can boast so excellent a brother,
So rich in all good qualities, as I.

Syrus, coming forward.] O Ctesipho!

Ctes. turning round.] O Syrus! where's my brother?

Syrus. At home, where he expects you.

Ctes. Ha! [*joyfully.*

Syrus. What now?

Ctes. What now!---By his assistance I live, Syrus.
Ah, he's a friend indeed! who disregarding
All his own interests for my advantage,
The scandal, infamy, intrigue, and blame,
All due to me, has drawn upon himself!
What could exceed it?---But who's there?---The door
Creaks on the hinges. [*offering to go.*

Syrus. Hold! 'tis Æschinus.

SCENE V.

Enter ÆSCHINUS.

Æsch. Where is that rascal?[30]

San. behind.] He enquires for me;
Has he brought out the cash with him?---Confusion!
I see none.

Æsch. to Ctesipho.] Ha! well met: I long'd to see you.
How is it, Ctesipho? All's safe. Away
With melancholy!

Ctes.

Ctes. Melancholy! I
Be melancholy, who have such a brother?
Oh my dear Æschinus! thou best of brothers,
---Ah, I'm asham'd to praise you to your face,
Lest it appear to come from flattery,
Rather than gratitude.

Æsch. Away, you fool!
As if we did not know each other, Ctesipho.
It only grieves me, we so lately knew this,
When things were almost come to such a pass,
That all the world, had they desir'd to do it,
Could not assist you.

Ctes. 'Twas my modesty.

Æsch. Pshaw! it was folly, and not modesty.
For such a trifle, almost [31] fly your country?
Heaven forbid it!---fie, fie, Ctesipho!

Ctes. I've been to blame.

Æsch. Well, what says Sannio?

Syrus. He's pacified at last.

Æsch. I'll to the Forum,
And pay him off.---You, Ctesipho, go in
To the poor girl.

San. Now urge the matter, Syrus! [*apart to* Syrus.

Syrus. Let's go; for Sannio wants to be at Cyprus. [32]

San. Not in such haste; tho' truly I've no cause
To loiter here.

Syrus. You shall be paid: ne'er fear!

San. But all?

Syrus. Yes, all: so hold your tongue, and follow.

San. I will. [*Exit after* Æschinus---Syrus *going.*

Ctes. Hist! hark ye, Syrus!

Syrus, turning back.] Well, what now?

Ctes.

Ctes. For heaven's sake discharge that scurvy fellow
Immediately; for fear, if further urg'd,
This tale should reach my father's ears: and then
I am undone for ever.
Syrus. It sha'n't be.
Be of good courage! meanwhile, get you in,
And entertain yourself with her; and order
The couches to be spread, and all prepar'd:
For, these preliminaries once dispatch'd,
I shall march homewards with provisions.
Ctes. Do!
And since this business has turn'd out so well,
Let's spend the day in mirth and jollity!

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SOSTRATA, CANTHARA.

Sos. PRITHEE, good nurse, how will it go with her?
Can. How go with her? Why well, I warrant you.
Sos. Her pains begin to come upon her, nurse.
Can. You're as much frighten'd at your time of day,
As if you ne'er was present at a labour,
Or never had been brought to-bed yourself.
Sos. Alas, I've no soul here: we're all alone.
Geta is absent; nor is there a creature
To fetch a midwife, or call Æschinus.

Can.

Can. He'll be here presently, I promise you:
For he, good man, ne'er lets a single day
Go by, but he is sure to visit us.

Sos. He is my only comfort in my sorrows.

Can. Troth, as the case stands, madam, circumstances
Could not have happen'd better than they have:
And since your daughter suffer'd violence,
'Twas well she met with such a man as this;
A man of honour, rank, and family.

Sos. He is, indeed, a worthy gentleman:
The Gods preserve him to us!

SCENE II.

Enter GETA *hastily at another part of the stage.*

Geta. We are now
So absolutely lost, that all the world
Joining in consultation to apply
Relief to the misfortune, that has fallen
On me, my mistress, and her daughter, all
Would not avail.—Ah me! so many troubles
Environ us at once, we sink beneath them.
Rape, poverty, oppression, solitude,
And infamy! oh, what an age is this!
O wicked, oh vile race!---oh impious man!

Sos. to Can.] Ah, why should Geta seem thus terrified,
And agitated?

Geta, to himself.] Wretch! whom neither honour,
Nor oaths, nor pity could controul or move!
Nor her approaching labour; her, on whom
He shamefully committed violation!

Sos. I don't well understand him.

Can.

Can. Prithee then
Let us draw nearer, Sostrata!
Geta, to himself.] Alas,
I'm scarcely in my perfect mind, I burn
With such fierce anger!----Oh, that I had all
That villain-family before me now,
That I might vent my indignation on them,
While yet it boils within me.---There is nothing
'd not endure to be reveng'd on them.
First, I'd tread out the stinking snuff his father,
Who gave the monster being. And then, Syrus,
Who urg'd him to it,---how I'd tear him!---First,
I'd seize him round the waist, and lift him high,
Then dash his head against the ground, and strew
The pavement with his brains. For Æschinus,
I'd tear his eyes out, and then tumble him
Headforemost down some precipice. The rest
I'd rush on, drag, crush, trample underfoot.----
But why do I delay to tell my mistress
These heavy news as soon as possible? [*going.*
Sos. Let's call him back.---Ho, Geta!
Geta. Whosoe'er
You are, excuse me [33].
Sos. I am Sostrata.
Geta. Where, where is Sostrata? [*turns about.*] I sought you, madam;
Impatiently I sought you: and am glad
To have encounter'd you thus readily.
Sos. What is the matter? why d'ye tremble thus?
Geta. Alas!
Sos. Take breath!—But why thus mov'd, good Geta?
Geta. We're quite———

Sos.

Sos. Quite what?
Geta. Undone: we're ruin'd, madam.
Sos. Explain, for heaven's sake!
Geta. Ev'n now——
Sos. What now?
Geta. Æschinus——
Sos. What of Æschinus?
Geta. Has quite
Estrang'd himself from all our family.
Sos. How's that? confusion! why?
Geta. He loves another.
Sos. Wretch that I am!
Geta. Nor that clandestinely;
But snatch'd her in the face of all the world
From a procurer.
Sos. Are you sure of this?
Geta. Sure? With these very eyes I saw it, madam.
Sos. Alas, alas! What then can we believe?
To whom give credit?---What? our Æschinus![34]
Our very life, our sole support, and hope!
Who swore he could not live one day without her,
And promis'd he would place the new-born babe
Upon his father's lap[35], and in that way
Wring from him his consent to marry her!
Geta. Nay, weep not, mistress; but consider rather
What course were best to follow: to conceal
This wrong, or to disclose it to some friend?
Can. Disclose it! Are you mad? Is this a thing
To be disclos'd, d'ye think?
Geta. I'd not advise it.
For first, that he has quite abandon'd us,
The thing itself declares. If we then make

The story known, no doubt but he'll deny it.
Your reputation, and your daughter's life
Will be endanger'd: or if he confess,
Since he affects another, 'twere not good
That he should wed your daughter.—For which reasons,
Silence is requisite.

Sos. Ah, no: not I.

Geta. What mean you?

Sos. To disclose the whole.

Geta. How, madam!
Think what you are about.

Sos. Whatever happens,
The thing can't be in a worse state than now.
In the first place, my daughter has no portion,
And that which should have been her second dowry,
Is also lost; and she can ne'er be giv'n
In marriage as a virgin. For the rest,
If he denies his former commerce with her,
I have the ring he lost, to vouch the fact.
In short, since I am conscious to myself,
That I am not to blame in this proceeding,
And that no sordid love of gain, nor aught,
Unworthy of my daughter or myself,
Has mixt in this affair, I'll try it, Geta.

Geta. Well, I agree, 'twere better to disclose it[36].

Sos. You then away, as fast as possible,
And run to Hegio our good friend and kinsman,
To let him know the whole affair: for he
Was the chief friend of my dear Simulus,
And ever shew'd much tenderness for us.

Geta. And well he does, for no one else regards us.

Sos. And you, good Canthara, away with haste,

And call a midwife; that we may be sure
Of her assistance in the time of need.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.

DEMEA.

Dem. Confusion! I have heard that Ctesipho
Was present with his brother at this riot.
This is the sum of all my miseries,
If he, even he, a sober, hopeful, lad,
May be seduc'd into debaucheries.
—But where shall I enquire for him? I warrant
They have decoy'd him into some vile brothel.
That profligate persuaded him, I'm sure.
—But here comes Syrus.---I shall know from him
What is become of Ctesipho.---And yet
This rascal's of the gang; and if he once
Perceives that I'm enquiring after him,
He'll never tell; a villain!---I'll take care
To cover my design.

SCENE IV.

Enter SYRUS *at another part of the stage.*

Syrus, to himself.] We've just disclos'd
The whole of this affair to Micio,
Exactly as it happen'd. I ne'er saw
The good old gentleman more pleas'd.

Dem. Oh heav'n,
The folly of the man! [*listening.*

Syrus,

Syrus, to himself.] He prais'd his son;
Me, who concerted the whole scheme, he thank'd.
Dem. I burst with rage. [*listening.*
Syrus, to himself.] He told the money down
Immediately, and threw us in beside,
To make an entertainment, a half-mina:
Which I've laid out according to my liking.
Dem. So! If you'd have your business well discharg'd,
Commit it to this fellow!
Syrus, overhearing.] Who's there? Demea!
I did not see you, sir. How goes it?
Dem. How?
I can't sufficiently admire your conduct.
Syrus, negligently.] Silly enough, to say the truth, and idle---
To servants within.] Here! hark ye, Dromo! see you gut and scale
The other fish immediately: but let
That large eel play a little in the water.
When I return, it shall be bon'd; till then
It must not be.
Dem. Are crimes like these——
Syrus, to Demea.] Indeed
I like them not, and oft cry shame upon them.
---*To servants within.*] See that those salt-fish are well soak'd, Stephanio!
Dem. Gods, is this done on purpose? Does he think
'Tis laudable to spoil his son? Alas!
I think I see the day, when Æschinus
Shall fly for want, and list himself a soldier.
Syrus. O Demea! That is to be wise: To see

Not that alone which lies before your feet,
But ev'n to pry into futurity.

Dem. What? is the musick-girl at your house?

Syrus. Ay,
Madam's within.

Dem. What! and is Æschinus
To keep her at home with him?

Syrus. I believe so;
Such is their madness.

Dem. Is it possible?

Syrus. A fond, and foolish father!

Dem. I'm asham'd
To own my brother. I'm griev'd for him.

Syrus. Ah!
There is a deal of difference, Demea,
---Nor is't, because you're present, that I say this——
There is a mighty difference between you!
You are, from top to toe, all over wisdom:
He, a mere dotard.---Would you e'er permit
Your boy to do such things?

Dem. Permit him? I?
Or should I not much rather smell him out
Six months before he did but dream of it?

Syrus. Pshaw! do you boast your vigilance to *me*?

Dem. Heav'n keep him ever, as he is at present!

Syrus. As fathers form their children, so they prove.

Dem. But, prithee, have you seen the lad to-day?
[*with an affected carelessness.*

Syrus. Your son, d'ye mean?---I'll drive him out of
town. [*aside.*
He's hard at work upon your grounds by this time.
[*to* Demea.

Dem.

Dem. Ay? Are you sure he's gone into the country?
Syrus. Sure? I set out with him myself.
Dem. Good! good!
I was afraid he loiter'd here. [*aside.*
Syrus. And much
Enrag'd, I promise you.
Dem. On what account?
Syrus. A quarrel with his brother at the Forum,
About the musick-girl.
Dem. Indeed?
Syrus. Ay, faith:
He did not mince the matter: he spoke out.
For as the cash was telling down, in pops,
All unexpected, master Ctesipho:
Cries out,---"Oh Æschinus, are these your courses?
"These your persuits? enormities like these?
"Oh shame! oh scandal to our family!"
Dem. Oh, ho, I weep for joy.
Syrus. ———"You squander not
"The money only, but your life, your honour."
Dem. Heav'n bless him! He is like his ancestors.
[*weeping.*
Syrus. Father's own son, I warrant him.
Dem. Oh, Syrus!
He's full of all those precepts, he!
Syrus. No doubt on't:
He need not go from home for good instruction.
Dem. I spare no pains; neglect no means: I train him.
—In short I bid him look into the lives
Of all, as in a mirror, and thence draw

From others an example for himself.
--- "Do this."
Syrus. Good!
Dem. "Fly that."
Syrus. Very good!
Dem. "This deed
"Is highly commendable."
Syrus. That's the thing!
Dem. "That's reprehensible."
Syrus. Most excellent!
Dem. "And then moreover———"
Syrus. Faith, I have not time
To give you further audience just at present.
I've got an admirable dish of fish;
And I must take good care they are not spoilt.
For that were an offence as grievous, Demea,
In us, as 'twere in you to leave undone'
The things you just now mention'd: and I try,
According to my weak abilities,
To teach my fellow-slaves the self-same way.
—"This is too salt.---This is burnt-up too much.
---"That is not nice and cleanly.---That's well done.
"Mind and do so again."---I spare no pains,
And give them the best precepts that I can.
In short, I bid them look into the dishes,
As in a mirror, Demea, and thence learn
The duty of a cook.---This school of our's,
I own, is idle: but what *can* you do?
According to the man must be the lesson.
---Would you aught else with us?
Dem. Your reformation.
Syrus. Do you go hence into the country?

Dem.

Dem. Straight.

Syrus. For what should you do here, where nobody,
However good your precepts, cares to mind them ?

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

DEMEA *alone.*

I then will hence, since he, on whose account
I hither came, is gone into the country.
He is my only care, *he*'s my concern.
My brother, since he needs will have it so,
May look to Æschinus himself.——But who
Is coming yonder? Hegio, of our tribe?[37]
If I see plainly, beyond doubt 'tis he.
Ah, we've been old acquaintance quite from boys;
And such men now-a-days are wondrous scarce.
A citizen of antient faith and virtue!
The commonwealth will ne'er reap harm from him.
How I rejoice to see but the remains
Of this old stock! Ah, life's a pleasure now.
I'll wait, that I may ask about his health,
And have a little conversation with him.

SCENE VI.

Enter HEGIO *and* GETA *conversing at a distance.*

Hegio. Good heav'n! a most unworthy action, Geta!
Can it be true?

Geta. Ev'n so.

Hegio. A deed so base

Sprung

Sprung from that family?---Oh Æschinus,
This was not acting like your father.
Demea, behind.] So!
He has just heard about this musick-girl,
And is affected at it, tho' a stranger,
While his good father truly thinks it nothing.
Oh monstrous! wou'd that he were somewhere nigh,
And heard all this!
Hegio. Unless they do you justice,
They shall not carry off the matter thus.
Geta. Our only hope is in you, Hegio.
You're our sole friend, our guardian, and our father.
On his death-bed, the good old Simulus
Bequeath'd us to your care. If *you* desert us,
We are undone indeed.
Hegio. Ah, name it not!
I will not, and, with honesty, I cannot.
Dem. I will accost him.—Save you, Hegio!
Hegio. The man I look'd for.---Save you, Demea!
Dem. Your pleasure?
Hegio. Æschinus, your elder son,
Your brother's by adoption, has committed
A deed unworthy of an honest man,
And of a gentleman.
Dem. How so?
Hegio. You knew
Our friend and good acquaintance, Simulus?
Dem. Ay, sure.
Hegio. He has debauch'd his daughter.
Dem. How!
Hegio. Hold, Demea; for the worst is still to come.
Dem. Is there aught worse?

Hegio.

Hegio. Much worse: for this perhaps
Might be excus'd. The night, love, wine, and youth,
Might prompt him. 'Tis the frailty of our nature.
—Soon as his sense returning made him conscious
Of his rash outrage, of his own accord
He came to the girl's mother, weeping, praying,
Entreating, vowing constancy, and swearing
That he would take her home.---He was forgiven;
The thing conceal'd; and his vows credited.
The girl from that encounter prov'd with child:
This is the tenth month[38].---He, good gentleman,
Has got a musick-girl, heav'n bless the mark!
With whom he means to live, and quit the other.
Dem. And are you well assur'd of this?
Hegio. The mother,
The girl, the fact itself, are all before you,
Joining to vouch the truth on't. And besides,
This Geta here--- as servants go, no bad one,
Nor given up to idleness---maintains them;
The sole support of all the family.
Here take him, bind him, force the truth from him.
Geta. Ay, torture me, if 'tis not so, good Demea!
Nay, Æschinus, I'm sure, will not deny it.
Bring me before him.
Dem. aside.] I'm asham'd: and what
To do, or what to say to him, I know not.
Pamphila, within.] Ah me![39] I'm torn in pieces!---
Racking pains!
Juno Lucina, help me! save, I pray thee!
Hegio. Ha! Is she then in labour, Geta?
Geta. Yes, sir.

Hegio.

Hegio. Hark! she now calls upon your justice, Demea.
Grant her then freely, what law else will claim.
And heaven send, that you may rather do
What honour bids! But if you mean it not,
Be sure of this; that with my utmost force
I'll vindicate the girl, and her dead father.
He was my kinsman[40]: we were bred together
From children; and our fortunes twin'd together
In war, and peace, and bitter poverty.
Wherefore I'll try, endeavour, strive, nay lose
My life itself, before I will forsake them.
—What is your answer?

Dem. I'll find out my brother:
What he advises, I will follow, Hegio.[41]

Hegio. But still remember, Demea, that the more
You live at ease; the more your pow'r, your wealth,
Your riches, and nobility; the more
It is your duty to act honourably,
If you regard the name of honest men.

Dem. Go to: we'll do you justice.

Hegio. 'Twill become you.
Geta, conduct me in to Sostrata. [*Exit with* Geta.

SCENE VII.

DEMEA, *alone.*

This is no more than I foretold: and well
If his intemperance would stop *here!*—But this
Immoderate indulgence must produce

Some

Some terrible misfortune in the end.
—I'll hence, find out my brother, tell my news,
And empty all my indignation on him. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.[42]

Re-enter HEGIO, *speaking to* Sostrata *at the Door.*

Be of good cheer, my Sostrata; and comfort,
As much as in your pow'r, poor Pamphila!
I'll find out Micio, if he's at the Forum,
And tell him the whole story: if he'll act
With honour in it, why 'tis well; if not,
Let him but speak his mind to me, and then
I shall know how to act accordingly. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

CTESIPHO, SYRUS.

Ctes. My father gone into the country, say you?
Syrus. Long since.
Ctes. Nay; speak the truth!
Syrus. He's at his farm,
And hard at work, I warrant you.
Ctes. I wish,
So that his health were not the worse for it,
He might so heartily fatigue himself,
As to be forc'd to keep his bed these three days!
Syrus. I wish so too; and more, if possible.

Ctes.

Ctes. With all my heart: for I wou'd fain consume,
As I've begun, the live-long day in pleasure.
Nor do I hate that farm of ours so much
For any thing, as that it is so near:
For if 'twas at a greater distance, night
Would come upon him, ere he could return
But now, not finding me, I'm very sure
He'll hobble back again immediately;
Question me where I've been, that I've not seen him
All the day long: and what shall I reply?

Syrus. What? can you think of nothing?

Ctes. No, not I.

Syrus. So much the worse.---Have you no client, friend,
Or guest?

Ctes. I have. What then?

Syrus. You've been engag'd
With them.

Ctes. When not engag'd? It cannot be.

Syrus. It may.

Ctes. Ay marry, for the day I grant you:
But if I pass the night here, what excuse
Then, Syrus?

Syrus. Ah! I wou'd it were the custom
To be engag'd at night too with one's friends!
—But be at ease! I know his mind so well,
That when he raves the loudest, I can make him
As gentle as a lamb.

Ctes. How so?

Syrus. He loves
To hear you prais'd. I sing your praises to him,
And make you out a little god.

Ctes.

Ctes. Me!

Syrus. You.

And then the old man blubbers like a child,
For very joy.---But have a care! [*looking out.*

Ctes. What now?

Syrus. The wolf i'th' fable! [43]

Ctes. What, my father?

Syrus. He.

Ctes. What's the best, Syrus?

Syrus. In! fly! I'll take care.

Ctes. You have not seen me, if he asks: d'ye hear?

Syrus. Can't you be quiet? [*pushes out* Ctesipho.

SCENE II.

Enter DÈMEA *at another part of the Stage.*

Dem. Verily, I am
A most unhappy man! for, first of all,
I cannot find my brother any where:
And then besides, in looking after him,
I chanc'd on one of my day-labourers [44],
Who had but newly left my farm, and told me
Ctesipho was not there. What shall I do?

Ctesipho, peeping out.] Syrus! } *apart.*

Syrus. What?

Ctes. Does he seek me?

Syrus. Yes.

Ctes. Undone!

Syrus. Courage!

Demea, to himself.] Plague on it, what ill luck is this!

I can't

I can't account for it: but I believe
That I was born for nothing but misfortunes.
I am the first who feels our woes; the first
Who knows of them; the first who tells the news;
And come what may, I bear the weight alone.
Syrus, behind.] Ridiculous! he says he knows all first;
And he alone is ignorant of all.
Dem. I'm now return'd to see if Micio
Be yet come home again.
Ctes. peeping out.] Take care, good Syrus,
He don't rush in upon us unawares!
Syrus. Peace! I'll take care.
Ctes. 'Faith, I'll not trust to you,
But shut myself and her in some bye place
Together: that's the safest.
Syrus. Well, away! [Ctesipho *disappears.*
I'll drive the old man hence, I warrant you.
Dem. seeing Syrus.] But see that rascal Syrus coming hither!
Syrus, advancing hastily, and pretending not to see.
Demea.] By Hercules, there is no living here,
For any one, at this rate.---I'd fain know
How many masters I'm to have.---Oh monstrous!
Dem. What does he howl for? what's the meaning on't?
Hark ye, my good sir! prithee tell me, if
My brother is at home.
Syrus. My good sir! Plague!
Why do you come with your *good sirs* to me?
I'm half kill'd.
Dem. What's the matter?
Syrus. What's the matter!

apart.

Ctesipho

Ctesipho, vengeance on him, fell upon me,
And cudgel'd me and the poor Musick-Girl
Almost to death.
Dem. Indeed?
Syrus. Indeed. Nay see
How he has cut my lip! [*pretending to shew it.*
Dem. On what account?
Syrus. The girl, he says, was bought by my advice.
Dem. Did not you say you saw him out of town
A little while ago?
Syrus. And so I did.
But he came back soon after, like a madman.
He had no mercy.---Was not he asham'd
To beat a poor old fellow? to beatme;
Who bore him in my arms but t'other day,
An urchin thus high? [*shewing.*
Dem. Oh rare, Ctesipho!
Father's own son! A man, I warrant him.
Syrus. Oh rare, d'ye cry? I'faith if he is wise,
He'll hold his hands another time.
Dem. Oh brave!
Syrus. Oh mighty brave, indeed!---Because he beat
A helpless girl, and me a wretched slave,
Who durst not strike again;—oh, to be sure,
Mighty brave truly!
Dem. Oh, most exquisite!
My Ctesipho perceiv'd as well as I,
That you were the contriver of this business.
—But is my brother here?
Syrus. Not he. [*sulkily.*
Dem. I'm thinking
Where I shall seek him.

Syrus. I know where he is:
But I'll not tell.

Dem. How, sirrah?

Syrus. Even so.

Dem. I'll break your head.

Syrus. I cannot tell the name
Of him he's gone to, but I know the place.

Dem. Well, where's the place?

Syrus. D'ye know the Portico
Just by the market, down this way? [*pointing.*

Dem. I do.

Syrus. Go straight along that street: and at the end
You'll see a hill; go straight down that: and then
On this hand, there's a chapel; and just by
A narrow lane. [*pointing.*

Dem. Where? [*looking.*

Syrus. There; by the great wild fig-tree.
D'ye know it, sir?

Dem. I do.

Syrus. Go through that lane.

Dem. That lane's no thoroughfare.

Syrus. Ay, very true:
No more it is, sir.---What a fool I am!
I was mistaken.---You must go quite back
Into the Portico; and after all,
This is the nearest and the safest way.
---D'ye know Cratinus' house? the rich man?

Dem. Ay.

Syrus. When you've pass'd that, turn short upon the left[44]:
Keep straight along that street, and when you reach
Diana's Temple, turn upon the right:

And

And then, on this side of the city-gate,
Just by the pond[45], there is a baker's shop,
And opposite a joiner's.---There he is.
Dem. What business has he there?
Syrus. He has bespoke
Some tables to be made of oaken legs[46],
To stand the sun.
Dem. For you to drink upon.
Oh brave!------But I lose time. I'll after him.
[*Exit hastily.*

SCENE III.

SYRUS *alone.*

Ay! go your ways! I'll work your old shrunk shanks
As you deserve, old drybones!---Æschinus
Loiters intolerably. Dinner's spoil'd[47].
Ctesipho thinks of nothing but his girl.
'Tis time for me to look to myself too.
Faith, then I'll in immediately; pick out
All the tid-bits, and tossing off my cups,
In lazy leisure lengthen out the day. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter MICIO *and* HEGIO.

Micio. I can see nothing in this matter, Hegio,
Wherein I merit so much commendation.
'Tis but my duty, to redress the wrongs,
That we have caus'd: unless perhaps you took me
For one of those, who, having injur'd you,
Term fair expostulation an affront;

And having first offended, are the first
To turn accusers.---I've not acted thus;
And is't for this that I am thank'd?

Hegio. Ah, no;
I never thought you other than you are.
But let me beg you, Micio, go with me
To the young woman's mother, and repeat
Yourself to her what you have just told me:
---That the suspicion, fall'n on Æschinus,
Sprung from his brother and the Musick-girl.

Micio. If you believe I ought, or think it needful,
Let's go!

Hegio. 'Tis very kind in you: for thus
You'll raise her spirit drooping with the load
Of grief and misery, and have perform'd
Ev'ry good office of benevolence.
But if you like it not, I'll go myself,
And tell her the whole story.

Micio. No, I'll go.

Hegio. 'Tis good and tender in your nature, Micio.
For they, whose fortunes are less prosperous,[48]
Are all, I know not how, the more suspicious;
And think themselves neglected and contemn'd,
Because of their distress and poverty.
Wherefore I think 'twould satisfy them more,
If you would clear up this affair yourself.

Micio. What you have said is just, and very true.

Hegio. Let me conduct you in!

Micio. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Æschinus alone.

Oh torture to my mind! that this misfortune
Should come thus unexpectedly upon me!
I know not what to do, which way to turn.
Fear shakes my limbs, amazement fills my soul,
And in my breast despair shuts out all counsel.
Ah, by what means can I acquit myself?
Such a suspicion is now fallen on me;
And that so grounded on appearances.
Sostrata thinks that on my own account
I bought the Musick-girl. That's plain enough
From the old nurse. For, meeting her by chance,
As she was sent from hence to call a midwife,
I ran, and ask'd her of my Pamphila.
—"Is she in labour? are you going now
"To call a midwife?"—"Go, go, Æschinus!
"Away, you have deceiv'd us long enough,
"Fool'd us enough with your fine promises,"
Cried she.---"What now?" says I.---"Farewell, enjoy
"The girl that you're so taken with!"---I saw
Immediately their cause of jealousy:
Yet I contain'd myself, nor would disclose
My brother's business to a tattling gossip,
By whom the knowledge on't might be betray'd.
---But what shall I do now? shall I confess
The girl to be my brother's; an affair
Which should by no means be reveal'd?---But not
To dwell on that.---Perhaps they'd not disclose it:
Nay I much doubt if they would credit it:

So many proofs concur against myself.---
I bore her off; I paid the money down;
She was brought home to me.---All this, I own,
Is my own fault. For should I not have told
My father, be it as it might, the whole?
I should, I doubt not, have obtain'd his leave
To marry Pamphila.---What indolence,
Ev'n till this hour! Now, Æschinus, awake!
—But first I'll go, and clear myself to them.
I'll to the door. [*goes up.*]---Confusion! how I tremble!
How guilty-like I seem, when I approach
This house! [*Knocks.*] Hola! within! 'Tis I;
'Tis Æschinus. Come, open somebody
The door immediately!---Who's here? A stranger!
I'll step aside. [*Retires.*

SCENE VI.

Enter MICIO.

Micio, to Sostrata within.] Do as I've told you, Sostrata.
I'll find out Æschinus, and tell him all.
---But who knock'd at the door? [*coming forward.*
Æsch. behind.] By heav'n! my father!
Confusion!
Micio, seeing him.] Æschinus!
Æsch. What does *he* here? [*aside.*
Micio. Was't you that knock'd?---What, not a word! Suppose
I banter him a little. He deserves it,
For never trusting this affair to me. [*aside.*
—Why don't you speak?

Æsch.

Æsch. Not I, as I remember. [*disorder'd.*

Micio. No, I dare say, not you: for I was wond'ring
What business could have brought you here.——He blushes.
All's safe, I find. [*aside.*

Æsch. recovering.] But prithee, tell me, sir,
What brought *you* here?

Micio. No business of my own.
But a friend drew me hither from the Forum,
To be his advocate.

Æsch. In what?

Micio. I'll tell you.
This house is tenanted by some poor women,
Whom, I believe, you know not;---nay, I'm sure on't;
For 'twas but lately they came over hither.

Æsch. Well?

Micio. A young woman and her mother.

Æsch. Well?

Micio. The father's dead---This friend of mine, it seems,
Being her next relation, by the law
Is forc'd to marry her [49].

Æsch. Confusion! [*aside.*

Micio. How?

Æsch. Nothing.---Well?---pray go on, sir!—

Micio. He's now come
To take her home, for he is of Miletus [50].

Æsch. How! take her home with him?

Micio. Yes, take her home.

Æsch. What! to Miletus?

Micio. Ay.

Æsch. Oh torture! [*aside.*]---Well,

What say the women ?

Micio. Why, what *should* they? Nothing.
Indeed the mother has devis'd a tale
About her daughter's having had a child
By some one else, but never mentions whom:
His claim, she says, is prior; and my friend
Ought not to have her.

Æsch. Well, and did not this
Seem a sufficient reason ?

Micio. No.

Æsch. No, sir?
And shall this next relation take her off?

Micio. Ay, to be sure: why not ?

Æsch. Oh barbarous, cruel !
And---to speak plainly, sir,---ungenerous !

Micio. Why so ?

Æsch. Why so, sir !---What d'ye think
Will come of him, the poor unhappy youth,
Who was connected with her first ;---who still
Loves her, perhaps, as dearly as his life ;—
When he shall see her torn out of his arms,
And borne away for ever ?—Oh shame, shame !

Micio. Where is the shame on't ?---Who betroth'd,
who gave her[51]?
When was she married? and to whom ? Where is he,
And wherefore did he wed another's right ?

Æsch. Was it for her, a girl of such an age,
To sit at home, expecting till a kinsman
Came, nobody knows whence, to marry her ?
—This, sir, it was your business to have said,
And to have dwelt on it.

Micio. Ridiculous !

Should

Should I have pleaded against him, to whom
I came an advocate?---But after all,
What's this affair to us? or, what have we
To do with them? let's go!---Ha! why those tears?
Æsch. Father, beseech you, hear me!
Micio. Æschinus,
I have heard all, and I know all, already:
For I do love you; wherefore all your actions
Touch me the more.
Æsch. So may you ever love me,
And so may I deserve your love, my father,
As I am sorry to have done this fault,
And am asham'd to see you!
Micio. I believe it;
For well I know you have a liberal mind;
But I'm afraid you are too negligent.
For in what city do you think you live?
You have abus'd a virgin, whom the law
Forbad your touching.---'Twas a fault, a great one;
But yet a natural failing. Many others,
Some not bad men, have often done the same.
---But after this event, can you pretend
You took the least precaution? or consider'd
What should be done, or how?---If shame forbad
Your telling me yourself, you should have found
Some other means to let me know of it.
Lost in these doubts, ten months have slipt away.
You have betray'd, as far as in you lay,
Yourself, the poor young woman, and your child.
What! did you think the gods would bring about
This business in your sleep; and that your wife,
Without your stir, would be convey'd to you

Into your bed-chamber?---I would not have you
Thus negligent in other matters.——Come,
Cheer up, son! you shall wed her!
Æsch. How!
Micio. Cheer up,
I say!
Æsch. Nay, prithee, do not mock me, father!
Micio. Mock you? I? wherefore?[52]
Æsch. I don't know; unless
That I so much desire it may be true,
I therefore fear it more.
Micio. ---Away; go home;
And pray the gods, that you may call your wife
Away!
Æsch. How's that? my wife? what! now?
Micio. Now.
Æsch. Now?
Micio. Ev'n now, as soon as possible.
Æsch. May all
The gods desert me, sir, but I do love you,
More than my eyes!
Micio. Than her?
Æsch. As well.
Micio. That's much.
Æsch. But where is that Milesian?
Micio. Gone,
Vanish'd: on-board the ship.---But why d'ye loiter
Æsch. Ah, sir, you rather go, and pray the gods;
For, being a much better man than I,
They will the sooner hear your pray'rs.[53]
Micio. I'll in,
To see the needful preparations made.
You, if you're wise, do as I said. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

ÆSCHINUS *alone.*

How's this?
Is this to be a father? Or is this
To be a son?---Were he my friend or brother,
Could he be more complacent to my wish?
Should I not love him? bear him in my bosom?
Ah! his great kindness has so wrought upon me,
That it shall be the study of my life
To shun all follies[54], lest they give him pain.
But wherefore do I loiter here, and thus
Retard my marriage by my own delay? [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

DEMEA *alone.*

I've walk'd and walk'd till I'm quite tir'd with walking.
---Almighty Jove confound you, Syrus, I say;
You and your blind directions! I have crawl'd
All the town over: to the gate; the pond;
Where not? No sign of any shop was there,
Nor any person who had seen my brother.
---Now I'll in therefore and set up my rest
In his own house, till he comes home again. [*going.*

SCENE IV.

Enter MICIO.

Micio. I'll go and let the women know we're ready.
Dem. But here he is.---I have long sought you, Micio.

Micio.

Micio. What now?

Dem. I bring you more offences; great ones;
Of that sweet youth——

Micio. See there!

Dem. New; capital!

Micio. Nay, nay, no more!

Dem. Ah, you don't know——

Micio. I do.

Dem. O fool, you think I mean the Musick-girl.
This is a rape upon a citizen.

Micio. I know it.

Dem. How? d'ye know it, and endure it?

Micio. Why not endure it?

Dem. Tell me, don't you rave?
Don't you go mad?

Micio. No; to be sure I'd rather—

Dem. There's a child born.

Micio. Heav'n bless it!

Dem. And the girl
Has nothing.

Micio. I have heard so.

Dem. And is he
To marry her without a fortune?

Micio. Ay.

Dem. What's to be done then?

Micio. What the case requires.
The girl shall be brought over here.

Dem. Oh Jove!
Can that be proper?

Micio. What can I do else?

Dem. What can you do?---If you're not really griev'd,

It were at least your duty to appear so.

Micio. I have contracted the young woman to him:
The thing is settled: 'tis their wedding-day:
And all their apprehensions I've remov'd.
This is still more my duty.

Dem. Are you pleas'd then
With this adventure, Micio?

Micio. Not at all,
If I could help it: now 'tis past all cure,
I bear it patiently. The life of man
Is like a game at tables[53]. If the cast
Which is most necessary, be not thrown,
That, which chance sends, you must correct by art.

Dem. Oh rare *corrector!*—By your *art* no less
Than twenty minæ have been thrown away
On yonder Musick-wench; who, out of hand,
Must be sent packing; if no buyer, gratis.

Micio. Not in the least; nor do I mean to sell her[54].

Dem. What will you do then?

Micio. Keep her in my house.

Dem. Oh heav'n and earth! a harlot and a wife
In the same house?

Micio. Why not?

Dem. Have you your wits?

Micio. Truly I think so.

Dem. Now, so help me heaven,
Seeing your folly, I believe you keep her
To sing with you.

Micio. Why not?

Dem. And the young bride
Shall be her pupil?

Micio. To be sure.

Dem.

Dem. And you
Dance hand in hand with them ? [57]
Micio. Ay.
Dem. Ay ?
Micio. And you
Make one amongst us too upon occasion.
Dem. Ah ! are you not asham'd on't ?
Micio. Patience, Demea !
Lay by your wrath ; and seem, as it becomes you,
Cheerful and free of heart at your son's wedding.
—I'll go and warn the bride and Sostrata,
And then return to you immediately. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

DEMEA *alone.*

Jove, what a life ! what manners ! what distraction !
A bride just coming home without a portion ;
A Musick-girl already there in keeping ;
A house of waste ; the youth, a libertine ;
Th' old man, a dotard !---'Tis not in the pow'r
Of providence herself, howe'er desirous,
To save from ruin such a family.

SCENE XI.

Enter at a distance SYRUS *drunk.*

Syrus, to himself.] Faith, little Syrus, you've ta'en special care
Of your sweet self, and play'd your part most rarely !
---Well, go your ways :---but having had my fill

Of

Of ev'ry thing within, I've now march'd forth
To take a turn or two abroad.
Dem. behind.] Look there!
A pattern of instruction!
Syrus, seeing him.] But see there:
Yonder's old Demea. [*Going to him.*] What's the matter now?
And why so melancholy?
Dem. Oh thou villain!
Syrus. What! are you spouting sentences, old Wisdom?
Dem. Were you my servant———
Syrus. You'd be plaguy rich,
And settle your affairs most wonderfully.
Dem. I'd make you an example.
Syrus. Why? for what?
Dem. Why, sirrah?--In the midst of this disturbance,
And in the heat of a most heavy crime,
While all is yet confusion, you've got drunk,
As if for joy, you rascal!
Syrus. Why the plague
Did not I keep within? [*aside.*

SCENE XII.

Enter DROMO *hastily.*

Dromo. Here! hark ye, Syrus!
Ctesipho begs that you'd come back.
Syrus. Away! [*pushing him.*
Dem. What's this he says of Ctesipho?
Syrus. Pshaw! nothing.

Dem.

Dem. How, dog, is Ctesipho within?
Syrus. Not he.
Dem. Why does *he* name him then?
Syrus. It is another
Of the same name,---a little parasite---
D'ye know him?
Dem. But I will immediately. [*going.*
Syrus, stopping him.] What now? where now?
Dem. Let me alone. } *struggling.*
Syrus. Don't go! }
Dem. Hands off! What, won't you? must I brain you, rascal? [*disengages himself from* Syrus, *and exit.*

SCENE XIII.

SYRUS *alone.*

He's gone---gone in---and faith no welcome roarer---[59]
---Especially to Ctesipho.---But what
Can I do now; unless, till this blows over,
I sneak into some corner, and sleep off
This wine that lies upon my head?—I'll do't.
[*Exit reeling.*

SCENE XIV.

Enter MICIO *from* Sostrata.

Micio, to Sostrata within.] All is prepar'd: and we are ready, Sostrata,
As I've already told you, when you please.
[*Comes forward.*
But who's this forces open our street-door
With so much violence?[60]

Enter

Enter DEMEA *on the other side.*

Dem. Confusion! death!
What shall I do? or how resolve? where vent
My cries and exclamations?---heav'n! earth! sea!
Micio, behind.] So! all's discover'd: that's the thing
he raves at.
---Now for a quarrel!---I must help the boy [61].
Dem. seeing him.] Oh, there's the grand corrupter
of our children!
Micio. Appease your wrath, and be yourself again!
Dem. Well, I've appeas'd it; I'm myself again;
I spare reproaches; let us to the point!
It was agreed between us, and it was
Your own proposal too, that you should never
Concern yourself with Ctesipho, nor I
With Æschinus. Say, was't not so?
Micio. It was:
I don't deny it.
Dem. Why does Ctesipho
Revel with you then? Why do you receive him?
Buy him a mistress, Micio?---Is not justice
My due from you, as well as your's from me?
Since I do not concern myself with your's,
Meddle not you with mine!
Micio. This is not fair;
Indeed it is not. Think on the old saying,
"All things are common among friends."
Dem. How smart!
Put off with quips and sentences at last?
Micio. Nay, hear me, if you can have patience,
Demea.

—First,

—First, if you're griev'd at their extravagance,
Let this reflection calm you! Formerly,
You bred them both according to your fortune,
Supposing it sufficient for them both:
Then too you thought that I should take a wife.
Still follow the old rule you then laid down:
Hoard, scrape, and save; do every thing you can
To leave them nobly! Be that glory your's.
My fortune, fall'n beyond their hopes upon them,
Let them use freely! As your capital
Will not be wasted, what addition comes
From mine, consider as clear gain: and thus,
Weighing all this impartially, you'll spare
Yourself, and me, and them, a world of trouble.

Dem. Money is not the thing: their morals——

Micio. Hold!
I understand; and meant to speak of that.
There are in nature sundry marks,[62] good Demea,
By which you may conjecture of men's minds;
And when two persons do the self-same thing,
May oftentimes pronounce, that in the one
'Tis dangerous, in t'other 'tis not so:
Not that the thing itself is different,
But he who does it.—In these youths I see
The marks of virtue; and, I trust, they'll prove
Such as we wish them. They have sense, I know;
Attention; in its season, liberal shame;
And fondness for each other; all sure signs
Of an ingenuous mind and noble nature:
And tho' they stray, you may at any time
Reclaim them.—But perhaps you fear, they'll prove
Too inattentive to their interest.

Oh

Oh my dear Demea, in all matters else
Increase of years increases wisdom in us:
This only vice age brings along with it:
"We're all more worldly-minded, than there's need:"
Which passion age, that kills all passions else,
Will ripen in your sons too.
Dem. Have a care
That these fine arguments, and this great mildness,
Don't prove the ruin of us, Micio.
Micio. Peace!
It shall not be: away with all your fears!
This day be rul'd by me: come, smooth your brow.
Dem. Well, since at present things are so, I must;
But then I'll to the country with my son
To-morrow, at first peep of day.
Micio. At midnight,
So you'll but smile to-day.
Dem. And that wench too
I'll drag away with me.
Micio. Ay; there you've hit it.
For by those means you'll keep your son at home;
Do but secure her.
Dem. I'll see that: for there
I'll put her in the kitchen and the mill,
And make her full of ashes, smoak, and meal:
Nay at high noon too she shall gather stubble.
I'll burn her up, and make her black as coal.
Micio. Right! now you're wise.---And then I'd make my son
Go to bed to her, tho' against his will.
Dem. D'ye laugh at me? How happy in your temper!
I feel——

Micio. Ah! that again?
Dem. I've done.
Micio. In then!
And let us suit our humour to the time. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.[63]

DEMEA *alone.*

NEVER did man lay down so fair a plan,
So wise a rule of life, but fortune, age,
Or long experience made some change in it;
And taught him, that those things he thought he knew,
He did not know, and what he held as best,
In practice he threw by. The very thing
That happens to myself. For that hard life
Which I have ever led, my race near run,
Now in the last stage, I renounce: and why?
But that by dear experience I've been told,
There's nothing so advantages a man,
As mildness and complacency. Of this
My brother and myself are living proofs:
He always led an easy, cheerful life;
Good-humour'd, mild, offending nobody,
Smiling on all; a jovial bachelor,
His whole expences center'd in himself.
I, on the contrary, rough, rigid, cross,
Saving, morose, and thrifty, took a wife:
—What miseries did marriage bring!—had children;

—A new

—A new uneasiness!---And then besides,
Striving all ways to make a fortune for them,
I have worn out my prime of life and health:
And now, my course near finish'd, what return
Do I receive for all my toil? Their hate.
Meanwhile my brother, without any care,
Reaps all a father's comforts. Him they love,
Me they avoid: to him they open all
Their secret counsels; doat on him; and both
Repair to him; while I am quite forsaken.
His life they pray for, but expect my death.
Thus those, brought up by my exceeding labour,
He, at a small expence, has made his own:
The care all mine, and all the pleasure his.
—Well then, let me endeavour in my turn
To teach my tongue civility, to give
With open-handed generosity,
Since I am challeng'd to't!—and let *me* too
Obtain the love and reverence of my children!
And if 'tis bought by bounty and indulgence,
I will not be behind-hand.---Cash will fail:
What's that to me, who am the eldest-born?

SCENE II.

Enter SYRUS.

Syrus. Oh, sir! your brother has dispatch'd me to you
To beg you'd not go further off.

Dem. Who's there?———
What, honest Syrus![64] save you: how is't with you?
How goes it?

Syrus. Very well, sir.

Demea, aside.] Excellent!

Now for the first time I, against my nature,
Have added these three phrases, "Honest Syrus!
"How is't?---How goes it?"---[*To Syrus:*] You have prov'd yourself
A worthy servant: I'll reward you for it.

Syrus. I thank you, sir.

Dem. I will, I promise you;
And you shall be convinc'd on't very soon.

SCENE III.

Enter GETA.

Geta, to Sostrata within.] Madam, I'm going to look after them,
That they may call the bride immediately.
———But here is Demea. Save you!

Dem. Oh! your name?

Geta. Geta, sir.

Dem. Geta, I this day have found you
To be a fellow of uncommon worth:
For sure that servant's faith is well approv'd
Who holds his master's interest at heart,
As I perceiv'd that you did, Geta! Wherefore,
Soon as occasion offers, I'll reward you.
—I am endeavouring to be affable,
And not without success. [*aside.*

Geta. 'Tis kind in you
To think of your poor slave, sir.

Dem. aside.] First of all
I court the mob, and win them by degrees.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter ÆSCHINUS.

Æsch. They murder me with their delays; and while
They lavish all this pomp upon the nuptials,
They waste the live-long day in preparation.
Dem. How does my son?
Æsch. My father! Are you here?
Dem. Ay, by affection, and by blood your father,
Who love you better than my eyes.---But why
Do you not call the bride?
Æsch. 'Tis what I long for;
But wait the musick and the singers.
Dem. Pshaw!
Will you for once be rul'd by an old fellow?
Æsch. Well?
Dem. Ne'er mind singers, company, lights, musick[65];
But tell them to throw down the garden-wall,
As soon as possible. Convey the bride
That way, and lay both houses into one.
Bring too the mother, and whole family,
Over to us.
Æsch. I will. Oh charming father!
Dem. aside.] *Charming!* See there! He calls me *charming* now.
---My brother's house will be a thorough-fare;
Throng'd with whole crowds of people; much expence
Will follow; very much: what's that to me?
I am call'd *charming*, and get into favour.
---Ho! order Babylo immediately
To pay him twenty minæ[66].---Prithee, Syrus,

Why don't you execute your orders?

Syrus. What?

Dem. Down with the wall!---[*Exit* Syrus.]---You, Geta, go, and bring
The ladies over.

Geta. Heaven bless you, Demea,
For all your friendship to our family! [*Exit* Geta.

Dem. They're worthy of it.---What say you to this? [*to* Æsch.

Æsch. I think it admirable.

Dem. 'Tis much better,
Than for a poor soul, sick, and lying-in,
To be conducted thro' the street.

Æsch. I never
Saw any thing concerted better, sir.

Dem. 'Tis just my way.---But here comes Micio.

SCENE V.

Enter Micio.

Micio, at entering.] My brother order it, d'ye say? where is he?
—Was this your order, Demea?

Dem. 'Twas my order;
And by these means, and every other way,
I would unite, serve, cherish, and oblige,
And join the family to our's!

Æsch. Pray do, sir! [*to* Micio.

Micio. I don't oppose it.

Dem. Nay, but 'tis our duty.
First, there's the mother of the bride———

Micio. What then?

Dem.

Dem. Worthy and modest.
Micio. So they say.
Dem. In years.
Micio. True.
Dem. And so far advanc'd, that she is long
Past child-bearing, a poor lone woman too,
With none to comfort her.
Micio. What means all this?
Dem. This woman 'tis your place to marry, brother;
—And your's [*to* Æsch.] to bring him to't.
Micio. I marry her?
Dem. You.
Micio. I?
Dem. Yes, you I say.
Micio. Ridiculous!
Dem. to Æsch.] If you're a man, he'll do't.
Æsch. to Micio.] Dear father!
Micio. How!
Do you then join him, fool?
Dem. Nay, don't deny.
It can't be otherwise.
Micio. You've lost your senses!
Æsch. Let me prevail upon you, sir!
Micio. You're mad.
Away!
Dem. Oblige your son.
Micio. Have you your wits?
I a new-married man at sixty-five!
And marry a decrepid poor old woman
Is thatwh at you devise me?
Æsch. Do it, sir!
I've promised them.

Micio.

Micio. You've promis'd them indeed!
Prithee, boy, promise for yourself.
Dem. Come, come!
What if he ask'd still more of you?
Micio. As if
This was not ev'n the utmost.
Dem. Nay, comply!
Æsch. Be not obdurate!
Dem. Come, come, promise him.
Micio. Won't you desist?
Æsch. No, not till I prevail.
Micio. This is mere force.
Dem. Nay, nay, comply, good Micio!
Micio. Tho' this appears to me absurd, wrong, foolish,
And quite repugnant to my scheme of life,
Yet, if you're so much bent on't, let it be!
Æsch. Obliging father[67], worthy my best love;
Dem. aside.] What now?--This answers to my wish. What more?
---Hegio's their kinsman, [*to* Micio.] our relation too,
And very poor. We should do *him* some service.
Micio. Do what?
Dem. There is a little piece of ground,
Which you let out near town. Let's give it him
To live upon!
Micio. So little, do you call it?
Dem. Well, if 'tis large, let's give it. He has been
A father to the bride; a worthy man;
Our kinsman too. It will be well bestow'd.
In short, that saying I now make my own,
Which you but now so wisely quoted, Micio;

" It is the common failing of old men,
" To be too much intent on worldly matters."
Let us wipe off that stain. The saying's true,
And worthy notice.

Micio. Well, well; be it so,
If *he* requires it. [*pointing to* Æschinus.

Æsch. I beseech it, father.

Dem. Now you're indeed my brother, soul and body.

Micio. I'm glad to find you think me so.

Dem. I foil him
At his own weapons. [*aside.*

SCENE VI.

To them Syrus.

Syrus. I have executed
Your orders, Demea.

Dem. A good fellow!——Truly
Syrus, I think, should be made free to-day,

Micio. Made free! He?—Wherefore?

Dem. Oh, for many reasons.

Syrus. Oh Demea, you're a noble gentleman.
I've taken care of both your sons from boys;
Taught them, instructed them, and given them
The wholesomest advice, that I was able.

Dem. The thing's apparent: and these offices,
To cater;—bring a wench in, safe and snug;
—Or in mid-day prepare an entertainment[63];—
---All these are talents of no common man.

Syrus. Oh most delightful gentleman!

Dem. Besides,
He has been instrumental too this day

In

In purchasing the Musick-girl. He manag'd
The whole affair. We should reward him for it.
It will encourage others[69].---In a word,
Your Æschinus would have it so.
Micio. Do you
Desire it?
Æsch. Yes, sir.
Micio. Well, if you desire it———
Come hither, Syrus!---Be thou free!
[Syrus *kneels;* Micio *strikes him, being the ceremony of manumission, or giving a slave his freedom.*]
Syrus. I thank you:
Thanks to you all; but most of all, to Demea!
Dem. I'm glad of your good fortune.
Æsch. So am I.
Syrus. I do believe it; and I wish this joy
Were quite complete, and I might see my wife,
My Phrygia too, made free as well as I.
Dem. The very best of women!
Syrus. And the first
That suckled my young master's son, your grandson.
Dem. Indeed! the first who suckled him!---Nay then,
Beyond all doubt she should be free.
Micio. For what?
Dem. For that. Nay take the sum, whate'er it be,
Of me.
Syrus. Now all the powers above grant all
Your wishes, Demea!
Micio. You have thriv'd to-day
Most rarely, Syrus.
Dem. And besides this, Micio,

It would be handsome to advance him something
To try his fortune with. He'll soon return it.
Micio. Not that. [*snapping his fingers.*
Æsch. He's honest.
Syrus. Faith, I will return it.
Do but advance it.
Æsch. Do, sir!
Micio. Well, I'll think on't.
Dem. I'll see that he shall do't. [*to* Syrus.
Syrus. Thou best of men!
Æsch. My most indulgent father!
Micio. What means this?
Whence comes this hasty change of manners, brother?
Whence flows all this extravagance? and whence
This sudden prodigality?[70]
Dem. I'll tell you:
To shew you,[71] that the reason, why our sons
Think you so pleasant and agreeable,
Is not from your deserts, or truth, or justice,
But your compliance, bounty, and indulgence.
—Now, therefore, if I'm odious to you, son,
Because I'm not subservient to your humour,
In all things, right, or wrong; away with care!
Spend, squander, and do what you will!---But if,
In those affairs where youth has made you blind,
Eager, and thoughtless, you will suffer me
To counsel and correct---and in due season
Indulge you---I am at your service.
Æsch. Father,
In all things we submit ourselves to you.
What's fit and proper, you know best.---But what
Shall come of my poor brother?

Dem.

Dem. I consent
That he shall have her [72]: let him finish there.
Æsch. All now is as it should be[73].---[*to the Audience* :]
Clap your hands!

THE

STEP-MOTHER.

EXHIBITED at the MEGALESIAN GAMES [1];

Sextus Julius Cæsar and Cn. Cornelius Dolabella, Curule Ædiles. It was not acted through. The musick, composed for equal flutes, by Flaccus, freedman to Claudius. It is entirely from the Greek of Apollodorus [2]. It was acted first without a prologue, Cn. Octavius and T. Manlius, consuls [3]; and brought on again at the funeral games of Æmilius Paulus: it did not please. It was acted a third time, Q. Fulvius and L. Marcius, Curule Ædiles: principal actor, L. Ambivius Turpio: it pleased.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

THIS play is call'd The Step-mother. When first
It was presented, such a hurricane [4],
A tumult so uncommon interven'd,
It neither could be seen, nor understood:
So taken were the people, so engag'd
By a rope-dancer!—It is now brought on
As a new piece: and he who wrote the play,
Suffer'd it not to be repeated then,
That he might profit by a second sale [5].
Others, his plays, you have already known [6];
Now then, let me beseech you, know this too.

ANOTHER PROLOGUE.

I Come a pleader [8], in the shape of prologue:
Let me then gain my cause, and now grown old,
Experience the same favour as when young;
Who then recover'd many a lost play,
Breath'd a new life into the scenes, and sav'd
The author, and his writings, from oblivion.
Of those, which first I studied of Cæcilius [9],
In some I was excluded; and in some
Hardly maintain'd my ground. But knowing well
The variable fortunes of the scene,
I was content to hazard certain toil
For an uncertain gain. I undertook
To rescue those same plays from condemnation,
And labour'd to reverse your sentence on them;
That the same poet might afford me more,
And no ill fortune damp young genius in him.
My cares prevail'd; the plays were heard; and thus
Did I restore an author, nearly lost
Through the malevolence of adversaries,
To study, labour, and the poet's art.
But had I at that time despis'd his plays,
Or labour'd to deter him from the task,
It had been easy to have kept him idle,
And to have scared him from attempting more;
For my sake, therefore, deign to hear with candour
The suit I mean to offer to you now.
Once more I bring the STEP-MOTHER before you,
Which yet in silence I might never play;
So did confusion crush it: which confusion
Your prudence may allay, if it will deign

To second our endeavours.---When I first
Began to play this piece, the sturdy boxers,
(The dancers on the rope expected too)
The increasing crowds, the noise, and women's clamour
Oblig'd me to retire before my time.
I, upon this occasion, had recourse
To my old way. I brought it on again.
In the first act I please: meanwhile there spreads
A rumour of the Gladiators: then
The people flock together, riot, roar,
And fight for places. I meanwhile *my* place
Could not maintain.---To-day there's no disturbance;
All's silence and attention; a clear stage:
'Tis your's to give these games their proper grace[10].
Let not, oh let not the Dramatic art
Fall to a few! Let your authority
Assist and second mine! If I for gain
Ne'er over-rated my abilities,
If I have made it still my only care
To be obedient to your will, oh grant,
That he who hath committed his performance
To my defence, and who hath thrown himself
On your protection, be not given to scorn,
And foul derision of his envious foes!
Admit this plea for my sake, and be silent;
That other poets may not fear to write,
That I too may hereafter find it meet
To play new pieces, bought at my expence[11].

PER-

PERSONS.

PROLOGUE.

LACHES, *An Old Man.*

PHIDIPPUS, *An Old Man.*

PAMPHILUS, *A Youth.*

PARMENO, *A Servant.*

SOSIA, *A Servant.*

BOY, and other Servants.

SOSTRATA, *A Matron.*

MYRRHINA, *A Matron.*

BACCHIS, *A Harlot.*

PHILOTIS, *A Harlot.*

SYRA, *An Old Woman.*

NURSE; Servants to Bacchis &c.

SCENE—ATHENS.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PHILOTIS, SYRA.

Phil. Now, by my troth, a woman of the town
Scarce ever finds a faithful lover, Syra.
This very Pamphilus, how many times
He swore to Bacchis, swore so solemnly,
One could not but believe him, that he never
Would, in her life-time, marry! See, he's married.
Syra. I warn you therefore, and most earnestly
Conjure you, to have pity upon none:
But plunder, fleece, and beggar every man
That falls into your pow'r.
Phil. What! spare none?
Syra. None.
For know, there is not one of all your sparks
But studies to cajole you with fine speeches,
And have his will as cheaply as he can.
Should not you then endeavour to fool them?
Phil. But to treat all alike is wrong.
Syra. What! wrong?
To be reveng'd upon your enemies?
Or to snare those who spread their snares for you?
---Alas! why have not I your youth and beauty,
Or you my sentiments?

SCENE II.

Enter PARMENO.

Par. to Scirtus within.] If our old gentleman
Asks for me, tell him I'm this very moment
Gone to the port to seek for Pamphilus.
D'ye understand my meaning, Scirtus? If he asks,
Tell him that; if he should not ask, say nothing;
That this excuse may serve another time.
[*comes forward.*
—But is not that Philotis? Whence comes she?
Philotis! save you!

Phil. Save you, Parmeno!

Syra. Save you, good Parmeno!

Par. And save you, Syra!
—Tell me, Philotis, where have you been gadding,
Taking your pleasure this long time?

Phil. I've taken
No pleasure, Parmeno, indeed. I went
With a most brutal captain hence to Corinth.
There have I led a wretched life with him,
For two whole years.

Par. Ay, ay, I warrant you
That you have often wish'd to be in Athens;
Often repented of your journey.

Phil. Oh,
'Tis quite impossible to tell how much
I long'd to be at home, how much I long'd
To leave the captain, see you, revel with you,
After the good old fashion, free, and easy.
For there I durst not speak a single word,
But what, and when, the mighty captain pleas'd.

Par

Par. 'Twas cruel in him thus to tie your tongue:
At least, I'll warrant, that you thought it so.
Phil. But what's this business, Parmeno? this story
That Bacchis has been telling me within?
I could not have believ'd that Pamphilus
Would in her life-time marry.
Par. Marry truly!
Phil. Why he *is* married: is not he?
Par. He is.
But I'm afraid 'twill prove a crazy match,
And will not hold together long.
Phil. Heav'n grant it,
So it turn out to Bacchis's advantage!
But how can I believe this, Parmeno?
Tell me.
Par. It is not fit it should be told.
Enquire no more.
Phil. For fear I should divulge it?
Now heaven so prosper me, as I enquire,
Not for the sake of telling it again,
But to rejoice within myself.
Par. No, no:
Fair words, Philotis, sha'n't prevail on me
To trust my back to your discretion.
Phil. Well;
Don't tell me, Parmeno.---As if you had not
Much rather tell this secret, than I hear it!
Par. She's in the right: I am a blab, 'tis true.
It is my greatest failing.---Give your word,
You'll not reveal it, and I'll tell you.
Phil. Now
You're like yourself again. I give my word.
Speak.

Par. Listen then.
Phil. I'm all ear.
Par. Pamphilus
Doated on Bacchis still as much as ever,
When the old gentleman began to teaze him
To marry, in the common cant of fathers;
—" That he was now grown old; and Pamphilus
" His only child; and that he long'd for heirs,
" As props of his old age." At first my master
Withstood his instances, but as his father
Became more hot and urgent, Pamphilus
Began to waver in his mind, and felt
A conflict betwixt love and duty in him.
At length, by hammering on marriage still,
And daily instances, the old man prevail'd,
And made a match with our next neighbour's daughter.
Pamphilus did not take it much to heart,
Till just upon the very brink of wedlock:
But when he saw the nuptial rites prepar'd,
And, without respite, he must marry; then
It came so home to him, that even Bacchis,
Had she been present, must have pitied him.
Whenever he could steal from company,
And talk to me alone,—" Oh Parmeno,
" What have I done?" he'd cry.—" I'm lost for ever.
" Into what ruin have I plung'd myself!
" I cannot bear it, Parmeno. Ah wretch!
" I am undone."
Phil. Now all the pow'rs of heav'n
Confound you, Laches, for thus teazing him!
Par. In short, he marries, and brings home his wife.
The first night he ne'er touch'd her; nor the next.

Phil.

Phil. How! he a youth, and she a maidenhead!
Tipsy, and never touch her! 'Tis not likely;
Nor do I think it can be true.
Par. No wonder.
For they, that come to you, come all desire:
But he was bound to her against his will.
Phil. What follow'd upon this?
Par. A few days after,
Pamphilus, taking me aside, informs me,
" That the maid still remain'd a maid for him;
" That he had hop'd, before he brought her home,
" He might have borne the marriage:---but resolving
" Within myself, not to retain her long,
" I held it neither honesty in me,
" Nor of advantage to the maid herself,
" That I should throw her off to scorn:---but rather
" Return her to her friends, as I receiv'd her,
" Chaste and inviolate."
Phil. A worthy youth,
And of great modesty!
Par. " To make this public
" Would not, I think, do well; and to return her
" Upon her father's hands, no crime alleg'd,
" Is arrogant: but she, I hope, as soon
" As she perceives she cannot live with me,
" Will of her own accord depart."
Phil. But tell me;
Went he meanwhile to Bacchis?
Par. Every day.
But she, as is the way you know, perceiving
He was another's property, became
More cross and mercenary.

Phil.

Phil. Troth, no wonder.

Par. Ay, but 'twas that detach'd him chiefly from her.

For when he had examin'd well himself,
Bacchis, and her at home; and had compar'd
Their different manners; seeing that his bride,
After the fashion of a liberal mind,
Was decent, modest, patient of affronts,
And anxious to conceal the wrongs he did her;
Touch'd partly with compassion for his wife,
And partly tir'd with t'other's insolence,
He by degrees withdrew his heart from Bacchis,
Transferring it to her, whose disposition
Was so congenial to his own. Meanwhile
An old relation of the family
Dies in the isle of Imbrus [12]. His estate
Comes by the law to them; and our old man
Dispatching thither, much against his will,
The now-fond Pamphilus, he leaves his wife
Here with his mother. The old gentleman
Retir'd into the country [13], and but seldom
Comes up to town.

Phil. But what is there in this
That can affect the marriage?

Par. You shall hear
Immediately. At first, for some few days,
The women seem'd to live on friendly terms.
Till all at once the bride, forsooth, conceiv'd
A wonderful disgust to Sostrata [14]:
And yet there was no open breach between them,
And no complaints on either side.

Phil. What then?

Phil.

Par. If Sostrata, for conversation-sake,
Went to the bride, she instantly withdrew,
Shunning her company. At length, unable
To bear it any longer, she pretends
Her mother had requir'd her to assist
At some home-sacrifice. Away she went.
After a few days absence, Sostrata
Sent for her back. They made some lame excuse,
I know not what. She sends again. No lady.
Then after several messages, at last
They say the gentlewoman's sick. My mistress
Goes on a visit to her: not let in.
The old gentleman, inform'd of all this, came
On this occasion yesterday to town;
And waited on the father of the bride.
What pass'd between them, I as yet can't tell
And yet I long to know the end of this.
---There's the whole business. Now I'll on my way.

Phil. And I: for there's a stranger here, with whom I have an assignation.[15]

Par. Speed the plough!

Phil. Parmeno, fare you well!

Par. Farewell, Philotis! [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

LACHES, SOSTRATA.[16]

Lach. OH heaven and earth, what animals are women!
What a conspiracy between them all,
To do or not to do, love or hate alike!
Not one but has the sex so strong in her,
She differs nothing from the rest. Step-mothers
All hate their step-daughters: and every wife
Studies alike to contradict her husband,
The same perverseness running through them all.
Each seems train'd up in the same school of mischief:
And of that school, if any such there be,
My wife, I think, is school-mistress.
Sostrata. Ah me,
Who know not why I am accus'd!
Lach. Not know?
Sostrata. No, as I hope for mercy! as I hope
We may live long together!
Lach. Heaven forbid!
Sostrata. Hereafter, Laches, you'll be sensible
How wrongfully you have accused me.
Lach. I?———
Accuse you wrongfully?—Is't possible
To speak too hardly of your late behaviour?
Disgracing me, yourself, and family;
Laying up sorrow for your absent son;
Converting into foes his new-made friends,
Who thought him worthy of their child in marriage.
You've been our bane, and by your shrewishness

Brew'd

Brew'd this disturbance.

Sostrata. I?

Lach. You, woman, you:
Who take me for a stone, and not a man.
Think ye, because I'm mostly in the country,
I'm ignorant of your proceedings here?
No, no; I know much better what's done here,
Than where I'm chiefly resident: because,
Upon my family at home depends
My character abroad. I knew long since
Philumena's disgust to you;——no wonder!
Nay, 'twere a wonder, had it not been so.
Yet I imagin'd not her hate so strong,
'Twould vent itself upon the family:
Which had I dream'd of, she should have remain'd,
And you pack'd off.---Consider, Sostrata,
How little cause you had to vex me thus.
In complaisance to you, and husbanding
My fortune, I retir'd into the country;
Scraping, and labouring beyond the bounds
Of reason, or my age, that my estate
Might furnish means for your expence and pleasure.
---Was it not then your duty, in return,
To see that nothing happen'd here to vex me?

Sostrata. 'Twas not my doing, nor my fault indeed.

Lach. 'Twas your fault, Sostrata; your fault alone.
You were sole mistress here; and in your care
The house, tho' I had freed you of all other cares.
A woman, an old woman too, and quarrel
With a green girl! Oh shame upon't!---You'll say
That 'twas her fault.

Sostrata. Not I indeed, my Laches.

Lach.

Lach. 'Fore heaven! I'm glad on't; on my son's account.
For as for you, I'm well enough assur'd
No fault can make you worse.
Sostrata. But prithee, husband,
How can you tell that her aversion to me
Is not a mere pretence, that she may stay
The longer with her mother?
Lach. No such thing.
Was not your visit yesterday a proof,
From their denial to admit you to her?
Sostrata. They said she was so sick she could not see me.
Lach. Sick of your humours; nothing else, I fancy.
And well she might: for there's not one of you
But want your sons to take a wife: and that's
No sooner over, but the very woman,
Which by your instigation they have married,
They, by your instigation, put away.

SCENE II.

Enter PHIDIPPUS.

Phid. to Phil. within.] Although, Philumena, I know my power
To force you to comply with my commands,
Yet yielding to paternal tenderness,
I e'en give way, nor cross your humour.
Lach. See,
Phidippus in good time! I'll learn from him
The cause of this.---[*Going up to him.*] Phidippus, tho' I own[17]

Myself

Myself indulgent to my family,
Yet my complacency and easiness
Run not to that extreme, that my good-nature
Corrupts their morals. Would you act like me,
'Twould be of service to both families.
But you I see are wholly in their pow'r.

Phid. See there![13]

Lach. I waited on you yesterday
About your daughter: but I went away,
No wiser than I came. It is not right,
If you would have the alliance last between us,
To smother your resentment. If we seem
In fault, declare it; that we may refute,
Or make amends for our offence: and you
Shall carve the satisfaction out yourself.
But if her sickness only is the cause
Of her remaining in your family,
Trust me, Phidippus, but you do me wrong,
To doubt her due attendance at my house.
For, by the pow'rs of heav'n! I'll not allow
That you, altho' her father, wish her better
Than I. I love her on my son's account;
To whom, I'm well convinc'd, she is as dear
As he is to himself: and I can tell
How deeply 'twill affect him, if he knows this[19].
Wherefore I wish she should come home again,
Before my son's return.

Phid. My good friend Laches,
I know your care, and your benevolence;
Nor doubt but all is as you say; and hope
That you'll believe I wish for her return,
So I could but effect it.

Lach. What prevents it?
Tell me, Phidippus: does she blame her husband?
Phid. Not in the least. For when I urg'd it home,
And threaten'd to oblige her to return,
She vow'd most solemnly, she could not bear
Your house, so long as Pamphilus was absent.
—All have their failings: I am of so soft
A nature, I can't thwart my family.
Lach. Ha, Sostrata! [20] [*to* Sostrata *apart.*
Sostrata. Wretch that I am! Ah me! [*aside.*
Lach. And her return's impossible? [*to* Phidippus.
Phid. At present.
—Would you aught else with me? for I have business
That calls me to the Forum.
Lach. I'll go with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Manet SOSTRATA.

Sostrata. How unjustly
Do husbands stretch their censures to all wives,
Because of the offences of a few,
Whose faults reflect dishonour on the rest!
—For, heav'n so help me, as I'm innocent
Of what my husband now accuses me!
But 'tis no easy task to clear myself;
So fix'd and rooted is the notion in them,
That Step-Mothers are all severe.—Not I;
For I have ever lov'd Philumena,
As my own daughter; nor can I conceive
What accident has drawn her hatred on me.
My son's return, I hope, will settle all;
And, ah, I've too much cause to wish his coming. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

PAMPHILUS, PARMENO.

Pam. NEVER did man experience greater ills,
More miseries in love than I.---Distraction!
Was it for this I held my life so dear?
For this was I so anxious to return?
Better, much better were it to have liv'd
In any place, than come to this again!
To feel, and know myself a wretch!---For when
Mischance befalls us[21], all the interval
Between its happening, and our knowledge of it,
May be esteem'd clear again.

Par. But as it is,
You'll sooner be deliver'd from your troubles.
For had you not return'd, the breach between them
Had been made wider. But now, Pamphilus,
Both will, I doubt not, reverence your presence.
You'll know the whole, make up their difference,
And reconcile them to each other.---These
Are all mere trifles, which you think so grievous.

Pam. Ah, why will you attempt to comfort me?
Was ever such a wretch?---Before I married,
My heart, you know, was wedded to another.
—But I'll not dwell upon that misery,
Which may be easily conceiv'd: and yet
I had not courage to refuse the match
My father forc'd upon me.---Scarcely wean'd
From my old love, my lim'd soul scarcely freed
From Bacchis, and devoted to my wife,
Than, lo, a new calamity arises,

Threatening

Threatening to tear me from Philumena.
For either I shall find my mother faulty,
Or else my wife: In either case unhappy.
For duty, Parmeno, obliges me
To bear with all the failings of a mother:
And then I am so bounden to my wife,
Who, calm as patience, bore the wrongs I did her,
Nor ever murmur'd a complaint.---But sure
'Twas somewhat very serious, Parmeno,
That could occasion such a lasting quarrel.

Par. Rather some trifle, if you knew the truth.
The greatest quarrels do not always rise
From deepest injuries. We often see,
That what would never move another's spleen,
Renders the cholerick your worst of foes.
Observe how lightly children squabble.---Why?
Because they're govern'd by a feeble mind.
Women, like children, too are impotent,
And weak of soul. A single word, perhaps,
Has kindled all this enmity between them.

Pam. Go, Parmeno, and let them know I'm come.

[*Noise within.*

Par. Ha! what's all this?

Pam. Hush!

Par. I perceive a bustle,
And running to and fro.---Come this way, sir!
—To the door!---nearer still!---There, there, d'ye hear?

[*noise continues.*

Pam. Peace; hush! [*shriek within.*] Oh Jupiter, I heard a shriek!

Par. You talk yourself, and bid me hold my tongue.

Myrrhina,

Myrrhina, within.] Hush, my dear child, for heaven's sake!

Pam. It seem'd
The voice of my wife's mother. I am ruin'd!

Par. How so?

Pam. Undone!

Par. And why?

Pam. Ah, Parmeno,
They hide some terrible misfortune from me!

Par. They said, your wife Philumena was ill:
Whether 'tis that, I cannot tell.

Pam. Death, sirrah!
Why did you not inform me that before?

Par. Because I could not tell you all at once.

Pam. What's her disorder?

Par. I don't know.

Pam. But tell me,
Has she had no physician?

Par. I don't know.

Pam. But why do I delay to enter straight,
That I may learn the truth, be what it will?
—Oh my Philumena, in what condition
Shall I now find thee?---If there's danger of thee,
My life's in danger too. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

PARMENO *alone.*

It were not good
That I should follow him into the house:
For all our family are odious to them.[23]
That's plain from their denying Sostrata

Admittance

Admittance yesterday.---And if by chance
Her illness should increase, (which heav'n forbid,
For my poor master's sake!) they'll cry directly,
" Sostrata's servant came into the house:"
Swear,---" that I brought the plague along with me,
" Put all their lives in danger, and increas'd
" Philumena's distemper."---By which means,
My mistress will be blam'd, and I be beaten.

SCENE III.

Enter SOSTRATA.

Sostrata. Alas, I hear a dreadful noise within.
Philumena, I fear, grows worse and worse:
Which Æsculapius, and thou, Health, forbid![6]
But now I'll visit her. [*goes towards the house.*

Par. Ho, Sostrata!

Sostrata. Who's there?

Par. You'll be shut out a second time.

Sostrata. Ha, Parmeno, are you there?---Wretched woman!
What shall I do?---Not visit my son's wife,
When she lies sick at next door?

Par. Do not go;
No, nor send any body else; for they,
That love the folks, to whom themselves are odious,
I think are guilty of a double folly:
Their labour proves but idle to themselves,
And troublesome to those for whom 'tis meant.
Besides, your son, the moment he arriv'd,
Went in to visit her.

Sostrata. How, Parmeno!

Is Pamphilus arriv'd?

Par. He is.

Sostrata. Thank heav'n!

Oh, how my comfort is reviv'd by that!

Par. And therefore I ne'er went into the house.

For if Philumena's complaints abate,

She'll tell him, face to face, the whole affair,

And what has past between you to create

This difference.—But here he comes—how sad!

SCENE IV.

Enter PAMPHILUS.

Sostrata. My dear boy, Pamphilus!

Pam. My mother, save you! [*disordered.*

Sostrata. I'm glad to see you safe return'd.---How does Your wife?

Pam. A little better.

Sostrata. Grant it, heav'n!

—But why d'ye weep, and why are you so sad?

Pam. Nothing, good mother.

Sostrata. What was all that bustle?

Tell me, did pain attack her suddenly?

Pam. It did.

Sostrata. And what is her complaint?

Pam. A fever.

Sostrata. What! a quotidian?

Pam. So they say.---But in,

Good mother,[25] and I'll follow.

Sostrata. Be it so. [*Exit.*

Pam. Do you run, Parmeno, to meet the servants,

And give your help in bringing home the baggage.

Par. As if they did not know the road!

Pam. Away! [*Exit* Parmeno.

SCENE V.

PAMPHILUS *alone.*

Which way shall I begin the wretched tale
Of my misfortunes, which have fall'n upon me
Thus unexpectedly? which even now
These very eyes have seen, these ears have heard?
And which, discover'd, drove me out o'doors,
Cover'd with deep confusion?---For but now
As I rush'd in, all-anxious for my wife,
And thinking to have found her visited,
Alas! with a far different complaint;
Soon as her women saw me, at first sight
Struck and o'erjoy'd, they all exclaim'd, "He's come!"
And then as soon each countenance was chang'd,
That chance had brought me so unseasonably.
Meanwhile one of them ran before, to speak
Of my arrival. I, who long'd to see her,
Directly follow'd; and no sooner enter'd,
Than her disorder was, alas! too plain:
For neither had they leisure to disguise it,
Nor could she silence the loud cries of travail.
Soon as I saw it, "Oh shame, shame!" I cried,
And rush'd away in tears and agony,
O'erwhelm'd with horror at a stroke so grievous.
The mother follows me, and at the threshold
Falls on her knees before me all in tears.
This touch'd me to the soul. And certainly

'Tis

'Tis in the very nature of our minds,
To rise and fall according to our fortunes.
Thus she address'd me :---" Oh, my Pamphilus,
" The cause of her removal from your house,
" You've now discover'd. To my virgin-daughter
" Some unknown villain offer'd violence ;
" And she fled hither to conceal her labour
" From you, and from your family."——Alas!
When I but call her earnest prayers to mind,
I cannot choose but weep.---" Whatever chance,"
Continued she, " whatever accident,
" Brought you to-day thus suddenly upon us,
" By that we both conjure you,---if in justice
" And equity we may,---to keep in silence,
" And cover her distress.---Oh, Pamphilus,
" If e'er you witness'd her affection for you,
" By that affection she implores you now,
" Not to refuse us!---For recalling her,
" Do as your own discretion shall direct.
" That she's in labour now, or has conceiv'd
" By any other person, is a secret
" Known but to you alone. For I've been told,
" The two first months you had no commerce with her :
" And it is now the seventh since your union. [26]
" Your sentiments on this are evident.
" But now, my Pamphilus, if possible,
" I'll call it a miscarriage: no one else
" But will believe, as probable, 'tis your's.
" The child shall be immediately expos'd.
" No inconvenience will arise to you ;
" While thus you shall conceal the injury
" That my poor girl unworthily sustain'd." [27]

—I promis'd her ; and I will keep my word.
But to recall her, would be poor indeed :
Nor will I do it, tho' I love her still,
And former commerce binds me strongly to her.
—I can't but weep, to think how sad and lonely
My future life will be---Oh fickle fortune !
How transient are thy smiles !---But I've been school'd
To patience by my former hapless passion,
Which I subdued by reason : and I'll try
By reason to subdue this too.---But yonder
Comes Parmeno, I see, with th' other slaves :
He must by no means now be present, since
To him alone, I formerly reveal'd, [28]
That I abstain'd from her when first we married :
And if he hears her frequent cries, I fear,
That he'll discover her to be in labour.
I must dispatch him on some idle errand,
Until Philumena's deliver'd. [29]

SCENE VI.

Enter at a distance, PARMENO, SOSIA, *and other Slaves with baggage.*

Par. to Sosia.] Ay?
And had you such a wretched voyage, say you ?

Sosia. O Parmeno, words can't express how wretched
A sea-life is.

Par. Indeed ?

Sosia. Oh happy Parmeno!
You little know the dangers you've escap'd,
Who've never been at sea.---For, not to dwell
On other hardships, only think of this :

I was

I was on ship-board thirty days or more,
In constant fear of sinking all the while,
The winds so contrary, such stormy weather!
Par. Dreadful!
Sosia. I found it so, I promise you.
In short, were I assur'd I must return,
'Fore heaven, Parmeno, I'd run away,
Rather than go on-board a ship again.
Par. You have been apt enough to think of that
On slighter reason, Sosia, before now.
—But yonder's my young master Pamphilus
Standing before that door.---Go in! I'll to him,
And see if he has any business for me.
[*Exeunt* Sosia, *and the rest of the slaves, with the baggage.*
Master, are you here still? [*to* Pamphilus.
Pam. Oh, Parmeno!
I waited for you.
Par. What's your pleasure, sir?
Pam. Run to the Citadel. [30]
Par. Who?
Pam. You.
Par. The Citadel!
For what?
Pam. Find out one Callidemides,
My landlord of Mycone, who came over
In the same ship with me.
Par. A plague upon it!
Would not one swear that he had made a vow.[31]
To break my wind, if he came home in safety,
With running on his errands?
Pam. Away, sirrah!

Par. What message? Must I only find him out?

Pam. Yes; tell him, that it is not in my power
To meet him there to-day, as I appointed;
That he mayn't wait for me in vain.---Hence; fly!

Par. But I don't know him, if I see him, sir.

Pam. impatiently.] Well; I'll describe him so, you cannot miss him.
—A large, red, frizzle-pated, gross, blear-ey'd,
Ill-looking fellow.

Par. Plague on him, say I!
—What if he should not come, sir, must I wait
Till evening for him?

Pam. Yes.---Be quick!

Par. Be quick?
I can't be quick,---I'm so much tir'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

PAMPHILUS *alone.*

He's gone.
What shall I do? Alas, I scarcely know
How to conceal, as Myrrhina desir'd,
Her daughter's labour. Yet I pity her;
And what I can, consistent with my duty,
I am resolv'd to do: and yet my parents
Must be obey'd before my love[32].---But see!
My father and P'idippus come this way.
How I shall act, heav'n knows.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter at a distance, LACHES *and* PHIDIPPUS.

Lach. Did not you say
She only waited my son's coming?
Phid. Ay.
Lach. They say that he's arriv'd. Let her return then!
Pam. behind.] What reason I shall frame to give my father,
For not recalling her, I cannot tell.
Lach. overhearing.] Whose voice was that?
Pam. to himself.] And yet I am resolv'd
To stand to my first purpose.
Lach. seeing Pamphilus.] He himself,
Whom I was speaking of!
Pam. going up.] My father, save you!
Lach. Save you, my son!
Phid. Pamphilus, welcome home!
I'm glad to see you safe, and in good health.
Pam. I do believe it.
Lach. Are you just now come?
Pam. Just now, sir.
Lach. Well; and tell me Pamphilus,
What has our kinsman Phania left us?
Pam. Ah, sir!
He his whole life-time, was a man of pleasure;
And such men seldom much enrich their heirs.
Yet he has left at least his praise behind him,
"While he liv'd, he liv'd well."
Lach. And have you brought

Nothing home with you but this single sentence?[33]

Pam. What he has left, tho' small, is of advantage.

Lach. Advantage? No, it is a disadvantage:
For I could wish he was alive and well.

Phid. That you may safely; since your wishing for't
Will never bring the man to life again:
Yet I know well enough which you'd like best. [*aside.*

Lach. to Pam.] Phidippus order'd that Philumena
Should be sent over to him yesterday.
——Say that you order'd it.

[*aside to* Phidippus, *thrusting him.*

Phid. aside to Laches.] Don't thrust me so.——
I did. [*aloud.*

Lach. But now he'll send her home again.

Phid. I will.

Pam. Nay, nay, I know the whole affair.
Since my arrival, I have heard it all.

Lach. Now, plague upon these envious tale-bearers,
Who are so glad to fetch and carry news!

Pam. to Phid.] That I've endeavour'd to deserve no blame,
From any of the family, I'm conscious.
Were it my inclination to relate,
How true I've been, how kind, and gentle tow'rds her,
I well might do it: but I rather choose,
You should collect it from herself. For when
She, altho' now there's enmity between us,
Bespeaks me fair, you will the sooner credit
My disposition tow'rds her. And I call
The gods to witness, that this separation
Has not arisen from my fault. But since
She thinks it is beneath her to comply

With

With Sostratá, and bear my mother's temper;
And since no other means are to be found
Of reconciliation, I, Phidippus,
Must leave my mother or Philumena.
Duty then calls me to regard my mother.
Lach. My Pamphilus, I cannot be displeas'd,
That you prefer to all the world a parent.
But take heed, your resentment don't transport you
Beyond the bounds of reason, Pamphilus!
Pam. Ah, what resentment can I bear to her,
Who ne'er did any thing I'd wish undone,
But has so often deserv'd well of me
I love her, own her worth, and languish for her;
For I have known her tenderness of soul:
And heaven grant, that with some other husband
She find that happiness she miss'd in me;
From whom the strong hand of necessity
Divorces her for ever!
Phid. That event
'Tis in your pow'r to hinder.
Lach. If you're wise,
Take your wife home again!
Pam. I cannot, father.
I must not slack my duty to my mother. [*going.*
Lach. Where are you going? [*Exit* Pamphilus.

SCENE IX.

Manent LACHES *and* PHIDIPPUS.

Phid. How perverse is this! [*angrily.*
Lach. Did not I say he'd take it ill, Phidippus,
And therefore begg'd you to send back your daughter?

Phid.

Phid. 'Fore heaven, I did not think him such a churl.
What! does he fancy I'll go cringing to him?
No;---if he'll take his wife, he may:---if not,
Let him refund her portion;---there's an end!

Lach. See there now! you're as fractious as himself.

Phid. You're come back obstinate and proud enough
In conscience, Pamphilus! [*angrily.*

Lach. This anger will subside,
Tho' he has had some cause to be disturb'd.

Phid. Because you've had a little money left you,
Your minds are so exalted!

Lach. What! d'ye quarrel
With *me* too?

Phid. Let him take to-day to think on't,
And send me word if he will have her at home,
Or not: that if she don't remain *his* wife,
She may be given to another. [*Exit hastily.*

SCENE X.

LACHES *alone.*

Stay!
Hear me! one word, Phidippus! Stay!---He's gone.
—What 's it to me? [*angrily.*] E'en let them settle it
Among themselves; since nor my son, nor he
Take my advice, nor mind one word I say.
—This quarrel shall go round, I promise them:
I'll to my wife, the author of this mischief,
And vent my spleen and anger upon *her.*[34] [*Exit*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter MYRRHINA *hastily.*

Myrr. WHAT shall I do!---Confusion!---which way turn?
Alas! what answer shall I make my husband?
For I dare say he heard the infant's cries,
He ran so hastily, without a word,
Into my daughter's chamber. If he finds
That she has been deliver'd, what excuse
To make, for having thus conceal'd her labour,
can't devise.---But our door creaks!---'Tis he.
I am undone!

SCENE II.

Enter PHIDIPPUS.

Phid. Soon as my wife perceiv'd [35]
That I was going to my daughter's chamber,
She stole directly out o'doors.---But see!
Yonder she stands.---Why, how now, Myrrhina?
Holo, I say! [*She affects not to see him.*
Myrr. D'ye call me, husband?
Phid. Husband!
Am I your husband? am I ev'n a man?
For had you thought me to be either, woman,
You would not dare to play upon me thus.
Myrr. How!
Phid. How?——My daughter has been brought to bed.
---Ha!

---Ha! are you dumb?—by whom?
Myrr. Is that a question
For you, who are her father, to demand?
Alas! by whom d'ye think, unless her husband?
Phid. So I believe: nor is it for a father
To suppose otherwise: But yet I wonder,
That you have thus conceal'd her labour from us:
Especially as she has been deliver'd
At her full time, and all is as it should be.
What! Is there such perverseness in your nature,
As rather to desire the infant's death,
Than that his birth should knit the bond of friendship
Closer betwixt us; rather than my daughter,
Against your liking, should remain the wife
Of Pamphilus?—I thought all this confusion
Had been their fault, while you're alone to blame.
Myrr. How wretched am I!
Phid. Would to heav'n you were!
—But now I recollect your conversation
When first we made this match; you then declar'd
You'd not endure she should remain the wife
Of Pamphilus, who follow'd mistresses,
And pass'd the nights abroad.
Myrr. I had much rather
He should think any reason than the true. [*aside.*
Phid. I knew he kept a mistress; knew it long
Ere you did, Myrrhina; but I could never
Think that offence so grievous in a youth,
Seeing 'tis natural to them all: and soon
The time shall come, when he'll stand self-reprov'd.
But you, perverse and wilful as at first,
Could take no rest, till you had brought away

Your daughter, and annull'd the match, I made:
There's not a circumstance, but loudly speaks
Your evil disposition to the marriage.

Myrr. D'ye think me then so obstinate, that I,
Who am her mother, should betray this spirit,
Granting the match were of advantage to us?

Phid. Is it for you then to foresee, or judge
What's of advantage to us? You perhaps
Have heard from some officious busy-body,
That they have seen him going to his mistress,
Or coming from her house: And what of that,
So it were done discreetly, and but seldom?
Were it not better that we should dissemble
Our knowledge of it, than pry into things,
Which to appear to know would make him hate us?
For could he tear her from his heart at once,
To whom he was so many years attach'd,
I should not think, he were a man, or likely
To prove a constant husband to my daughter.

Myrr. No more of Pamphilus, or my offence;
Since you will have it so!---Go, find him out;
Confer with him alone, and fairly ask him,
Will he, or no, take back Philumena?
If he avows his inclination to't,
Restore her; but if he refuses it,
Allow, I've ta'en good counsel for my child.

Phid. Grant, he should prove repugnant to the match,
Grant, you perceiv'd this in him, Myrrhina;
Was not I present? had not I a right
To be consulted in't?---It makes me mad,
That you should dare to act without my order:

And

And I forbid you to remove the child
Out of this house.—But what a fool am I,
Enjoining her obedience to my orders!
I'll in, and charge the servants, not to suffer
The infant to be carried forth. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

MYRRHINA *alone.*

No woman more unhappy than myself:
For how he'd bear it, did he know the whole,
When he has taken such offence at this,
Which is of much less consequence, is plain:
Nor by what means to reconcile him to it,
Can I devise. After so many ills,
This only misery there yet remain'd,
To be oblig'd to educate the child,
Ignorant of the father's quality.
For he, the cruel spoiler of her honour,
Taking advantage of the night and darkness,
My daughter was not able to discern
His person: nor to force a token from him,
Whereby he might be afterwards discover'd:
But he, at his departure, pluck'd by force
A ring from off her finger[36].---I fear too,
That Pamphilus will not contain himself,
Nor longer keep our secret, when he finds
Another's child acknowledg'd for his own. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

SOSTRATA, PAMPHILUS.

Sostrata. Dear son, I'm not to learn that you suppose,
Tho' you dissemble your suspicions to me,
That my ill-humour caus'd your wife's departure.
But by my trust in heaven, and hopes in you,
I never knowingly did any thing
To draw her hatred and disgust upon me!
I always thought you lov'd me, and to-day
You have confirm'd my faith: for even now
Your father has been telling me within,
How much you held me dearer than your love.
Now therefore, on my part, I am resolv'd
To equal you in all good offices;
That you may know, your mother ne'er with-holds
The just rewards of filial piety.—
Finding it then both meet, my Pamphilus,
For your repose, as well as my good name,
I have determin'd to retire directly
From hence into the country with your father;
So shall my presence be no obstacle,
Nor any cause remain, but that your wife
Return immediately.

Pam. What thoughts are these?
Shall her perverseness drive you out of town?
It shall not be: nor will I draw, good mother,
That censure on me, that my obstinacy,
Not your good-nature, was the cause.---Besides,
That you should quit relations, friends, diversions,
On my account, I can't allow.

Sostrata.

Sostrata. Alas!
Those things have no allurements for me now.
While I was young, and 'twas the season for them,
I had my share, and I am satisfied.
'Tis now my chief concern to make my age
Easy to all, that no one may regret
My lengthen'd life [37], nor languish for my death.
Here, altho' undeservedly, I see
My presence odious [38]: I had best retire:
So shall I best cut off all discontent,
Absolve myself from this unjust suspicion,
And humour them. Permit me, then, to shun
The common scandal thrown upon the sex!

Pam. How fortunate in every thing but one,
Having so good a mother,—such a wife!

Sostrata. Patience, my Pamphilus! Is't possible
You can't endure *one* inconvenience in her?
If in all else, as I believe, you like her,
Dear son, be rul'd by me, and take her home!

Pam. Wretch that I am!

Sostrata. And I am wretched too:
For this grieves me, my son, no less than you.

SCENE V.

Enter LACHES.

Lach. I have been standing at a distance, wife,
And overheard your conversation with him.
You have done wisely to subdue your temper,
And freely to comply with what, perhaps,
Hereafter must be done.

Sostrata.

Sostrata. And let it be![39]

Lach. Now then retire with me into the country:
There I shall bear with you, and you with me.

Sostrata. I hope we shall.

Lach. Go in then, and pack up
The necessaries you would carry with you.
Away!

Sostrata. I shall obey your orders. [*Exit.*

Pam. Father!

Lach. Well, Pamphilus?

Pam. My mother leave the town?
By no means.

Lach. Why?

Pam. Because I'm yet uncertain
What I shall do about my wife.

Lach. How's that?
What *would* you do, but take her home again?

Pam. 'Tis what I wish for, and can scarce forbear.
But I'll not alter what I first design'd.
What's best, I'll follow: and I'm well convinc'd
No other means remain to make them friends,
But that I should not take her home again.

Lach. You don't know that: but 'tis of no importance
Whether they're friends or not, when Sostrata
Is gone into the country. We old folks
Are odious to the young. We'd best retire.
In short, we're grown a by-word, Pamphilus,
"The old man and old woman[40]."---But I see
Chidippus coming in good time. Let's meet him!

SCENE VI.

Enter PHIDIPPUS.

Phid. to Phil. within.] I'm angry with you---'for
heaven, very angry,
Philumena!---You've acted shamefully.
Though you indeed have some excuse for't, seeing
Your mother urg'd you to't; but she has none.

Lach. You're come upon us in good time, Phidippus
Just in the time we wanted you.

Phid. What now?

Pam. What answer shall I give them? how ex
plain?[41] [*aside.*

Lach. Inform your daughter, Sostrata will hence
Into the country; so Philumena
Need not dread coming home again.

Phid. Ah, friend!
Your wife has never been in fault at all:
All this has sprung from my wife Myrrhina.
The case is alter'd. She confounds us, Laches.

Pam. So that I may not take her home again,
Confound affairs who will! [*aside.*

Phid. I, Pamphilus,
Would fain, if possible, make this alliance
Perpetual between our families.
But if you cannot like it, take the child[42].

Pam. He knows of her delivery. Confusion! [*asid*

Lach. The child! what child?

Phid. We've got a grandson, Laches.
For when my daughter left your house, she was
With child, it seems, although I never knew it

Befo

Before this very day.

Lach. 'Fore heav'n, good news!
I am rejoic'd to hear a child is born,
And that your daughter had a safe delivery.
But what a woman is your wife, Phidippus?
Of what a disposition? to conceal
Such an event as this? I can't express
How very much I think she was to blame.

Phid. This pleases me no more than you, good Laches.

Pam. Although my mind was in suspence before,
My doubts all vanish now. I'll ne'er recall her,
Since she brings home with her another's child. [*aside.*

Lach. There is no room for choice now, Pamphilus.

Pam. Confusion! [*aside.*

Lach. We've oft wish'd to see the day,
When you should have a child, to call you father.
That day's now come. The gods be thank'd!

Pam. Undone! [*aside.*

Lach. Recall your wife, and don't oppose my will.

Pam. If she had wish'd for children by me, father,
Or to remain my wife, I'm very sure
She never would have hid this matter from me:
But now I see her heart divorc'd from me,
And think we never can agree hereafter,
Wherefore should I recall her?

Lach. A young woman
Did as her mother had persuaded her.
Is that so wonderful? and do you think
To find a woman without any fault?
—Or is't because the *men* are ne'er to blame?
[*ironically.*

Phid. Consider with yourselves then, gentlemen,

Whether you'll part with her, or call her home.
What my wife does, I cannot help, you know
Settle it as you please, you've my consent.
But for the child, what shall be done with him?
Lach. A pretty question truly! Come what may,
Send his own bantling home to him of course,
That we may educate him.
Pam. When his own
Father abandons him, I educate him?[43]
Laches. What said you? how! not educate him say you?
Shall we expose him rather, Pamphilus?
What madness is all this?---My breath, and blood!
I can contain no longer. You oblige me
To speak, against my will, before Phidippus:
Think you I'm ignorant whence flow those tears?
Or why you're thus disorder'd and distress'd?
First, when you gave as a pretence, *you could not*
Recall your wife in reverence to your mother,
She promis'd to retire into the country.
But now, since that excuse is taken from you,
You've made *her private lying-in* another.
You are mistaken if you think me blind
To your intentions.---That you might at last
Bring home your stray affections to your wife,
How long a time to wean you from your mistress
Did I allow? your wild expence upon her
How patiently I bore? I press'd, entreated,
That you would take a wife. 'Twas time, I said,
At my repeated instances you married,
And, as in duty bound to do, complied:
But now your heart is gone abroad again

After your mistress, whom to gratify,
You throw this wanton insult on your wife.
For I can plainly see you are relaps'd
Into your former life again.
Pam. I?
Lach. You.
And 'tis base in you, to invent false causes
Of quarrel with your wife, that you may live
In quiet with your mistress, having put
This witness from you. This, your wife perceiv'd.
For was there any other living reason,
Wherefore she should depart from you?
Phid. He's right:
That was the very thing.
Pam. I'll take my oath,
'Twas none of those, that you have mention'd.
Lach. Ah,
Recall your wife: or tell me, why you will not.
Pam. 'Tis not convenient now.
Lach. Take home the child then;
For *he* at least is not in fault. I'll see
About the mother afterwards.
Pam. to himself.] Ev'ry way
I am a wretch, nor know I what to do:
My father has me in the toils, and I,
By struggling to get loose, am more entangled.
I'll hence, since present I shall profit little.
For I believe they'll hardly educate
The child against my will, especially
Seeing my step-mother will second me. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Manent PHIDIPPUS, LACHES.

Lach. Going? how's that? and give me no plain answer!
—D'ye think he's in his senses?---Well---send home
The child to me, Phidippus. I'll take care on't.
Phid. I will.---I cannot wonder that my wife
Took this so ill. Women are passionate,
And can't away with such affronts as these.
This was their quarrel: nay, she told me so,
Though before him I did not care to speak on't:
Nor did I credit it at first; but now
'Tis evident, and I can plainly see
He has no stomach to a wife.
Lach. Phidippus,
How shall I act? What's your advice?
Phid. How act?
I think 'twere best to seek this wench, his mistress.
Let us expostulate the matter with her,
Speak to her roundly, nay, e'en threaten her,
If she has aught to do with him hereafter.
Lach. I'll follow your advice.---Ho, boy! [*enter a boy.*]
Run over
To Bacchis. Tell her to come forth to me.
[*Exit boy.*
—I must beseech you also to continue
Your kind assistance to me in this business.
Phid. Ah, Laches! I have told you all along,
And I repeat it now, that 'tis my wish
To render our alliance firm and lasting,

If possible, as I have hopes it will be.
——But would you have me present at your conference
With Bacchis ? [44]

Lach. No ; go, seek the child a nurse.

[*Exit* Phidippus.

SCENE VIII.

Enter BACCHIS, *attended by her women.*

Bacch. to herself.] 'Tis not for nothing Laches wants to see me ;
And, or I'm much deceiv'd, I guess the cause.

Lach. to himself.] I must take care my anger don't transport me
Beyond the bounds of prudence, which may hinder
My gaining my design on her, and urge me
To do what I may afterwards repent.
I'll to her.---[*going up.*] Save you, Bacchis!

Bacch. Save you, Laches !

Lach. Bacchis, I do not doubt but you're surpriz'd
That I should send the boy to call you forth.

Bacc. Ay, and I'm fearful too, when I reflect
Both who and what I am, lest my vocation
Should prejudice me in your good opinion.
My conduct I can fully justify.

Lach. Speak but the truth, you're in no danger, woman.
For I'm arrived at that age, when a trespass
Would not be easily forgiven in me :
Wherefore I study to proceed with caution,
And to do nothing rashly. If you act,
And will continue to act honestly,

It

It were ungenerous to do you wrong;
And seeing you deserve it not, unjust.

Bacch. Truly, this conduct asks my highest thanks;
For he who does the wrong, and then asks pardon,
Makes but a sorry reparation for it.
But what's your pleasure?

Lach. You receive the visits
Of my son Pamphilus——

Bacch. Ah!——

Lach. Let me speak!
Before he married, I endur'd your love.
—Stay! I've not finish'd all I have to say.—
He is now married. You then, while 'tis time,
Seek out another, and more constant friend.
For he will not be fond of you for ever,
Nor you, good faith, for ever in your bloom.

Bacch. Who tells you that I still receive the visits
Of Pamphilus?

Lach. His step-mother.

Bacch. I?

Lach. You.
And therefore has withdrawn her daughter: therefore
Meant secretly to kill the new-born child.

Bacch. Did I know any thing to gain your credit,
More sacred than an oath, I'd use it, Laches,
In solemn protestation to assure you,
That I have had no commerce with your son,
Since he was married [45].

Lach. Good girl: but d'ye know
What I would farther have you do?

Bacch. Inform me.

Lach. Go to the women here, and offer them

The same oath. Satisfy their minds, and clear
Yourself from all reproach in this.

Bacch. I'll do't.

Although I'm sure no other of my calling
Would shew herself before a married woman
Upon the same occasion.— But it hurts me
To see your son suspected on false grounds;
And that to those, who owe him better thoughts,
His conduct should seem light. For he deserves
All my best offices.

Lach. Your conversation has much wrought upon me,
Gain'd my good-will, and alter'd my opinion.
For not the women only had such thoughts,
But I believ'd it too. Now therefore, since
I've found you better than my expectation,
Prove still the same, and make my friendship sure.
If otherwise----But I'll contain myself. I'll not
Say any thing severe.---But I advise you,
Rather experience what a friend I am,
Than what an enemy.

Bacch. I'll do my best.

SCENE IX.

Enter PHIDIPPUS *and a Nurse.*

Phid. to the Nurse.] Nay, you shall want for nothing at my house;
I'll give you all that's needful in abundance.
But when you've eat and drank your fill yourself,
Take care to satisfy the infant too.

Lach. I see the father of Philumena
Coming this way. He brings the child a nurse.
—Phidippus, Bacchis swears most solemnly—
Phid. Is this she?
Lach. Ay.
Phid. They never mind the gods,
Nor do I think the gods mind them.
Bacch. Here are
My waiting-women: take them, and extort
By any kind of torment the truth from them.
—Our present business is, I take it, this:
That I should win the wife of Pamphilus
To return home; which so I but effect,
I sha'n't regret the fame of having done
What others of my calling would avoid [46].
Lach. Phidippus, we've discover'd that in fact
We both suspected our wives wrongfully.
Let's now try *her:* for if your wife perceives
Her own suspicions also are unjust,
She'll drop her anger. If my son's offended,
Because his wife conceal'd her labour from him,
That's but a trifle; he'll be soon appeas'd.
—And truly I see nothing in the matter,
That need occasion a divorce.
Phid. 'Fore heav'n,
I wish that all may end well.
Lach. Here she is:
Examine her; she'll give you satisfaction.
Phid. What needs all this to me? You know *my* mind
Already, Laches: do but make them easy.

Lach.

Lach. Bacchis, be sure you keep your promise with me.

Bacch. Shall I go in then for that purpose?

Lach. Ay.

Go in: remove their doubts, and satisfy them [47].

Bacch. I will; although I'm very sure my presence
Will be unwelcome to them; for a wife,
When parted from her husbnnd, to a mistress
Is a sure enemy.

Lach. They'll be your friends,
When once they know the reason of your coming.

Phid. Ay, ay, they'll be your friends, I promise you,
When they once learn your errand; for you'll free
Them from mistake, yourself from all suspicion.

Bacch. I'm covered with confusion. I'm asham'd
To see Philumena.---[*to her woman.*] You two attend me. [*Exeunt* Phid. Bacch. &c.

LACHES *alone.*

What is there that could please me more than this,
That Bacchis, without any loss, should gain
Favour from them, and do me service too?
For if she really has withdrawn herself
From Pamphilus, it will increase, she knows,
Her reputation, interest, and honour:
Since by this generous act she will at once
Oblige my son, and make us all her friends. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

PARMENO *alone.*

I'FAITH my master holds my labour cheap
To send me to the Citadel for nothing,
Where I have waited the whole day in vain
For his Myconian, Callidemides.
There was I sitting, gaping like a fool,
And running up, if any one appear'd,
—" Are you, sir, a Myconian ?"—" No, not I."—
—" But your name's Callidemides ?"---" Not it."
" And have not you a guest here, of the name
" Of Pamphilus ?"---No---no---All, No.
In short, I don't believe there's such a man.
At last I grew asham'd, and so sneak'd off.
---But is't not Bacchis that I see come forth
From our new kinsman ? What can she do there ?

SCENE II.

Enter BACCHIS.

Bacch. Oh Parmeno, I'm glad I met with you.
Run quick to Pamphilus.[49]

Par. On what account ?

Bacch. Tell him, that I desire he'd come.

Par. To you ?

Bacch. No; to Philumena.

Par. Why, what's the matter ?

Bacch. Nothing to you; so ask no questions.

Par. Must I

Say

Say nothing else?

Bacch. Yes; tell him too,
That Myrrhina acknowledges the ring,
Which formerly he gave me, as her daughter's.

Par. I understand you. But is that all?

Bacch. All.
He'll come the moment that you tell him that.
What! do you loiter?

Par. No, i'faith, not I.
I have not had it in my pow'r, I've been
So bandied to and fro, sent here and there,
Trotting and running up and down all day. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

BACCHIS *alone.*

What joy have I procur'd to Pamphilus
By coming here to-day! what blessings brought him!
And from how many sorrows rescued him!
His son, by his and their means nearly lost,
I sav'd; a wife, he meant to put away,
I have restor'd; and from the strong suspicions
Of Laches and Phidippus set him free.
—Of all these things the ring has been the cause.
For I remember, near ten months ago,
That he came running home to me one evening,
Breathless, alone, and much inflam'd with wine,
Bringing this ring. I was alarm'd at it.
" Prithee, my dearest Pamphilus, said I,
" Whence comes all this confusion? whence this
" ring?

" Tell

" Tell me, my love."—He put me off at first:
Perceiving this, it made me apprehend
Something of serious import, and I urg'd him
More earnestly to tell me.---He confess'd,
That, as he came along, he had committed
A rape upon a virgin---*whom* he knew not---
And, as she struggled, forc'd from her that ring;
Which Myrrhina now seeing on my finger,
Immediately acknowledg'd, and enquir'd,
How I came by it. I told all this story: [52]
Whence 'twas discover'd, that Philumena
Was she who had been ravish'd, and the child
Conceiv'd from that encounter.---That I've been
The instrument of all these joys I'm glad,
Though other courtesans would not be so;
Nor is it for our profit and advantage,
That lovers should be happy in their marriage.
But never will I, for my calling-sake,
Suffer ingratitude to taint my mind.
I found him, while occasion gave him leave,
Kind, pleasant, and good-humour'd: and this marriage
Happen'd unluckily, I must confess.
Yet I did nothing to estrange his heart;
And since I have receiv'd much kindness from him,
'Tis fit I should endure this one affliction.

SCENE IV.

Enter at a distance PAMPHILUS *and* PARMENO.

Par. Be sure you prove this to me, Parmeno;
Prithee, be sure on't. Do not bubble me

With

With false and short-liv'd joy.

Par. 'Tis even so.

Pam. For certain?

Par. Ay, for certain.

Pam. I'm in heaven,
If this be so.

Par. You'll find it very true.

Pam. Hold, I beseech you! I'm afraid; I think
One thing, while you relate another.

Par. Well?

Pam. You said, I think, "that Myrrhina discover'd
"The ring on Bacchis' finger, was her own."

Par. She did.

Pam. "The same I gave her formerly.
"—And Bacchis bade you run and tell me this."
Is it not so?

Par. I tell you, sir, it is.

Pam. Who is more fortunate, more blest than I?
—What shall I give you for these news? what? what?
I don't know.

Par. But I know.

Pam. What?

Par. Just nothing.
For I see nothing of advantage to you,
Or in the message, or myself.

Pam. Shall I
Permit you to go unrewarded; you,
Who have restor'd me ev'n from death to life?
Ah, Parmeno, d'ye think me so ungrateful?
---But yonder's Bacchis standing at the door.
She waits for me, I fancy. I'll go to her.

Bacch. seeing him.] Pamphilus, save you!

Pam.

Pam. Baçchis! my dear Bacchis!
My guardian, my protectress!
Bacch. All is well:
And I'm o'erjoy'd at it.
Pam. Your actions speak it.
You're still the charming girl I ever found you.
Your presence, company, and conversation,
Come where you will, bring joy and pleasure with them.
Bacch. And you, in faith, are still the same as ever,
The sweetest, most engaging man on earth.
Pam. Ha! ha! ha! that speech from you, dear Bacchis?
Bacch. You lov'd your wife with reason, Pamphilus:
Never, that I remember, did I see her
Before to-day; and she's a charming woman.
Pam. Speak truth!
Bacch. So heaven help me, Pamphilus!
Pam. Say, have you told my father any part
Of this tale?
Bacch. Not a word.
Pam. Nor is there need.
Let all be hush! I would not have it here,
As in a comedy,[53] where every thing
Is known to every body. Here, those persons
Whom it concerns, already know it; they,
Who 'twere not meet should know it, never shall.
Bacch. I promise you, it may with ease be hid.
Myrrhina told Phidippus, that my oath
Convinc'd her, and she held you clear.
Pam. Good! good!
All will be well, and all, I hope, end well.

Par.

Par. May I know, sir, what good I've done to-day ?
And what's the meaning of your conversation ?
Pam. No.
Par. I suspect however.---" I restore him
From death to life ?"—which way ?—
Pam. Oh, Parmeno,
You can't conceive the good you've done to-day,
From what distress you have deliver'd me.
Par. Ay, but I know, and did it with design.
Pam. Oh, I'm convinc'd of that. [*ironically.*
Par. Did Parmeno
Ever let slip an opportunity
Of doing what he ought, sir?
Pam. Parmeno,
In after me !
Par. I follow.---By my troth,
I've done more good to-day without design,
Than ever with design in all my life.---
Clap your hands ![54]

PHORMIO.

ACTED at the ROMAN SPORTS [1],

L. Postumius Albinus, and L. Cornelius Merula, Curule Ædiles: principal actors, L. Ambivius Turpio and L. Attilius Præuestinus: the musick, composed for unequal flutes, by Flaccus, freedman to Claudius. Taken entirely from the Epidicazomenos of Apollodorus. Acted four times [2], C. Fannius, and M. Valerius, Consuls [3].

PROLOGUE.

The Old Bard[4] finding it impossible
To draw our poet from the love of verse,
And bury him in indolence, attempts
By calumny to scare him from the stage;
Pretending, that in all his former plays
The characters are low, and mean the style[5];
Because he ne'er describ'd a mad-brain'd youth[6],
Who in his fits of phrenzy thought he saw
A hind, the dogs in full cry after her;
Her too imploring and beseeching him
To give her aid.—But did he understand,
That when the piece was first produc'd, it ow'd,
More to the actor, than himself, its safety,
He would not be thus bold to give offence.
—But if there's any one that says, or thinks,
" That, had not the old bard assail'd him first,
" Our poet could not have devis'd a prologue,
" Having no matter for abuse;"—let such
Receive for answer, " that although the prize
" To all advent'rers is held out in common,
" The veteran poet meant to drive our bard
" From study into want: *he* therefore chose
" To answer, though he would not first offend.
" And had his adversary but have prov'd
" A generous rival, he had had due praise.
" Let him then bear these censures, and reflect,
" Of his own slanders 'tis the due return!
" But henceforth I shall cease to speak of him,
" Although he ceases not himself to rail."

But

But now what I'd request of you, attend!
To-day I bring a new play, which the Greeks
Call Epidicazomenos[7]; the Latins,
From the chief character, name Phormio;
Phormio, whom you will find a Parasite,
And the chief engine of the plot.---And now,
If to our poet you are well inclin'd,
Give ear; be favourable; and be silent!
Let us not meet the same ill fortune now[8],
That we before encounter'd, when our troop
Was by a tumult driven from their place;
To which the actor's merit, seconded
By your good-will and candour, has restor'd us.

PER-

PERSONS.

PROLOGUE.

DEMIPHO, *An Old Man.*

CHREMES, *An Old Man.*

ANTIPHO, *A Youth.*

PHÆDRIA, *A Youth.*

CRATINUS, CRITO, HEGIO, } *Advocates.*

PHORMIO, *A Parasite.*

DORIO, *A Pimp.*

GETA, *A Servant.*

DAVUS; *and other Servants.*

NAUSISTRATA, *Wife of Chremes.*

SOPHRONA, *A Nurse.*

SCENE—ATHENS.

PHORMIO.

ACT I. SCENE I.

DAVUS, *alone.*[9]

GETA, my worthy friend and countryman,[10]
Came to me yesterday: For some time past
I've ow'd him some small balance of account:
This, he desir'd, I would make up: I have;
And brought it with me: For his master's son,
I am inform'd, has lately got a wife:
So I suppose this sum is scrap'd together
For a bride-gift. Alack, how hard it is,
That he, who is already poor, should still
Throw in his mite, to swell the rich man's heap!
What he scarce, ounce by ounce[11], from short allowance[12],
Sorely defrauding his own appetite,
Has spar'd, poor wretch! shall *she* sweep all at once,
Unheeding with what labour it was got.
Geta, moreover, shall be struck for more[13];
Another gift, when madam's brought to bed;—
Another too, when master's birth-day's kept,
And they initiate him[14].---All this mamma
Shall carry off, the bantling her excuse.
But is that Geta?

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter GETA.

Geta, at entering.] If a red-hair'd man
Enquire for me——
Dav. No more! he's here.
Geta. Oh, Davus!
The very man that I was going after.
Dav. Here, take this! [*gives a purse.*] 'tis all told:
you'll find it right;
The sum I ow'd you.
Geta. Honest, worthy Davus!
I thank you for your punctuality.
Dav. And well you may, as men and times go now
Things, by my troth, are come to such a pass,
If a man pays you what he owes, you're much
Beholden to him.---But, pray, why so sad?
Geta. I?---You can scarce imagine in what dread,
What danger I am in.
Dav. How so?
Geta. I'll tell you,
So you will keep it secret.
Dav. Away, fool!
The man, whose faith in money you have tried,
D'ye fear to trust with words?---And to what end
Should I deceive you?
Geta. List then!
Dav. I'm all ear.
Geta. D'ye know our old man's elder brother,
Chremes?
Dav. Know him? ay sure.

Geta.

Geta. You do?---And his son Phædria?
Dav. As well as I know you.
Geta. It so fell out,
Both the old men were forc'd to journey forth
At the same season. He to Lemnos, our's
Into Cilicia, to an old acquaintance
Who had decoy'd the old curmudgeon thither
By wheedling letters, almost promising
Mountains of gold.
Dav. To one that had so much,
More than enough already?
Geta. Prithee, peace!
Money's his passion.
Dav. Oh, would I had been
A man of fortune, I!
Geta. At their departure,
The two old gentlemen appointed me
A kind of governor to both their sons.
Dav. A hard task, Geta!
Geta. Troth, I found it so.
My angry genius for my sins ordain'd it [15].
At first I took upon me to oppose:
In short, while I was trusty to th' old man,
The young one made my shoulders answer for it.
Dav. So I suppose: for what a foolish task
To kick against the pricks! [16]
Geta. I then resolv'd
To give them their own way in ev'ry thing.
Dav. Ay, then you made your market [17].
Geta. Our young spark
Play'd no mad pranks at first: But Phædria
Got him immediately a musick-girl:

Fond

Fond of her to distraction! She belong'd
To a most avaricious sordid pimp;
Nor had we aught to give;---th' old gentleman
Had taken care of that. Nought else remain'd,
Except to feed his eyes, to follow her,
To lead her out to school[18], and hand her home.
We too, for lack of other business, gave
Our time to Phædria. Opposite the school,
Whither she went to take her lessons, stood
A barber's shop[19], wherein most commonly
We waited her return. Hither, one day,
Cam ea young man in tears[20]: we were amaz'd,
And ask'd the cause. Never (said he, and wept)
Did I suppose the weight of poverty
A load so sad, so insupportable,
As it appear'd but now.---I saw but now,
Not far from hence, a miserable virgin
Lamenting her dead mother[24]. Near the corpse
She sat; nor friend, nor kindred, nor acquaintance,
Except one poor old woman, was there near
To aid the funeral. I pitied her:
Her beauty too was exquisite.---In short,
He mov'd us all: and Antipho at once
Cried, "Shall we go and visit her?"---"Why, ay,
"I think so," said the other, "let us go!"
"Conduct us, if you please."---We went, arriv'd,
And saw her.---Beautiful she was indeed!
More justly to be reckon'd so, for she
Had no additions to set off her beauty.
Her hair dishevell'd, barefoot, woe-be-gone,
In tears, and miserably clad: that if
The life and soul of beauty had not dwelt

Within

Within her very form, all these together
Must have extinguish'd it.---The spark, possess'd
Already with the musick-girl, just cried,
" She's well enough."---But our young gentleman---
Dav. Fell, I suppose, in love?
Geta. In love indeed.
But mark the end! next day, away he goes
To the old woman straight, beseeching her
To let him have the girl:---" Not she indeed!
" Nor was it like a gentleman," she said,
" For him to think on't: She's a citizen,
" An honest girl, and born of honest parents:---
" If he would marry her indeed, by law
" He might do *that;* on no account, aught else."
—Our spark, distracted, knew not what to do:
At once he long'd to marry her, at once
Dreaded his absent father.
Dav. Would not he,
Had he return'd, have giv'n consent?
Geta. To wed
A girl of neither family nor fortune?
Never.
Dav. What then?
Geta. What then! There is a parasite,
One Phormio, a bold enterprising fellow,
Who---all the gods confound him!---
Dav. What did he?
Geta. Gave us the following counsel.——" There's
" a law,
" That orphan girls should wed their next of kin,
" Which law obliges too their next of kin
" To marry them.---I'll say, that you're her kinsman,
" And

" And sue a writ against you. I'll pretend
" To be her father's friend, and bring the cause
" Before the judges. Who her father was,
" Her mother who, and how she's your relation,
" All this sham evidence I'll forge; by which
" The cause will turn entirely in my favour.
" You shall disprove no tittle of the charge;
" So I succeed.---Your father will return;
" Prosecute me;---what then?---The girl's our own."
Dav. A pleasant piece of impudence!
Geta. It pleas'd
Our spark at least: he put it into practice;
Came into court; and he was cast; and married.
Dav. How say you?
Geta. Just as you have heard.
Dav. Oh, Geta,
What will become of you?
Geta. I don't know, faith.
But only this I know, whate'er chance brings,
I'll patiently endure.
Dav. Why, that's well said,
And like a man.
Geta. All my dependence is
Upon myself.
Dav. And that's the best.
Geta. I might
Beg one indeed to intercede for me,
Who may plead thus---" Nay, pardon him this once!
" But if he fails again, I've not a word
" To say for him."---And well if he don't add,
" When I go hence, e'en hang him!"
Dav. What of him,

Gentleman-usher [22] to the musick-girl?
How goes he on?
Geta. So, so!
Dav. He has not much
To give perhaps.
Geta. Just nothing, but mere hope.
Dav. His father too, is he return'd?
Geta. Not yet.
Dav. And your old man, when do you look for him?
Geta. I don't know certainly: but I have heard
That there's a letter from him come to port,
Which I am going for.
Dav. Would you aught else
With me, good Geta?
Geta. Nothing, but farewell! [*Exit* Davus.
Ho, boy! What, nobody at home! [*Enter* ɣ.
Take this,
And give it Dorcium. [23] [*Gives the purse, and exit.*

SCENE III.

ANTIPHO, PHÆDRIA.

Ant. Is it come to this?
My father, Phædria!—my best friend!—That I
Should tremble, when I think of his return!
When, had I not been inconsiderate,
I, as 'tis meet, might have expected him.
Phæd. What now?
Ant. Is that a question? and from you,
Who know th' atrocious fault I have committed?
Oh, that it ne'er had enter'd Phormio's mind

To

To give such counsel! nor to urge me on,
In the extravagance of blind desire,
To this rash act, the source of my misfortunes!
I should not have possest her: that indeed
Had made me wretched some few days.---But then
This constant anguish had not torn my mind———
Phæd. I hear you.
Ant. ——while each moment I expect
His coming to divorce me.
Phæd. Other men,
For lack of what they love, are miserable;
Abundance is your grievance. You're too rich
A lover, Antipho! For your condition
Is to be wish'd and pray'd for. Now, by heaven,
Might I, so long as you have done, enjoy
My love, it were bought cheaply with my life.
How hard my lot, unsatisfied, unblest!
How happy your's, in full possession!---One
Of lib'ral birth, ingenuous disposition,
And honest fame, without expence, you've got:
The wife, whom you desir'd!---in all things blest,
But want the disposition to believe so.
Had you, like me, a scoundrel pimp to deal with,
Then you'd perceive—But sure 'tis in our nature,
Never to be contented.
Ant. Now to me,
Phædria, 'tis you appear the happy man.
Still quite at large, free to consider still,
To keep, pursue, or quit her: I, alas!
Have so entangled and perplext myself,
That I can neither keep, nor let her go.
—What now? isn't that our Geta, whom I see

Running

Running this way?---'Tis he himself---Ah me!
How do I fear what news he brings!

SCENE IV.

Enter at a distance GETA, *running*.

Geta. Confusion!
A quick thought, Geta, or you're quite undone,
So many evils take you unprepar'd;
Which I know neither how to shun, nor how
To extricate myself: for this bold stroke
Of our's can't long be hid.

Ant. What's this confusion?

Geta. Then I have scarce a moment's time to think.
My master is arriv'd.

Ant. What mischief's that?

Geta. Who, when he shall have heard it, by what art
Shall I appease his anger?---Shall I speak?
'Twill irritate him.---Hold my peace?---enrage him.---
Defend myself?---Impossible![24]---Oh, wretch!
Now for myself in pain, now Antipho
Distracts my mind.--But *him* I pity most;
For *him* I fear; 'tis *he* retains me here:
For, were it not for *him*, I'd soon provide
For my own safety---ay, and be reveng'd
On the old greybeard---carry something off,
And shew my master a light pair of heels.

Ant. What scheme to rob and run away is this?

Geta. But where shall I find Antipho? where seek him?

Phæd. He mentions you.
Ant. I know not what, but doubt
That he's the messenger of some ill news.
Phæd. Have you your wits?
Geta. I'll home: he's chiefly there.
Phæd. Let's call him back!
Ant. Holo, you! stop!
Geta. Heyday!
Authority enough, be who you will.
Ant. Geta!
Geta, turning.] The very man I wish'd to meet!
Ant. Tell us, What news?———in one word, if you can.
Geta. I'll do it.
Ant. Speak!
Geta. This moment at the Port———
Ant. My father?
Geta. Even so.
Ant. Undone.
Phæd. He yday
Ant. What shall I do?
Phæd. What say you? [*to* Geta.
Geta. That I've seen
His father, sir,---your uncle.
Ant. How shall I,
Wretch that I am! oppose this sudden evil?
Should I be so unhappy, to be torn
From thee, my Phanium, life's not worth my care.
Geta. Since that's the case then, Antipho, you ought
To be the more upon your guard.
Ant. Alas!
I'm not myself.

Geta.

Geta. But now you should be most so, Antipho:
For if your father should discern your fear,
He'll think you conscious of a fault.
Phæd. That's true.
Ant. I cannot help it, nor seem otherwise.
Geta. How would you manage in worse difficulties?
Ant. Since I'm not equal to bear this, to those
I should be more unequal.
Geta. This is nothing.
Pooh, Phædria, let him go! why waste our time?
I will be gone. [*going.*
Phæd. And I. [*going.*
Ant. Nay, prithee, stay!
What if I should dissemble?—Will that do?
[*endeavouring to assume another air.*
Geta. Ridiculous!
Ant. Nay, look at me! Will that
Suffice?
Geta. Not it.
Ant. Or this?
Geta. Almost.
Ant. Or this?
Geta. Ay! now you've hit it. Do but stick to that;
Answer him boldly; give him hit for dash,
Nor let him bear you down with angry words.
Ant. I understand you.
Geta. "Forc'd"—"against your will"—
"By law"---"by sentence of the court"---d'ye take
me?
---But what old gentleman is that, I see
Turning the corner of the street?
Ant. 'Tis he.

I dare not face him. [*going.*

Geta. Ah, what is't you do?
Where d'ye run, Antipho! Stay, stay, I say.

Ant. I know myself and my offence too well:
To you then I commend my life and love. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Manent PHÆDRIA, *and* GETA.

Phæd. Geta, what now?

Geta. You shall be roundly chid;
I soundly drubb'd; or I am much deceiv'd.
---But what e'en now we counsell'd Antipho,
It now behoves ourselves to practise, Phædria.

Peæd. Talk not of what behoves, but say at once
What you would have me do.

Geta. Do you remember
The plea, whereon you both agreed to rest,
At your first vent'ring on this enterprise?
" That Phormio's suit was just, sure, equitable,
" Not to be controverted."———

Phæd. I remember.

Geta. Now then that plea! or, if it's possible,
One better, and more plausible.

Phæd. I'll do't.

Geta. Do you attack him first! I'll lie in ambush,
To re-inforce you, if you give ground.

Phæd. Well. [*They retire.*

SCENE VI.

Enter DEMIPHO *at another part of the Stage.*

Dem. How's this! A wife! what, Antipho! and ne'er
Ask my consent?---nor my authority?———
Or, grant we pass authority, not dread
My wrath at least?---To have no sense of shame?
---Oh, impudence!---Oh, Geta, rare adviser!
Geta. Geta at last!
Dem. What they will say to me,
Or what excuse they will devise, I wonder.
Geta. Oh, we have settled that already: Think
Of something else.
Dem. Will he say this to me?
---"Against my will I did it"---"Forc'd by law"---
---I hear you: I confess it.
Geta. Very well.
Dem. But conscious of the fraud, without a word
In answer or defence, to yield the cause
Tamely to your opponents---did the law
Force you to *that* too?
Phæd. That's home.
Geta. Give me leave!
I'll manage it.
Dem. I know not what to do:
This stroke has come so unawares upon me,
Beyond all expectation, past belief.
---I'm so enrag'd, I can't compose my mind
To think upon it.---Wherefore ev'ry man,[25]
When his affairs go on most swimmingly,
Ev'n then it most behoves to arm himself

Against the coming storm: loss, danger, exile,
Returning ever let him look to meet;
His son in fault, wife dead, or daughter sick---
All common accidents, and may have happen'd;
That nothing should seem new or strange. But if
Aught has fall'n out beyond his hopes, all that
Let him account clear again.

Geta. Oh, Phædria,
'Tis wonderful, how much a wiser man
I am than my old master. My misfortunes
I have consider'd well.---At his return
Doom'd to grind ever in the mill, beat, chain'd,
Or set to labour in the fields;---of these
Nothing will happen new. If aught falls out
Beyond my hopes, all that I'll count clear gain.
---But why delay t'accost th' old gentleman,
And speak him fair at first?

[*Phædria goes forward.*

Dem. Methinks I see
My nephew Phædria.

Phæd. My good uncle, welcome!

Dem. Your servant!---But where's Antipho?

Phæd. I'm glad
To see you safe——

Dem. Well, well!---But answer me.

Phæd. He's well: hard by.---But have affairs turn'd out
According to your wishes?

Dem. Wou'd they had!

Phæd. Why, what's the matter?

Dem. What's the matter, Phædria?
You've clapp'd up a fine marriage in my absence.

Phæd

Phæd. What! are you angry with him about that?
Geta. Well counterfeited!
Dem. Should I not be angry?
Let me but set eyes on him, he shall know
That his offences have converted me
From a mild father to a most severe one.
Phæd. He has done nothing, uncle, to offend you.
Dem. See, all alike! the whole gang hangs together:
Know one, and you know all.
Phæd. Nay, 'tis not so.
Dem. One does a fault, the other's hard at hand
To bear him out: when t'other slips, *he's* ready:
Each in their turn!
Geta. I'faith th' old gentleman
Has blunder'd on their humours to a hair.
Dem. For, were't not so, you'd not defend him, Phædria.
Phæd. If, uncle, Antipho has done a wrong
Or to his interest, or reputation,
I am content he suffer as he may:
But if another, with malicious fraud,
Has laid a snare for inexperienced youth,
And triumph'd o'er it; can you lay the blame
On us, or on the judges, who oft take
Thro' envy from the rich, or from compassion
Add to the poor?
Geta. Unless I knew the cause,
I should imagine this was truth he spoke.
Dem. What judge can know the merits on your side,
When you put in no plea; as he has done?
Phæd. He has behav'd like an ingenuous youth.
When he came into court, he wanted pow'r

To

To utter what he had prepar'd, so much
He was abash'd by fear and modesty.
Geta. Oh brave !---But why, without more loss of time,
Don't I accost th' old man? [*going up.*] My master, welcome!
I am rejoic'd to see you safe return'd.
Dem. What! my good master governor! your slave!
The prop! the pillar of our family!
To whom, at my departure hence, I gave
My son in charge.
Geta. I've heard you for some time
Accuse us all quite undeservedly,
And me, of all, most undeservedly.
For what could I have done in this affair?
A slave the laws will not allow to plead;
Nor can he be an evidence.
Dem. I grant it.
Nay more---the boy was bashful---I allow it.
---You but a slave.---But if she had been prov'd
Ever so plainly a relation, why
Needed he marry her? and why not rather
Give her, according to the law, a portion,[26]
And let her seek some other for a husband?
Why did he rather bring a beggar home?
Geta. 'Twas not the thought, but money that was wanting.
Dem. He might have borrow'd it.
Geta. Have borrow'd it!
Easily said.
Dem. If not to be had else,

On

On interest.

Geta. Nay, now indeed you've hit it.
Who would advance him money in your life? [27]

Dem. Well, well, it shall not, and it cannot be,
That I should suffer her to live with him
As wife a single day. There is no cause.
---Would I might see that fellow, or could tell
Where he resides!

Geta. What, Phormio!

Dem. The girl's patron! [28]

Geta. He shall be with you straight.

Dem. Where's Antipho?

Phæd. Abroad.

Dem. Go, Phædria; find him, bring him here.

Phæd. I'll go directly. [*Exit.*

Geta, aside.] Ay, to Pamphila. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

DEMIPHO, *alone.*

I'll home, and thank the gods for my return [29];
Thence to the Forum, and convene some friends,
Who may be present at this interview,
That Phormio may not take me unprepar'd. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

PHORMIO, GETA.

Phor. AND Antipho, you say, has slunk away [30],
Fearing his father's presence?
Geta. Very true.
Phor. Poor Phanium left alone?
Geta. 'Tis even so.
Phor. And the old gentleman enrag'd?
Geta. Indeed.
Phor. The sum of all then, Phormio, rests on you:
On you, and you alone. You've bak'd this cake,
E'en eat it for your pains. About it then!
Geta. I do beseech you.
Phor. to himself.] What if he enquire?---
Geta. Our only hope's in you.
Phor. to himself.] I have it!---Then,
Suppose he offer to return the girl?
Geta. You urg'd us to it.
Phor. to himself.] Ay! it shall be so.
Geta. Assist us!
Phor. Let him come, old gentleman!
'Tis here: it is engender'd: I am arm'd
With all my counsels.
Geta. What d'ye mean to do?
Phor. What would you have me do, unless contrive
That Phanium may remain, that Antipho
Be freed from blame, and all the old man's rage
Turn'd upon me? [31]
Geta. Brave fellow! friend indeed!

And

And yet I often tremble for you, Phormio,
Lest all this noble confidence of yours
End in the stocks [32] at last.
Phor. Ah, 'tis not so.
I'm an old stager too, and know my road.
How many men d'ye think I've bastinadoed
Almost to death? aliens, and citizens?
The oftner, still the safer.---Tell me then,
Didst ever hear of actions for assault
And batt'ry brought against me?
Geta. How comes that?
Phor. Because the net's not stretch'd to catch the hawk,
Or kite, who do us wrong; but laid for those,
Who do us none at all: In them there's profit,
In these mere labour lost. Thus other men
May be in danger, who have aught to lose;
I, the world knows, have nothing.---You will say,
They'll seize my person [33].---No, they won't maintain
A fellow of my stomach.---And they're wise,
In my opinion, if for injuries
They'll not return the highest benefit.
Geta. It is impossible for Antipho
To give you thanks sufficient.
Phor. Rather say,
No man sufficiently can thank his patron.
You at free cost to come [34]! anointed, bath'd,
Easy and gay! while he's eat up with care
And charge, to cater for your entertainment!
He gnaws his heart, you laugh; eat first, sit first,
And see a doubtful banquet [35] plac'd before you!
Geta. Doubtful! what phrase is that?
Phor. Where you're in doubt,

What

What you shall rather choose. Delights like these,
When you but think how sweet, how dear, they are;
Him that affords them must you not suppose
A very deity?

Geta. The old man's here.
Mind what you do! the first attack's the fiercest:
Sustain but that, the rest will be mere play.

[*They retire.*

SCENE II.

Enter at a distance DEMIPHO.——HEGIO, CRATINUS, CRITO, *following.*

Dem. Was ever man so grossly treated, think ye?
—This way, sirs, I beseech you.

Geta. He's enrag'd!

Phor. Hist! mind your cue: I'll work him.
---[*Coming forward and speaking loud.*] Oh, ye gods!
Does he deny that Phanium's his relation?
What, Demipho! Does Demipho deny
That Phanium is his kinswoman?

Geta. He does.

Phor. And who her father was he does not know?

Geta. No.

Dem. to the Lawyers.] Here's the very fellow, I believe,
Of whom I have been speaking.---Follow me

Phor. aloud.] And that he does not know, who Stilpho was?

Geta. No.

Phor. Ah, because, poor thing, she's left in want,[36]
Her father is unknown, and she despis'd.

What

What will not avarice do?

Geta. If you insinuate
My master's avaricious, woe be to you!

Dem. behind.] Oh impudence! he dares accuse me first.

Phor. As to the youth, I cannot take offence,
If *he* had not much knowledge of him; since,
Now in the vale of years, in want, his work
His livelihood, he nearly altogether
Liv'd in the country: where he held a farm
Under my father. I have often heard
The poor old man complain, that this his kinsman
Neglected him.---But what a man! A man
Of most exceeding virtue.

Geta. Much at one:
Yourself and he you praise so much.

Phor. Away!
Had I not thought him what I've spoken of him,
I would not for his daughter's sake have drawn
So many troubles on our family,
Whom this old cuff now treats so scandalously.

Geta. What, still abuse my absent master, rascal!

Phor. It is no more than he deserves.

Geta. How, villain!

Dem. Geta! [*calling.*

Geta. Rogue, robber, pettyfogger!
[*to* Phormio; *pretending not to hear* Demipho.

Dem. Geta!

Phor. Answer. [*apart to* Geta.

Geta, turning.] Who's that?---Oh!

Dem. Peace!

Geta. Behind your back,

All

All day without cessation has this knave
Thrown scurvy terms upon you, such as none
But men, like him, can merit.
Dem. Well! have done:
[*putting* Geta *by, then addressing* Phormio.
Young man! permit me first to ask one question,
And, if you please, vouchsafe to answer me.
---Who was this friend of your's? Explain! and how
Might he pretend that I was his relation?
Phor. So! you fish for't, as if you didn't know.
[*sneeringly.*
Dem. Know! I?
Phor. Ay; you.
Dem. Not I: you that maintain
I ought, instruct me how to recollect.
Phor. What! not acquainted with your cousin?
Dem. Plague!
Tell me his name.
Phor. His name? ay!
Dem. Well, why don't you?
Phor. Confusion! I've forgot the name [37]. [*apart.*
Dem. What say you?
Phor. Geta, if you remember, prompt me.
[*apart to* Geta.]——Pshaw!
I will not tell.---As if you didn't know,
You're come to try me. [*loud to* Demipho.
Dem. How! I try you?
Geta. Stilpho. [*whispering* Phormio.
Phor. What is't to me?---Stilpho.
Dem. Whom say you?
Phor. Stilpho:
Did you know Stilpho, sir?

Dem.

Dem. I neither know him ;
Nor ever had I kinsman of that name.
Phor. How ! are you not asham'd ?---But if, poor man,
Stilpho had left behind him an estate
Of some ten talents———
Dem. Out upon you !
Phor. Then
You would have been the first to trace your line
Quite from your grandsire and great-grandsire.
Dem. True.
Had I then come, I'd have explain'd at large
How she was my relation : so do you !
Say, how is she my kinswoman ?
Geta. Well said !
Master, you're right.---Take heed !
[*apart to* Phormio.
Phor. I have explain'd
All that most clearly, where I ought, in court.
If it were false, why did not then your son
Refute it ?
Dem. Do you tell me of my son,
Whose folly can't be spoke of, as it ought ?
Phor. But you, who are so wise, go, seek the judge :
Ask sentence in the self-same cause again :
Because you're lord alone [38]; and have alone
Pow'r to obtain the judgment of the court
Twice in one cause.
Dem. Although I have been wrong'd,
Yet, rather than engage in litigation,
And rather than hear you ; as if she were
Indeed related to us, as the law

Ordains

Ordains, I'll pay her dowry: Take her hence,
And with her take five minæ.

Phor. Ha! ha! ha!
A pleasant gentleman!

Dem. Why, what's the matter?
Have I demanded any thing unjust?
Sha'n't I obtain this neither, which is law?

Phor. Is't even so, sir?---Like a common harlot
When you've abus'd her, does the law ordain
That you should pay her hire, and whistle her off?
Or, lest a citizen through poverty
Bring shame upon her honour, does it order
That she be given to her next of kin
To pass her life with him? which you forbid.

Dem. Ay; to her next of kin: But why to us;
Or wherefore?

Phor. Oh! that matter is all settled:
Think on't no more.

Dem. Not think on't! I shall think
Of nothing else, till there's an end of this.

Phor. Words, words!

Dem. I'll make them good.

Phor. But, after all,
With you I have no business, Demipho!
Your son is cast, not you: for at your age
The coupling-time is over.

Dem. Be assur'd
That all I've said, he says: or I'll forbid
Him and this wife of his my house.

Geta. He's angry. [*apart.*

Phor. No; you'll think better on't.

Dem. Are you resolv'd,

Wretch that you are, to thwart me ev'ry way?

Phor. He fears, tho' he dissembles. [*apart.*

Geta. Well begun! [*apart.*

Phor. Well; but what can't be cur'd, must be endur'd:

'Twere well, and like yourself, that we were friends.

Dem. I! friend to you? or choose to see, or hear you!

Phor. Do but agree with her, you'll have a girl
To comfort your old age. Your years, consider!

Dem. Plague on your comfort! take her to yourself!

Phor. Ah! don't be angry!

Dem. One word more, I've done.
See that you fetch away this wench, and soon,
Or I shall turn her headlong out o'doors.
So much for Phormio!

Phor. Offer but to touch her,
In any other manner than beseems
A gentlewoman and a citizen,
And I shall bring a swingeing writ against you.
So much for Demipho!---If I am wanted,
I am at home, d'ye hear? [*apart to* Geta.

Geta. I understand. [*apart.*] [*Exit* Phormio.

SCENE III.

Dem. With how much care, and what solicitude,
My son affects me, with this wretched match
Having embroil'd himself and me! nor comes
Into my sight, that I might know at least
Or what he says, or thinks of this affair.
Go, you; and see if he's come home, or no.

Geta.

Geta. I'm gone. [*Exit.*

Dem. You see, sirs, how this matter stands.
What shall I do? Say, Hegio!

Hegio. Meaning me?
Cratinus, please you, should speak first.

Dem. Say then,
Cratinus!

Crat. Me d'ye question?

Dem. You.

Crat. Then I,
Whatever steps are best, I'd have you take.
Thus it appears to me. Whate'er your son
Has in your absence done, is null and void
In law and equity.—And so you'll find.
That's my opinion.

Dem. Say now, Hegio?

Hegio. He has, I think, pronounc'd most learnedly.
But so 'tis: many men, and many minds!
Each has his fancy: Now, in my opinion,
Whate'er is done by law, can't be undone.
'Tis shameful to attempt it.

Dem. Say you, Crito!

Crito. The case, I think, asks more deliberation.
'Tis a nice point.

Hegio. Would you aught else with us?

Dem. You've utter'd oracles. [*Exeunt Lawyers.*]
I'm more uncertain
Now than I was before [39].

Re-enter

Re-enter GETA.

Geta. He's not return'd.
Dem. My brother, as I hope, will soon arrive:
Whate'er advice he gives me, that I'll follow.
I'll to the Port, and ask when they expect him. [*Exit.*
Geta. And I'll go find out Antipho, and tell him
All that has pass'd.—But here he comes in time[40].

SCENE IV.

Enter at a distance ANTIPHO.

Ant. to himself.] Indeed, indeed, my Antipho,
You're much to blame, to be so poor in spirit.
What! steal away so guilty-like? and trust
Your life and safety to the care of others?
Would they be touch'd more nearly than yourself?
Come what come might of ev'ry thing beside,
Could you abandon the dear maid at home?
Could you so far deceive her easy faith,
And leave her to misfortune and distress?
Her, who plac'd all her hopes in you alone?
Geta, coming forwards.] I'faith, sir, we have thought
you much to blame
For your long absence.——
Ant. You're the very man
That I was looking for.
Geta. ——But ne'ertheless
We've miss'd no opportunity.
Ant. Oh, speak!
How go my fortunes, Geta? has my father

Any suspicion that I was in league
With Phormio?

Geta. Not a jot.

Ant. And may I hope?

Geta I don't know.

Ant. Ah!

Geta. Unless that Phædria
Did all he could do for you.—

Ant. Nothing new.

Geta. —And Phormio, as on all occasions else,
Prov'd himself a brave fellow.

Ant. What did *he?*

Geta. Out-swagger'd your hot father.

Ant. Well said, Phormio!

Geta. —I did the best I could too.

Ant. Honest Geta,
I am much bounden to you all.

Geta. Thus, sir,
Stand things at present. As yet all is calm.
Your father means to wait your uncle's coming.

Ant. For what?

Geta. For his advice, as he propos'd;
By which he will be rul'd in this affair.

Ant. How do I dread my uncle's coming, Geta,
Since by his sentence I must live or die!

Geta. But here comes Phædria.

Ant. Where?

Geta. From his old school[41]. [*They retire.*

SCENE V.

Enter, from Dorio's, DORIO; PHÆDRIA *following*.

Phæd. Nay, hear me, Dorio!
Dorio. Not I.
Phæd. But a word!
Dorio. Let me alone.
Phæd. Pray hear me!
Dorio. I am tir'd
With hearing the same thing a thousand times.
Phæd. But what I'd say, you will be glad to hear.
Dorio. Speak then! I hear.
Phæd. Can't I prevail on you
To stay but these three days?---Nay, where d'ye go?
Dorio. I should have wonder'd had you said aught new.
Ant. behind.] This pimp, I fear, will work himself no good[42].
Geta. I fear so too.
Phæd. Won't you believe me?
Dorio. Guess.
Phæd. Upon my honour.
Dorio. Nonsense.
Phæd. 'Tis a kindness
Shall be repaid with interest.
Dorio. Words, words!
Phæd. You'll be glad on't; you will, believe me.
Dorio. Pshaw!
Phæd. Try; 'tis not long.
Dorio. You're in the same tune still.
Phæd. My kinsman, parent, friend.---

Dorio. Ay, talk away.

Phæd. Can you be so inflexible, so cruel,
That neither pity, nor entreaties touch you?

Dorio. And can you be so inconsiderate,
And so unconscionable, Phædria,
To think that you can *talk* me to your purpose,
And wheedle me to give the girl for nothing?

Ant. behind.] Poor Phædria!

Phæd. to himself.] Alas, he speaks the truth.

Geta, to Antipho.] How well they each support their characters!

Phæd. to himself.] Then that this evil should have come upon me,
When Antipho was in the like distress!

Ant. going up.] Ha! what now, Phædria!

Phæd. Happy, happy Antipho!---

Ant. I?

Phæd. Who have her you love in your possession,
Nor e'er had plagues like these, to struggle with!

Ant. In my possession? yes, I have, indeed,
As the old saying goes, a wolf by th' ears[43]:
For I can neither part with her, nor keep her.

Dorio. 'Tis just my case with him.

Ant. to Dorio.] Thou thorough bawd!

---*to Phædria.*] What has he done?

Phæd. Done?---The inhuman wretch
Has sold my Pamphila.

Geta. What! sold her?

Ant. Sold her?

Phæd. Yes; sold her.

Dorio, laughing.] Sold her.---What a monstrous crime!

A wench

A wench he paid his ready money for.
Phæd. I can't prevail upon him to wait for me,
And to stave off his bargain but three days;
Till I obtain the money from my friends,
According to their promise.---If I do not
Pay it you *then*, don't wait a moment longer.
Dorio. You stun me.
Ant. 'Tis a very little time,
For which he asks your patience, Dorio.
Let him prevail on you; your complaisance
Shall be requited doubly.
Dorio. Words; mere words!
Ant. Can you then bear to see your Pamphila
Torn from this city, Phædria?---Can you, Dorio,
Divide their loves?
Dorio. Nor I, nor you.
Geta. Plague on you!
Dorio, to Phæd.] I have, against my natural disposition,
Borne with you several months, still promising,
Whimpering, and ne'er performing any thing:
Now, on the contrary, I've found a spark,
Who'll prove a ready-paymaster, no sniveler:
Give place then to your betters!
Ant. Surely, Phædria,
There was, if I remember, a day settled
That you should pay the money down.
Phæd. There was.
Dorio. Do I deny it?
Ant. Is the day past?
Dorio. No.
But this has come before it.

Ant.

Ant. Infamous!
Ar'n't you asham'd of such base treachery?
Dorio. Not I, while I can get by't.
Geta. Scavenger!
Phæd. Is this just dealing, Dorio?
Dorio. 'Tis my way:
So, if you like me, use me.
Ant. Can you deceive him thus?
Dorio. Nay, Antipho,
'Tis *he* deceives *me*: he was well aware
What kind of man I was, but I believ'd
Him diff'rent. He has disappointed me,
But I am still the same to *him* as ever.
However, thus much I can do for him;
The captain promis'd to pay down the money
To-morrow morning. But now, Phædria,
If you come first, I'll follow my old rule,
"The first to pay, shall be first serv'd." Farewell.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

PHÆDRIA, ANTIPHO, GETA.

Phæd. What shall I do? Unhappy that I am!
How shall I, who am almost worse than nothing,
Raise such a sum so suddenly?---Alas!
Had I prevail'd on him to wait three days,
I had a promise of it.
Ant. Shall we, Geta,
Suffer my Phædria to be miserable?
My best friend Phædria, who but now, you said,
Assisted me so heartily?---No.---Rather

Let

Let us, since there's need, return his kindness!
Geta. It is but just, I must confess.
Ant. Come then;
'Tis you alone can save him.
Geta. By what means?
Ant. Procure the money.
Geta. Willingly: but whence?
Ant. My father is arriv'd.
Geta. He is: what then?
Ant. A word to the wise, Geta!
Geta. Say you so?
Ant. Ev'n so.
Geta. By Hercules, 'tis rare advice.
Are you there with me? Will it not be triumph,
So I but scrape a scouring for your match,
That you must urge me to run risks for *him*?
Ant. He speaks the truth, I must confess.
Pæd. How's that?
Am I a stranger to you, Geta?
Geta. No:
Nor do I hold you such. But is it nothing,
That Demipho now rages at us all,
Unless we irritate him so much further,
As to preclude all hopes to pacify him?
Phæd. Shall then another bear her hence? Ah me!
Now then, while I remain, speak to me, Antipho.
Behold me!
Ant. Wherefore? what is it you mean?
Phæd. Wherever she's convey'd, I'll follow her;
Or perish.
Geta. Heaven prosper your designs!---
Gently, sir, gently!

Ant.

Ant. See, if you can help him.

Geta. Help him! but how?

Ant. Nay, think, invent, devise;
Lest he do something we repent of, Geta!

Geta. I'm thinking. [*pausing.*]---Well then, I believe he's safe.
But I'm afraid of mischief.

Ant. Never fear:
We'll bear all good and evil fortune with you.

Geta. Tell me the sum you have occasion for.

Phæd. But thirty minæ.

Geta. Thirty! monstrous, Phædria!
She's very dear.

Phæd. Dog-cheap.

Geta. Well, say no more.
I'll get them for you.

Phæd. O brave fellow!

Geta. Hence!

Phæd. But I shall want it *now*.

Geta. You'll have it *now*.
But Phormio must assist me in this business.

Ant. He's ready: lay what load you will upon him,
He'll bear it all; for he's a friend indeed.

Geta. Let's to him quickly then![44]

Ant. D'ye want my help?

Geta. We've no occasion for you. Get you home
To the poor girl, who's almost dead with fear;
And see you comfort her.---Away! d'ye loiter?

Ant. There's nothing I would do so willingly. [*Exit.*

Phæd. But how will you effect this?

Geta. I'll explain
That matter as we go along.---Away!

ACT III. SCENE I.

DEMIPHO *and* CHREMES.

Dem. WELL, Chremes; have you brought your daughter with you,
On whose account you went to Lemnos?
Chre. No.
Dem. Why not?
Chre. Her mother grown, it seems, impatient,
Perceiving that I tarried here so long,
And that the girl's age brook'd not my delays,
Had journey'd here, they said, in search of me,
With her whole family.
Dem. Appris'd of this,
What kept you there so long then?
Chre. A disease.
Dem. How came it? what disease?
Chre. Is that a question?
Old age itself is a disease.---However,
The master of the ship, who brought them over,
Inform'd me of their safe arrival hither.
Dem. Have you heard, Chremes, of my son's misfortune
During my absence?
Chre. Ay; and it confounds me.
For to another should I tender her,
I must relate the girl's whole history,
And whence arises my connection with her.
You I can trust as safely as myself:
But if a stranger courts alliance with me,
While we're new friends, he'll hold his peace perhaps,

But

But if he cools, he'll know too much of me.
Then I'm afraid my wife should know of this;
Which if she does, I've nothing else to do,
But shake [45] myself, and leave my house directly,
For I've no friend at home, except myself.
Dem. I know it; and 'tis that which touches me.
Nor are there any means I'll leave untried,
Till I have made my promise to you good.

SCENE II.

Enter at another part of the Stage, GETA.

Geta, to himself.] I never saw a more shrewd rogue than Phormio.
I come to let him know we wanted money,
With my device for getting it; and scarce
Had I related half, but he conceiv'd me.
He was o'erjoy'd; commended me; demanded
To meet with Demipho; and thank'd the gods,
That it was now the time to shew myself
As truly Phædria's friend, as Antipho's.
I bade him wait us at the Forum; whither
I'd bring th' old gentleman.---And there he is!
—But who's the furthermost? Ha! Phædria's father:—
—Yet what was I afraid of, simpleton?
That I have got two dupes instead of one?
Is it not better that my hopes are doubled?
—I'll attack him, I first propos'd. If he
Answers my expectation, well: if not,
Why then have at you, uncle!

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter behind, ANTIPHO.

Ant. to himself.] I expect
Geta's arrival presently.---But see!
Yonder's my uncle with my father.---Ah!
How do I dread his influence!
Geta. I'll to them.
Oh, good sir Chremes! [*going up.*
Chre. Save you, save you, Geta!
Geta. I'm glad to see you safe arriv'd.
Chre. I thank you.
Geta. How go affairs?
Chre. A world of changes here,
As usual at first coming home again.
Geta. True. Have you heard of Antipho's affair?
Chre. The whole.
Geta, to Demipho.] You told him, sir?---'Tis monstrous, Chremes,
To be so shamefully impos'd upon!
Dem. 'Twas on that point I was just talking with him.
Geta. And I too, having turn'd it in my thoughts,
Have found, I think, a remedy.
Dem. How, Geta?
What remedy?
Geta. On leaving you, by chance
I met with Phormio.
Chre. Who is Phormio?
Geta. The girl's solicitor.
Chre. I understand.

Geta.

Geta. I thought within myself, " Suppose I found
him !"
And taking him aside, " Now prithee, Phormio,
" Why don't you try to settle this affair
" By fair means rather than by foul ?" said I.
" My master is a generous gentleman,
" And hates to go to law. For I assure you,
" His other friends advis'd him, to a man,
" To turn this girl directly out o'doors."
Ant. behind.] What does he mean ? or where will
all this end ?
Geta.---" The law, you think, will give you damages,
" If he attempts to turn her out.---Alas !
" He has had counsel upon that.---I'faith,
" You'll have hot work, if you engage with him ;
" He's such an orator !---But ev'n suppose
" That you should gain your law-suit, after all
" The trial is not for his life, but money."
Perceiving him a little wrought upon,
And soften'd by this style of talking with him,
" Come now," continued I, " we're all alone.
" Tell me, what money would you take in hand
" To drop your law-suit, take away the girl,
" And trouble us no farther ?"
Ant. behind.] Is he mad ?
Geta.—" For I am well convinc'd, that if your terms
" Are not extravagant and wild indeed,
" My master's such a worthy gentleman,
" You will not change three words between you."
Dem. Who
Commission'd you to say all this ?

Chre.

Chre. Nay, nay,
Nothing could be more happy to effect
The point we labour at.
Ant. behind.] Undone!
Chre. to Geta.] Go on.
Geta. At first he rav'd.
Dem. Why, what did he demand?
Geta. Too much: as much as came into his head.
Chre. Well, but the sum?
Geta. He talk'd of a great-talent[46].
Dem. Plague on the rascal! what! has he no shame?
Geta. The very thing I said to him.---" Suppose
" He was to portion out an only daughter,
" What could he give her more?—He profits little,
" Having no daughter of his own; since one
" Is found, to carry off a fortune from him."
—But to be brief, and not to dwell upon
All his impertinences, he at last
Gave me this final answer:—" From the first,
" I wish'd, said he, as was indeed most fit,
" To wed the daughter of my friend myself:
" For I was well aware of her misfortune;
" That, being poor, she would be rather given
" In slavery, than wedlock, to the rich.
" But I was forc'd, to tell you the plain truth,
" To take a woman with some little fortune,
" To pay my debts: and still, if Demipho
" Be willing to advance so large a sum,
" As I'm to have with one I'm now engag'd to,
" There is no wife I'd rather take than her."
Ant. behind.] Whether through malice, or stupidity,

He

He is rank knave or fool, I cannot tell.

Dem. to Geta.] What, if he owes his soul?

Geta. " I have a farm,"

Continued he, " that's mortgag'd for ten minæ."

Dem. Well, let him take her then: I'll pay the money.

Geta. " A house for ten more."

Dem. Huy! huy! that's too much.

Chre. No noise! demand those ten of me.

Geta. " My wife

" Must buy a maid; some little furniture

" Is also requisite; and some expence

" To keep our wedding: all these articles,"

Continues he, " we'll reckon at ten minæ."

Dem. No; let him bring ten thousand writs against me[47].

I'll give him nothing. What! afford the villain

An opportunity to laugh at me?

Chre. Nay, but be pacified! I'll pay the money.

Only do you prevail upon your son

To marry her, whom we desire.

Ant. behind] Ah me!

Geta, your treachery has ruin'd me.

Chre. She's put away on my account: 'tis just

That I should pay the money.

Geta. " Let me know,"

Continues he, " as soon as possible,

" Whether they mean to have me marry her;

" That I may part with t'other, and be certain.

" For t'other girl's relations have agreed

" To pay the portion down immediately."

Chre. He shall be paid *this* too immediately.

Let

Let him break off with her, and take this girl!
Dem. Ay, and the plague go with him!
Chre. Luckily
It happens I've some money here; the rents
Of my wife's farms at Lemnos. I'll take that;
[*to* Demipho.
And tell my wife, that you had need of it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Manent ANTIPHO, GETA.

Ant. coming forward.] Geta!
Geta. Ha, Antipho!
Ant. What have you done?
Geta. Trick'd the old bubbles of their money.
Ant. Well,
Is that sufficient, think ye?
Geta. I can't tell.
'Twas all my orders.
Ant. Knave, d'ye shuffle with me? [*kicks him.*
Geta. Plague! what d'ye mean?
Ant. What do I mean, sirrah!
You've driven me to absolute perdition.
All pow'rs of heav'n and hell confound you for't,
And make you an example to all villains
—Here! would you have your business duly manag'd,
Commit it to this fellow![48]——What could be
More tender than to touch upon this sore,
Or even name my wife? My father's fill'd
With hopes that she may be dismiss'd.—And then
If Phormio gets the money for the portion,

He to be sure must marry her.—And what
Becomes of me then ?

Geta. He'll not marry her.

Ant. Oh, no: but when they re-demand the money,
On my account he'll rather go to jail! [*ironically.*

Geta. Many a tale is spoilt in telling, Antipho.
You take out all the good, and leave the bad.
—Now hear the other side.---If he receives
The money, he must wed the girl: I grant it.
But then some little time must be allow'd
For wedding-preparation, invitation,
And sacrifices.---Meanwhile, Phædria's friends
Advance the money they have promis'd him:
Which Phormio shall make use of for repayment.

Ant. How so ? what reason can he give ?

Geta. What reason ?
A thousand.---" Since I made this fatal bargain,
" Omens and prodigies have happen'd to me.
" There came a strange black dog into my house!
" A snake fell through the tiling! a hen crow'd!
" The soothsayer forbad it! The diviner
" Charg'd me to enter on no new affair
" Before the winter."---All sufficient reasons.
Thus it shall be.

Ant. Pray heav'n, it may!

Geta. It shall.
Depend on me:—But here's your father.—Go;
Tell Phædria that the money's safe. [*Exit* Antipho.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Re-enter DEMIPHO *and* CHREMES.

Dem. Nay, peace!
I'll warrant he shall play no tricks upon us:
I'll not part rashly with it, I assure you;
But pay it before witnesses, reciting
To whom 'tis paid, and why 'tis paid.
Geta. How cautious,
Where there is no occasion! [*aside.*
Chre. You had need.
But haste, dispatch it while the fit's upon him:
For if the other party should be pressing,
Perhaps he'll break with us.
Geta. You've hit it, sir.
Dem. Carry me to him then.
Geta. I wait your pleasure.
Chre. to Dem.] When this is done, step over to my wife,
That she may see the girl before she goes;
And tell her, to prevent her being angry,
"That we've agreed to marry her to Phormio,
"Her old acquaintance, and a fitter match;
"That we have not been wanting in our duty,
"But giv'n as large a portion as he ask'd."
Dem. Pshaw! what's all this to you?
Chre. A great deal, brother.
Dem. Is't not sufficient to have done your duty,
Unless the world approves it?
Chre. I would choo e

To have the whole thing done by her consent:
Lest she pretend we turn'd her out o'doors.

Dem. Well, I can say all this to her myself.

Chre. A woman deals much better with a woman.

Dem. I'll ask your wife to do it then.

[*Exeunt* Demipho *and* Geta

Chre. I'm thinking,
Where I shall find these women now [49].

SCENE VI.

Enter SOPHRONA, *at a distance.*

Soph. to herself.] Alas!
What shall I do, unhappy as I am?
Where find a friend? to whom disclose this story?
Of whom beseech assistance?---For I fear
My mistress will sustain some injury
From following my counsel: the youth's father,
I hear, is so offended at this marriage.

Chre. Who's this old woman, coming from my brother's,
Seeming so terrified?

Soph. to herself.] 'Twas poverty
Compell'd me to this action: tho' I knew
This match would hardly hold together long,
Yet I advis'd her to it, that meanwhile
She might not want subsistence.

Chre. Surely, surely,
Either my mind deceives me, or eyes fail me,
Or that's my daughter's nurse [50].

Soph. Nor can we find——

Chre

Chre. What shall I do?
Soph. —Her father out.
Chre. Were't best
I should go up to her, or wait a little,
To gather something more from her discourse?
Soph. Could *he* be found, my fears were at an end.
Chre. 'Tis she. I'll speak with her.
Soph. overhearing.] Whose voice is that?
Chre. Sophrona!
Soph. Ha! my name too?
Chre. Look this way.
Soph. turning.] Good heav'n have mercy on us! Stilpho!
Chre. No.
Soph. Deny your own name?
Chre. in a low voice.] This way, Sophrona!---
—A little further from that door!---this way!---
And never call me by that name, I charge you.
Soph. What! ar'n't you then the man you said you were? [*aloud.*
Chre. Hist! hist!
Soph. What makes you fear those doors so much?
Chre. I have a fury of a wife within:
And formerly I went by that false name,
Lest ye should indiscreetly blab it out,
And so my wife might come to hear of this.
Soph. Ah! thus it was, that we, alas, poor souls,
Could never find you out here.
Chre. Well, but tell me,
What business have you with that family? [*pointing.*
—Where is your mistress and her daughter?
Soph. Ah!

Chre.

Chre. What now? are they alive?
Soph. The daughter is:
The mother broke her heart with grief.
Chre. Alas!
Soph. And I, a poor, unknown, distress'd old woman
Endeavouring to manage for the best,
Contriv'd to match the virgin to a youth,
Son to the master of this house.
Chre. To Antipho?
Soph. The very same.
Chre. What! has he two wives then?
Soph. No, mercy on us! he has none but her.
Chre. What is the other then, who, they pretend,
Is a relation to him?
Soph. This is she.
Chre. How say you?
Soph. It was all a mere contrivance;
That he, who was in love, might marry her
Without a portion.
Chre. O ye pow'rs of heaven,
How often fortune blindly brings about
More than we dare to hope for! Coming home,
I've found my daughter, even to my wish,
Match'd to the very person I desir'd.
What we have both been labouring to effect,
Has this poor woman all alone accomplish'd.
Soph. But now consider what is to be done!
The bridegroom's father is return'd: and he,
They say, is much offended at this marriage.
Chre. Be of good comfort: there's no danger then
But, in the name of heav'n and earth, I charge you,
Let nobody discover she's my daughter.

Sop

Soph. None shall discover it from me.
Chre. Come then!
Follow me in, and you shall hear the rest. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

DEMIPHO, GETA.

Dem. 'Tis our own fault, that we encourage rogues,
By over-straining the due character
Of honesty and generosity.
"Shoot not beyond the mark,"[51] the proverb goes.
Was't not enough that he had done us wrong,
But we must also throw him money too,
To live till he devises some new mischief?
Geta. Very right!
Dem. Knavery's now its own reward.
Geta. Very true!
Dem. How like fools have we behav'd!
Geta. So as he keeps his word, and takes the girl,
'Tis well enough.
Dem. Is that a doubt at present?
Geta. A man, you know, may change his mind.
Dem. How! change?
Geta. That I can't tell: but, *if perhaps*, I say.
Dem. I'll now perform my promise to my brother,
And bring his wife to talk to the young woman.
You, Geta, go before, and let her know
Nausistrata will come and speak with her.
[*Exit* Demipho.

SCENE

SCENE II.

GETA *alone.*

The money's got for Phædria: all is hush'd:
And Phanium is not to depart as yet.
What more then? where will all this end at last?
—Alas, you're sticking in the same mire still:
You've only chang'd hands,[52] Geta. The disaster,
That hung but now directly over you,
Delay perhaps will bring more heavy on you.
You're quite beset,[53] unless you look about.
—Now then I'll home, to lesson Phanium;
That she mayn't stand in fear of Phormio,
Nor dread this conference[54] with Nausistrata. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

DEMIPHO *and* NAUSISTRATA.

Dem. Come then, Nausistrata, afford us now
A little of your usual art, and try
To put this woman in good humour with us:
That what is done she may do willingly.

Nau. I will.

Dem. ---And now assist us with your counsel,
As with your cash a little while ago[55].

Nau. With all my heart: and I am only sorry
That 'tis my husband's fault I can't do more.

Dem. How so?

Nau. Because he takes such little care
Of the estate my father nurs'd so well:

For

For from these very farms he never fail'd
To draw two talents by the year. But ah!
What difference between man and man!

Dem. Two talents?

Nau. Ay—in worse times than these—and yet two talents.

Dem. Huy!

Nau. What, are you surpriz'd?

Dem. Prodigiously.

Nau. Would I had been a man! I'd shew——

Dem. No doubt.

Nau. —By what means———

Dem. Nay, but spare yourself a little
For the encounter with the girl: lest she,
Flippant and young, may weary you too much.

Nau. —Well, I'll obey your orders: but I see
My husband coming forth.

SCENE IV.

Enter CHREMES *hastily.*

Chre. Ha! Demipho!
Has Phormio had the money yet?

Dem. I paid him
Immediately.

Chre. I'm sorry for't.---[*seeing* Nausistrata.]---My wife!
I'd almost said too much. [*aside.*

Dem. Why sorry, Chremes?

Chre. Nothing.---No matter.

Dem. Well, but hark ye, Chremes.

Have

Have you been talking with the girl, and told her
Wherefore we bring your wife?

Chre. I've settled it.

Dem. Well, and what says she?

Chre. 'Tis impossible
To send her hence.

Dem. And why impossible?

Chre. Because they're both so fond of one another.

Dem. What's that to us?

Chre. A great deal. And besides,
I have discover'd she's related to us.

Dem. Have you your wits?

Chre. 'Tis so. I'm very serious.
——Nay, recollect a little!

Dem. Are you mad?

Nau. Good now, beware of wronging a relation!

Dem. She's no relation to us.

Chre. Don't deny it.
Her father had assum'd another name,
And that deceiv'd you.

Dem. What! not know her father?

Chre. Perfectly.

Dem. Why did she misname him then?

Chre. Won't you be rul'd, nor understand me then?

Dem. What can I understand from nothing?

Chre. Still? [*impatiently.*

Nau. I can't imagine what this means.

Dem. Nor I.

Chre. Would you know all?---Why then, so help
me heaven,
She has no nearer kindred in the world,
Than you and I.

Dem.

Dem. Oh, all ye pow'rs of heaven!
—Let us go to her then immediately:
I wou'd fain know, or not know, all at once. [*going.*
Chre. Ah! [*stopping him.*
Dem. What's the matter?
Chre. Can't you trust me then!
Dem. Must I believe it? take it upon trust?
—Well, be it so!—But what is to be done
With our friend's daughter?
Chre. Nothing.
Dem. Drop her?
Chre. Ay.
Dem. And keep this?
Chre. Ay.
Dem. Why then, Nausistrata,
You may return. We need not trouble you.
Nau. Indeed, I think, 'tis better on all sides,
That you should keep her here, than send her hence.
For she appear'd to me, when first I saw her,
Much of a gentlewoman. [*Exit* Nausistrata. [56]

SCENE V.

Manent Demipho *and* Chremes.

Dem. What means this?
Chre. *looking after Nausistrata.*] Is the door shut?
Dem. It is.
Chre. O Jupiter!
The gods take care of us. I've found my daughter
Married to your son.
Dem. Ha! how could it be?
Chre. It is not safe to tell you here.

Dem

Dem. Step in then.

Chre. But hark ye, Demipho!———I would not have
Even our very sons inform'd of this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

ANTIPHO *alone.*

I'm glad, however my affairs proceed,
That Phædria's have succeeded to his mind.
How wise, to foster such desires alone,
As, although cross'd, are easily supplied!
Money, once found, sets Phædria at his ease;
But my distress admits no remedy.
For, if the secret's kept, I live in fear;
And if reveal'd, I am expos'd to shame.
Nor would I now return, but in the hope
Of still possessing her.---But where is Geta?
That I may learn of him, the fittest time
To meet my father.

SCENE VII.

Enter at a distance PHORMIO.

Phor. to himself.] I've receiv'd the money;
Paid the procurer; carried off the wench;
Who's free, and now in Phædria's possession.
One thing alone remains to be dispatch'd;
To get a respite from the old gentlemen
To tipple some few days, which I must spend

In

In mirth and jollity.

Ant. But yonder's Phormio.--- [*goes up.*

What now?

Phor. Of what?

Ant. What's Phædria about?

How does he mean to take his fill of love?

Phor. By acting your part in his turn.

Ant. What part?

Phor. Flying his father's presence.---And he begs

That you'd act his, and make excuses for him:

For he intends a drinking-bout with me.

I shall pretend to the old gentlemen

That I am going to the fair at Sunium,

To buy the servant-maid, that Geta mention'd:

Lest, finding I am absent, they suspect

That I am squandering the sum they paid me.

—But your door opens.

Ant. Who comes here?

Phor. 'Tis Geta.

SCENE VIII.

Enter hastily, at another part of the Stage, GETA.

Geta. O fortune, O best fortune,[57] what high blessings,

What sudden, great, and unexpected joys

Hast thou show'r'd down on Antipho to-day!---

Ant. What can this be, he's so rejoic'd about?

Geta. ——And from what fears deliver'd us his friends!

—But wherefore do I loiter thus? and why

Do I not throw my cloak upon my shoulder,
And haste to find him out, that he may know
All that has happen'd?
Ant. to Phormio.] Do you comprehend
What he is talking of?
Phor. Do you?
Ant. Not I.
Phor. I'm just as wise as you.
Geta. I'll hurry hence
To the procurer's.---I shall find them there. [*going.*
Ant. Ho, Geta!
Geta. Look ye there!—Is't new or strange,
To be recall'd when one's in haste? [*going.*
Ant. Here, Geta!
Geta. Again? Bawl on! I'll ne'er stop. [*going on.*
Ant. Stay, I say!
Geta. Go, and be drubb'd!
Ant. *You* shall, I promise you,
Unless you stop, you rascal!
Geta, stopping.] Hold, hold, Geta.
Some intimate acquaintance this, be sure,
Being so free with you.---But is it he,
That I am looking for, or not?---'Tis he.
Phor. Go up immediately. [*they go up to* Geta.
Ant. to Geta.] What means all this?
Geta. O happy man! the happiest man on earth!
So very happy, that, beyond all doubt,
You are the gods' chief fav'rite, Antipho.
Ant. Would I were! but your reason.
Geta. Is't enough,
To plunge you over head and ears in joy?
Ant. You torture me.

Phor.

Phor. No promises! but tell us.
What are your news?
Geta. Oh, Phormio! are you here?
Phor. I am: but why d'ye trifle?
Geta. Mind me then! [*to* Phormio.
No sooner had we paid you at the Forum,
But we return'd directly home again.
Arriv'd, my master sends me to your wife.
[*to* Antipho.
Ant. For what?
Geta. No matter now, good Antipho.
I was just entering the women's lodging,[58]
When up runs little Mida; catches me
Hold by the cloak behind, and pulls me back.
I turn about, and ask why he detains me?
He told me, "Nobody must see his mistress:
"For Sophrona (says he) has just now brought
"Demipho's brother, Chremes, here; and he
"Is talking with the women now within."
—When I heard this, I stole immediately
On tip-toe tow'rds the door; came close; stood hush;
Drew in my breath; applied my ear; and thus,
Deep in attention, catch'd their whole discourse.
Ant. Excellent, Geta!
Geta. Here I overheard
The pleasantest adventure!---On my life,
I scarce refrain'd from crying out for joy.
Ant. What?
Geta. What d'ye think? [*laughing.*
Ant. I can't tell.
Geta. Oh! it was [*laughing.*
Most wonderful!—most exquisite!—Your uncle

Is

Is found to be the father of your wife.

Ant. How! what?

Geta. He had a sly intrigue, it seems,
With Phanium's mother formerly at Lemnos.
[*laughing.*

Phor. Nonsense! as if she did not know her father!

Geta. Nay, there's some reason for it, Phormio,
You may be sure.---But was it possible
For me, who stood without, to comprehend
Each minute circumstance that pass'd within?

Ant. I have heard something of this story too.[59]

Geta. Then, sir, to settle your belief the more,
At last comes forth your uncle; and soon after
Returns again, and carries in your father.
Then they both said, they gave their full consent,
That you should keep your Phanium.---In a word,
I'm sent to find you out, and bring you to them.

Ant. Away with me then instantly! D'ye linger?[60]

Geta. Not I. Away!

Ant. My Phormio, fare you well!

Phor. Fare you well, Antipho. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

PHORMIO *alone.*

Well done, 'fore heaven!
I'm overjoy'd[61] to see so much good fortune
Fallen thus unexpectedly upon them:
I've now an admirable opportunity
To bubble the old gentlemen, and ease
Phædria of all his cares about the money:

So

So that he need not be oblig'd to friends.
For this same money, tho' it will be given,
Will yet come from them much against the grain;
But I have found a way to force them to't.
—Now then I must assume a grander air,
And put another face upon this business.
—I'll hence awhile into the next bye-alley,
And pop upon them as they're coming forth.
—As for the trip I talk'd of to the fair,
I sha'n't pretend to take that journey now. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter DEMIPHO *and* CHREMES---*and soon after, on the other side,* PHORMIO.

Dem. WELL may we thank the gracious gods, good brother,
That all things have succeeded to our wish.
—But now let's find out Phormio with all speed,
Before he throws away our thirty minæ.
Phor. pretending not to see them.]
I'll go and see if Demipho's at home.
That I may———
Dem. meeting him.]---We were coming to you, Phormio.
Phor. On the old score, I warrant.
Dem. Ay.
Phor. I thought so,

—Why should you go to me?---Ridiculous!
Were you afraid I'd break my contract with you?
No, no! how great soe'er my poverty,
I've always shewn myself a man of honour.
Chre. Has not she, as I said, a liberal air? [63] } *apart.*
Dem. She has. }
Phor. ---And therefore I was coming, Demipho,
To let you know, I'm ready to receive
My wife whene'er you please. For I postpon'd
All other business, as indeed I ought,
Soon as I found ye were so bent on this.
Dem. Ay, but my brother has dissuaded me
From going any further in this business.
"For how will people talk of it?" says he:
"At first you might have done it handsomely;
"But then you'd not consent to it; and now
"After cohabitation with your son,
"To think of a divorce, is infamous."
---In short, he urg'd almost the very things,
That you so lately charg'd me with yourself.
Phor. You trifle with me, gentlemen.
Dem. How so?
Phor. How so?---Because I cannot marry t'other,
With whom I told you I was first in treaty.
For with what face can I return to her,
Whom I have held in such contempt?
Chre. Tell him,
Antipho does not care to part with her.
[*prompting* Demipho.
Dem. And my son too don't care to part with her:
---Step to the Forum then, and give an order
For the repayment of our money [64], Phormio.

Phor.

Phor. What! when I've paid it to my creditors?
Dem. What's to be done then?
Phor. Give me but the wife,
To whom you have betroth'd me, and I'll wed her.
But if you'd rather she should stay with you,
The portion stays with me, good Demipho.
For 'tis not just, I should be bubbled by you;
When, to retrieve your honour, I've refus'd
Another woman with an equal fortune.
Dem. A plague upon your idle vapouring,
You vagabond!---D'ye fancy we don't know you?
You, and your fine proceedings?
Phor. You provoke me.
Dem. Why, would you marry her, if proffer'd?
Phor. Try me.
Dem. What! that my son may keep her privately
At your house?---That was your intention.
Phor. Ha!
What say you, sir?
Dem. Give me my money, sirrah!
Phor. Give *me* my *wife*, I say.
Dem. To justice with him!
Phor. To justice? Now, by heaven, gentlemen,
If you continue to be troublesome—
Dem. What will you do?
Phor. What will I do? Perhaps,
You think that I can only patronize
Girls without portion; but be sure of this,
I've some with portions too[65].
Chre. What's that to us?
Phor. Nothing.---I know a lady here, whose husband--- [*carelessly.*

Chre. Ha!
Dem. What's the matter?
Phor. ---Had another wife
At Lemnos.
Chre. aside.] I'm a dead man.
Phor. ---By which other
He had a daughter; whom he now brings up
In private.
Chre. aside.] Dead and buried!
Phor. This I'll tell her. [*going towards the house*
Chre. Don't, I beseech you!
Phor. Oh! are you the man?
Dem. Death! how insulting!
Chre. to Phormio.] We discharge you.
Phor. Nonsense!
Chre. What would you more? The money you have got,
We will forgive you.
Phor. Well; I hear you now.
—But what a plague d'ye mean by fooling thus,
Acting and talking like mere children with me?
" ---I won't; I will: I will; I won't, again:"—
Give, take; say, unsay: do, and then undo?
Chre. to Demipho.] Which way could he have learnt this?
Dem. I don't know:
But I am sure I never mention'd it.
Chre. Good now! amazing!
Phor. I have ruffled them. [*aside.*
Dem. What! shall he carry off so large a sum, "
And laugh at us so openly?---By heaven,
I'd rather die.---Be of good courage, brother!

Pluc

Pluck up the spirit of a man! You see
This slip of your's is got abroad; nor can you
Keep it a secret from your wife. Now therefore
'Tis more conducive to your peace, good Chremes,
That we should fairly tell it her ourselves,
Than she should hear the story from another.
And then we shall be quite at liberty
To take our own revenge upon this rascal.

Phor. Ha!---If I don't take care, I'm ruin'd still.
They're growing desperate [67], and making tow'rds me,
With a determin'd gladiatorial air.

Chre. to Demipho.] I fear, she'll ne'er forgive me.

Dem. Courage, Chremes!
I'll reconcile her to't; especially
The mother being dead and gone.

Phor. Is this
Your dealing, gentlemen? You come upon me
Extremely cunningly.---But, Demipho,
You have but ill consulted for your brother,
To urge me to extremities.---And you, sir,
[*to* Chremes.
When you have play'd the whore-master abroad;
Having no reverence for your lady here,
A woman of condition; wronging her
After the grossest manner; come you now
To wash away your crimes with mean submission?
No.---I will kindle such a flame in her,
As, tho' you melt to tears, you sha'n't extinguish.

Dem. A plague upon him! was there ever man
So very impudent?---A knave! he ought
To be transported at the public charge,
Into some desert.

Chre. I am so confounded,
I know not what to do with him.
Dem. I know.
Bring him before a judge!
Phor. Before a judge?
A *lady*-judge; in here, sirs, if you please.
Dem. Run you, and hold him, while I call the servants [68].
Chre. I cannot by myself: come up, and help me.
Phor. I have an action of assault against you. [*to* Demipho
Chre. Bring it!
Phor. Another against you too, Chremes!
Dem. Drag him away! [*both lay hold of him*
Phor. *struggling.*] Is that your way with me!
Then I must raise my voice.---Nausistrata!
Come hither.
Chre. Stop his mouth!
Dem. *struggling.*] A sturdy rogue.
How strong he is!
Phor. *struggling.*] Nausistrata, I say;
Nausistrata!
Chre. *struggling.*] Peace, sirrah!
Phor. Peace, indeed!
Dem. Unless he follows, strike him in the stomach
Phor. Ay, or put out an eye!---But here comes one
Will give me full revenge upon you both.

SCENE II.

To them NAUSISTRATA.

Nau. Who calls for me?
Chre. Confusion!
Nau. to Chremes.] Pray, my dear,
What's this disturbance?
Phor. Dumb, old truepenny!
Nau. Who is this man?—Why don't you answer me? [*to* Chremes.
Phor. He answer you! He's hardly in his senses.
Chre. Never believe him!
Phor. Do but go, and touch him;
He's in a shivering fit, I'll lay my life.
Chre. Nay---
Nau. But what means he then?
Phor. I'll tell you, madam;
Do but attend!
Chre. *Will* you believe him then?
Nau. What is there to believe, when he says nothing?
Phor. Poor man! his fear deprives him of his wits.
Nau. to Chremes.] I'm sure, you're not so much afraid for nothing.
Chre. What! I afraid? [*endeavouring to take heart.*
Phor. Oh, not at all!---And since
You're not afraid, and what I say means nothing,
Tell it yourself.
Dem. At your desire, you rascal?
Phor. Oh, you've done rarely for your brother, sir![69]
Nau. What! won't you tell me, husband?
Chre. But---

Nau.

Nau. But what?

Chre. There's no occasion for it.

Phor. Not for you:
But for the lady there is much occasion.
In Lemnos———

Chre. Ha! what say you?

Dem. to Phor.] Hold your peace!

Phor. Without your knowledge---

Chre. Oh dear!

Phor. He has had
Another wife.

Nau. My husband? Heaven forbid!

Phor. 'Tis even so.

Nau. Ah me! I am undone.

Phor. ---And had a daughter by her there; while you
Were left to sleep in ignorance alone.

Nau. Oh heavens!---Baseness!---Treachery!

Phor. 'Tis fact.

Nau. Was ever any thing more infamous?
When they're with us, their wives forsooth, they're old.
---Demipho, I appeal to you: for him
I cannot bear to speak to.---And were these
His frequent journies, and long stay at Lemnos?
Was this the cheapness that reduc'd our rents?

Dem. That he hasbeen to blame, Nausistrata,
I don't deny; but not beyond all pardon.

Phor. You're talking to the dead.

Dem. It was not done
Out of aversion or contempt to you.
In liquor, almost fifteen years ago,
He met this woman, whence he had this daughter;

Nor

or e'er had commerce with her from that hour.
e's dead: your only grievance is remov'd.
herefore I beg you'd shew your wonted goodness,
nd bear it patiently.
Nau. How! bear it patiently?
las, I wish his vices might end here.
ut have I the least hope? Can I suppose
hat years will cure these rank offences in him?
v'n at that time he was already old,
age could make him modest.---Are my years,
nd beauty, think ye, like to please him more
t present, Demipho, than formerly?
-In short, what ground, what reason to expect
hat he should not commit the same hereafter?
Phor. aloud.] Who ever would attend the funeral [70]
f Chremes, now's the time!—See! That's my way.
ome on then! Provoke Phormio now, who dares!
ike Chremes, he shall fall a victim to me. [71]
-Let him get into favour, when he will!
've had revenge sufficient. She has something
o ring into his ears his whole life long.
Nau. Have I deserv'd this?—Need I, Demipho,
umber up each particular; and say
ow good a wife I've been?
Dem. I know it all.
Nan. Am I then justly treated?
Dem. Not at all.
ut since reproaches can't undo what's done,
orgive him! He begs pardon; owns his fault;
nd promises to mend.—What wou'd you more?
Phor. But hold; before she ratifies his pardon,
must secure myself and Phædria. [*aside.*

---Nau-

---Nausistrata, a word!---Before you give
Your answer rashly, hear me!
Nau. What's your pleasure?
Phor. I trick'd your husband there of thirty minæ,
Which I have giv'n your son; and he has paid them
To a procurer for a mistress.
Chre. How!
What say you?
Nau. Is it such a heinous crime,
For your young son, d'ye think, to have *one* mistress,
While *you* have *two* wives?---Are you not asham'd
Have you the face to chide him? Answer me!
Dem. He shall do ev'ry thing you please.
Nau. Nay, nay,
To tell you plainly my whole mind at once,
I'll not forgive, nor promise any thing,
Nor give an answer, till I see my son.
Phor. Wisely resolv'd, Nausistrata.
Nau. Is that
Sufficient satisfaction for you?
Phor. Quite.
I rest contented, well-pleas'd, past my hopes.
Nau. What is your name, pray?
Phor My name? Phormio:
A faithful friend to all your family
Especially to Phædria.
Nau. Trust me, Phormio,
I'll do you all the service in my power.
Phor. I'm much oblig'd to you.
Nau. You're worthy on't.
Phor. Will you then even now, Nausistrata,
Grant me one favour, that will pleasure me,

And grieve your husband's sight?

Nau. With all my soul.

Phor. Ask me to supper!

Nau. I invite you.

Dem. In then!

Nau. We will: But where is Phædria, our judge?

Phor. He shall be with you.---[*To the Audience:*]
Farewell; Clap your hands![72]

NOTES.

NOTES.

NOTES

TO THE

PREFACE.

[1] Aristot. περὶ Ποιητ. κεφ. 5.

[2] Hor. de Arte Poëticâ.

[3] Some passages in this Preface are taken from a small tract, published some time ago, intitled 'Critical Reflections on the Old English Dramatick Writers;' which has since been prefixed by the bookseller to Coxeter's edition of Massinger. In that little tract I first mentioned the idea of this translation; and as the nature of the subject then led me to say something concerning the use of measure in Comedy, I thought it better to introduce those passages into this Preface, than to repeat the very same thing in other words.

[4] Hor. Sat. iv. lib. 1.

[5] Observations on the Fairy Queen, second edit. p. 155.

[6] Della Tragedia; Napoli, 1732. p. 61.

[7] "Illud quoque inter Terentianas virtutes mirabile, quòd ejus fabulæ eo sunt temperamento, ut neque extumescant ad tragicam celsitudinem, neque abjiciantur ad mimicam vilitatem."—Evanthius *de Tragœdiâ & Comœdiâ.*

[8] Adventurer, No. 105.

[9] Della Tragedia, p. 59.

[10] Inst. Orator. lib. x. cap. 1.

[11] "Antiqua Comœdia cùm sinceram illam sermonis Attici gratiam propè sola retinet, tum facundissimæ libertatis, etsi est in insectandis vitiis præcipua, plurimum tamen *virium* etiam in cæteris partibus habet. Nam & *grandis*, & elegans,

gans, & venusta, & nescio an ulla, post Homerum tamen, quem, ut Achillem, semper excipi par est, aut similior sit oratoribus, aut ad oratores faciendos aptior."—Quinctilian. Inst. Orator .lib. x. cap. 1.

" Sua cuique proposita lex, suus cuique decor est. Nec comœdia in cothurnos assurgit, nec contrà tragœdia socco ingreditur. *Habet tamen omnis eloquentia aliquid commune.*" Ibid. cap. 2.

[12] Hor. Art. Poët.

[13] Hurd *on the Marks of Imitation*, p. 19.

[14] Ibid. p. 75.

[15] It is remarkable that this seems to be a quotation from memory, or that the phrase is purposely altered by Shakspeare, in order to bring the sense within the compass of one line; for the passage here does not run exactly in the words of Terence, which are these: *Quid agas? nisi ut te redimas captum quàm queas minimo.*—Eunuch. Act. I. Scen. 1.

[16] Hâc sanè parte [scilicèt vi comicâ] videtur superior Plautus; uti & varietate tum argumentorum, tum dictionis. Nam Plautus semper studet esse novus, suique dissimilis; seu rem spectes, seu verba. In Terentio verò magnoperè conveniunt argumenta fabularum: & quando de eâdem re aut simili est sermo, plurimùm nec absimilis est dictio.—Vossius, *Inst. Poët. lib.* ii. *cap.* 25. *sect.* 5.

[17] Pope's Essay on Criticism.

[18] The ingenious author of a commentary and notes on Horace's Art of Poetry asserts, p. 193. that " some of " Terence's plays are *direct translations* from Menan- " der." This could proceed from nothing but mere inadvertence, since the slightest reflection must have convinced him, that the prologues of Terence point out some capital variations from the Greek, and the learned critick himself has on other occasions taken notice of those variations. The old commentators have taken notice of many others, as will appear in the notes to this translation.

[19] Preface to Moral and Political Dialogues, by the Rev. Mr. Hurd.

[20] Preface to Terence, p. 10.

[21] Hor. Art. Poët.

[22] " Actores

[22] "Actores Comici—nec ita prorsus, ut nos vulgò loquimur, pronuntiant, quod esset sine arte: nec procul tamen à naturâ recedunt, quo vitio periret imitatio: sed morem communis hujus sermonis decore quodam scenico exornant." —Quintil. *Inst. Orat.* lib. 11. cap. 10.

[23] Montfaucon, tome 3me, parte 2de, p. 312.

[24] This is the ground of a conceit in one of the Fables of Phædrus on a minstrel's breaking his leg.

"Princeps tibicen notior paulò fuit,
Operam Bathyllo solitus in scenâ dare.
Is fortè ludis (non satis memini quibus)
Dum pegma rapitur, concidit casu gravi
Nec opinans, et *sinistram* fregit *tibiam*;
Duas cùm *dextras* maluisset perdere."

Phædrus. *Lib.* v. *Fab.* 7.

Here the whole joke consists in *sinistra tibia* signifying a *left-handed flute* and the minstrel's *left leg*.

[25] Le Maschere Sceniche e le Figure Comiche d'Antichi Romani, descritte brevemente da Francesco de Ficoroni. —In Roma, 1736.

[26] "*Diverbia* partes comœdiarum sunt, in quibus plures personæ versantur; *Cantica*, in quibus una tantùm."

[27] Donatus has left us no explanation of the use of the *tibiæ pares* and *impares*. My friend Mr. Burney, a very ingenious master of musick, conjectures, and I think very happily, that the equal flutes were flutes in *unison* with each other, and the unequal flutes, flutes in *octave* to each other: the *octave* resembling *unity* so much, that an uncultivated ear can scarcely distinguish between them; as is the case where a man and woman sing the same air or melody together, at which time it seems as if they were singing in unison, whereas the male voice moves an octave below that of the female. Now it is well known in harmonicks, by the division of a monochord, that two musical strings of the same matter, thickness, and tension, one being but half the length of the other, will be in *octave*. It is the same of two pipes: and the appearance of the equal and unequal flutes in antique representations, seems to confirm the conjecture of their being *unisons* and *octaves* to each other.

[28] Hurd's Notes on the Art of Poetry, p. 150.

[29] Mr. Farmer closes these general testimonies of Shakspeare's

speare's having been only indebted to nature, by saying, "He came out of her hand, *as some one else expresses it*, "like Pallas out of Jove's head, at full growth and ma- "ture." It is whimsical enough, that this *some one else*, whose expression is here quoted to countenance the general notion of Shakspeare's want of literature, should be no other than myself. Mr. Farmer does not choose to mention where he met with this expression of *some one else;* and *some one else* does not choose to mention where he dropt it.

[3*] In defence of the various reading of this passage, given in the preface to the last edition of Shakspeare, "small La- "tin, and *no* Greek," Mr. Farmer tells us, that "it was "adopted above a century ago by W. Towers, in a pane- "gyrick on Cartwright." Surely, Towers having said that Cartwright had *no* Greek, is no proof that Ben Jonson said so of Shakspeare

NOTES

TO THE

LIFE OF TERENCE.

[1] *From Suetonius.*] This Life of our author is by some attributed to Donatus. It is not very satisfactory: but as all that has been said of Terence by other writers is chiefly taken from it, I thought it better to follow the example of Madam Dacier in giving a translation of this account, with a few supplementary notes, than to pretend to attempt an alteration, where I could make no material addition.

[2] *A Roman Senator.*] This senator gave our author the name of Terence, according to the prevailing custom among the Romans, whenever they conferred freedom on their slaves. His real name we are entirely unacquainted with; though it is somewhat extraordinary that a poet of such distinguished merit should want a friend to hand it down to us; and that, by a singular fatality, he who could stamp immortality on the name of his master, should be unable to continue his own. DACIER.

[3] *Lucius Fenestella.*] He was one of the most accurate historians and antiquaries the Romans ever had: he flourished towards the end of Augustus's reign, or in the beginning of that of Tiberius; he wrote many things, especially annals; but time has deprived us of them all. DACIER.

[4] *The second Punic war.*] This ended in the year of Rome 552; 196 years before the birth of Christ; and the third began in the year of Rome 603; an interval of fifty-one years, which both saw the birth and death of Terence. It is evident he died in the year of Rome 594, while Cn. Corn. Dolabella and M. Fulvius were consuls, at the age of thirty-five; nine years before the third Punic war. He was born consequently in the year of Rome 560, eight years after the second Punic war. DACIER.

[5] *Numidians*, &c.] The Carthaginians (between the second and third Punic war) were in continual broils with the Numidians or Getulians, and consequently Terence might be taken prisoner in some one of these skirmishes by the Numidian troops. DACIER.

[6] *Roman commander.*] This is a very undecisive way of reasoning: for though it is very certain that the Romans, before the entire demolition of Carthage, had very little intercourse with Africa, they might, without any great difficulty, have purchased a slave. It is well known that ambassadors were sent from Rome to Carthage at two or three different times, in order to settle some differences subsisting between them and the Numidians. Where then is the improbability of a Numidian's selling a slave, he had taken from the Carthaginians, to one of the Romans? Nothing more probable. DACIER.

[7] *To whom the beauty of his person*, &c.] Madam Dacier (from a female delicacy, I suppose,) has entirely altered this circumstance; and there is, in her translation of this Life from Suetonius, scarce the shadow of this imputation on our author either in the text, or the verses introduced on purpose to support it.

[8] *Older than either of them.*] Terence was nine years older than Scipio, the son of Paulus Æmilius, the person here meant, who was not born till the year of Rome 569. We are not quite so certain as to the age of Lælius. DACIER.

[9] *Furius Publius.*] A man of great rank and quality; not Aulus Furius Antia, or the Marcus Furius Bibaculus mentioned by Horace. DACIER.

[10] *Read it to Cæcilius.*] Cæcilius died two years before the representation of the 'Andrian.' It is therefore a very plausible, as well as ingenious, correction of Vossius, to read Acilius, the name of one of the Ædiles, the year of the exhibition of that play.

[11] *Six plays equally admired.*] It would not be easy to decide which of the six is the best; since each of them has its peculiar beauty. The 'Andrian' and 'Brothers' seem to excel in beauty of character: the 'Eunuch' and 'Phormio,' in the vivacity of intrigue: and the 'Self-Tormentor' and 'Step-Mother' have, in my mind, the advantage in sentiment, a lively painting of the passions, and in the purity, and delicacy of style. DACIER.

[12] *Volcatius.*

[12] *Volcatius.*] Volcatius Sedigitus, a very antient poet, though we do not precisely know the time in which he lived. In his judgment of the comic poets, he gives the first place to Cæcilius, the second to Plautus, the third to Nævius, the fourth to Licinius, the fifth to Attilius; and ranks Terence but the sixth. But Volcatius has done more discredit to himself by this judgment, than honour to Cæcilius, and the other writers whom he has preferred to Terence. Each of them might have some excellencies that our author did not possess; but on the whole, the Romans had no comic poet equal to Terence. DACIER.

[13] 8000 *sesterces.*] About 60*l.* of our money.

[14] *Recorded in the title.*] Not as the title now stands; which shews that the titles, now come down to us, are imperfect. TANAQUIL FABER.

[15] *Assisted our author.*] There might be some foundation for such a report. Both Scipio and Lælius might have assisted him in polishing his style, and even have supplied him with many a line: being an African, he might not have so thorough a knowledge of the elegancies and beauties of the Latin language. This reasoning however is to me by no means conclusive. Phædrus was a Thracian slave, yet no one wrote more correctly or with greater purity; nor was he ever taxed with having received any assistance in his compositions: why then suspect Terence, when Suetonius, in the very beginning of his Life, confesses he had been very carefully educated and made free in his very early youth by Terentius Lucanus? DACIER.

[16] *Witness the prologue to the 'Brothers.'*] But in the prologue to the 'Self-Tormentor' he is not so complaisant; flatly declaring the report malicious, and entreating his audience not to give the least credit to idle and malicious tales. DACIER.

[17] *Opinion gained ground.*] Valgius, a poet contemporary to Horace, expressly says,

Hæ quæ vocantur fabulæ, cujus sunt?
Non has, qui jura populis recensens dabat,
Honore summo affectus, fecit fabulas?

And whose then are these pieces?—Did not he,
Who, full of honours, gave the people laws,
Compose these Comedies? DACIER.

[18] *Q. Memmius.*] Most probably the grandfather to that

Memmius to whom the poem of Lucretius is inscribed. DACIER.

[19] *A certain first day of March.*] The first day of March was a holiday kept by the Roman ladies, who on that occasion claimed the privilege of being entire mistresses of their houses, and directed every thing for that day. DACIER.

[20] *Repeated these verses*, &c.] This may be. In the plays of Moliere perhaps might be found some lines written by his friends; yet nobody would pretend to say that those pieces were not written by Moliere. DACIER.

[21] *Santra.*] An author of the time of Julius Cæsar. He wrote a treatise on the antiquity of words, and the lives of illustrious men: but his works are all lost. DACIER.

[22] *Would not have applied to Scipio.*] This reasoning of Santra proves nothing: for when Terence commenced author, Scipio was at the age of twenty-one; and, besides having been extremely well educated, was possessed of an extraordinary genius. DACIER.

Pastorals and little poems may perhaps now and then be written at sixteen or eighteen, but it must be allowed that the age of twenty-one is a very early period for the production of such dramatic pieces as those of Terence. Besides, when the 'Andrian' was first exhibited, our author was but twenty-seven, and Madam Dacier herself tells us that he was nine years older than Scipio, who therefore could be no more than eighteen years of age, a time of life when men rather begin to be the subjects, than the cultivators of the comic muse.

[23] *C. Sulpicius Gallus.*] The same Sulpicius Gallus, who was consul at the time of the first exhibition of the 'Andrian'. DACIER.

[24] *M. Popilius Lenas.*] Consul in the year of Rome 581, when Terence was at the age of twenty-one. DACIER.

[25] *Q. Fabius Labeo.*] A man of very distinguished merit, who passed the offices of Quæstor, Prætor, Triumvir, Consul, and High-Priest; and commanded the Roman troops with reputation. History fixes his consulship in the year of Rome 570: his colleague was M. Claud. Marcellus. Terence at that time was but ten years old. DACIER.

[26] *Q. Consetius.*] This author I am quite a stranger to. DACIER.

[27] *One hundred and eight plays.*] Menander wrote but one hundred and nine plays himself, some say but one hundred

dred and eight, and others but one hundred and five, of which Terence had already exhibited four. This story therefore must be a mere fable. DACIER.

[28] *The consulship of Dolabella*, &c.] In the year of Rome 594, the year after the exhibition of the 'Brothers.' DACIER.

[29] *Afranius.*] A dramatic poet of great reputation, whose testimony is the more honourable, as he was a contemporary of our author, though much younger. DACIER.

[30] *Compitalia.*] Feasts in cross-streets and ways, celebrated the second day of January in honour of their rural gods, hence called *Lares*, or *Compitalitii*. AINSWORTHIUS.

[13] *Licinus.*] Licinius Imbrex, who flourished in the year of Rome 554. DACIER.

[12] *Leimon.*] A Greek word [λειμων] signifying a meadow. This work of Cicero contained, most probably, nothing but the praises of eminent men. These beautiful verses are imitated by Ausonius, and Cæsar begins his criticism on Terence in the very same terms. For it is certain that Cæsar only undertook that task in order to imitate and contradict Cicero. DACIER.

[Vossius considers this as an *erratum*, and tells us that this work of Tully was not called *Leimon*, but *Libo;* and was addressed to Terentius Libo, a poet of that time, and a native of Fregellæ.]

☞ Before we conclude these notes, it will be proper to take notice of a passage in Orosius, which has misled many concerning our poet. This historian, though none of the most correct, yet not without merit, writes thus: *Scipio jam cognomento Africanus, triumphans urbem ingressus est, quem Terentius, qui postea Comicus, ex nobilibus Carthaginiensium captivis, pileatus, quod indultæ sibi libertatis insigne fuit, triumphantem post currum secutus est.* "Scipio Africanus entered Rome in triumph, and was attended by Terence, one of the chief of the Carthaginian captives, who afterwards became the celebrated comic poet, wearing a cap on his head, as a mark of his freedom having been conferred on him." This is undoubtedly fabulous, take it which way you will. For if Orosius means Scipio the Elder, his triumph was in the year of Rome 552, eight years before Terence was born. If he speaks of the Younger

Younger Scipio, the son of Paulus Æmilius, his triumphal entry was in the year of Rome 637, thirteen years after the death of Terence. What hurried Orosius into the mistake, is a passage in Livy, which he did not attentively examine. This great historian in his 30th book and 45th chapter says, *Secutus Scipionem triumphantem est, pileo capiti imposito, Q. Terentius Culleo; omnique deinde vitâ, ut dignum erat, libertatis auctorem coluit.* "Q. Terentius "Culleo followed the triumphal car of Scipio on the day of "his public entrance into Rome, with a cap on his head, "and honoured him during the remainder of his life, as the "author of his freedom." It could not therefore be our Terence, of whom Livy is speaking. It was a Roman senator, who having been taken prisoner by the Carthaginians, and set free by Scipio, determined to grace his deliverer's triumph, which he attended wearing the cap of liberty on his head, by way of compliment, as if he had indeed really received his manumission from the hands of Scipio. DACIER.

[33] *Unum hoc maceror*, &c.] "Valea Sedigitus! nos "Afranio assentiri non pigeat, ac Terentium omnibus præ- "stitisse comicis credamus; neque *vim illam comicam*, "quam ei unam defuisse dolet Cæsar (si modò sunt illa "Cæsaris carmina) desideremus. Nihil illi defuit: omnia "quæ comico poetæ præstanda sunt, præstitit." FRANCISCUS ASULANUS.

NOTES

TO THE

ANDRIAN.

' *The Andrian.*] There is much controversy among the Criticks, whether the ' Andrian' was the first play which Terence produced, or only the first of those which have come down to our times. Donatus positively asserts it to be our author's first production, and adds that the favourable reception it met with, encouraged him to go on in writing for the stage. He tells us also that this piece was intitled, " The Andrian of Terence," and not Terence's " Andrian," according to the customs of the Romans, who placed the name of the play first, if it was written by an author yet unknown in the theatrical world, but placed the author's name first in the title, if it was one already celebrated. Madam Dacier is of a contrary opinion, and thinks that the introductory lines of the prologue make it evident that Terence had written before. These inquiries are little more than mere matter of curiosity. For my part, I am rather inclined to the opinion of Donatus. The objections of Lavinius, which Terence in his prologue endeavours to refute, are entirely confined to this play; and that it was possible for Lavinius to have seen the manuscript before the representation is evident from the prologue to the ' Eunuch', where Terence directly charges that circumstance to his adversary. The concluding lines of the prologue speak the language of an author, new in the Drama, much stronger than those in the beginning denote his having written before. It may be remembered also, that Terence was no more than 27 years of age at the time of the first representation of this comedy.

Both the English and French theatre have borrowed the fable of this play. Sir Richard Steele has raised on that foundation

foundation his comedy of the 'Conscious Lovers;' and Baron has adopted even the title. It is proposed to throw out some observations on each of these pieces, and to compare them with Terence's comedy, in the course of these notes.

[2] The *Megalesian Games* were those instituted in honour of the superior gods.

[3] The *Ædiles* were magistrates of Rome, whose office it was to take care of the city, its public buildings, &c.; to regulate the market; and to preside at solemn games, public entertainments, &c.

☞ *Principal Actors.*] *Egerunt*, &c. The persons thus mentioned in the several titles to our author's pieces, were the managers of the company or companies of actors concerned in the representation. It is certain also, that they were principal actors: for besides the anecdote concerning Ambivius and Terence, related in the notes to Phormio, Donatus, in his preface to the 'Brothers,' expressly says, *Agentibus L. Ambivio et L. Turpione; qui cum suis gregibus etiam tum personati agebant.*

We are told by the Greek scholiasts, that these titles were always prefixed to pieces acted by authority of the magistrate. One of them stands before each of the comedies of Terence; but it is plain from Suetonius, as Le Fevre has observed, that they have descended to our times defective and imperfect.

[4] No part of the history of the antient drama is more obscure, than that which relates to the *musick*. A short extract from Donatus will serve to give some explanation of the phrases used in the above title.—"They were acted to flutes "equal or unequal, right or left-handed. The right-handed, "or Lydian, by their grave tone, denounced the serious "style of the comedy. The left-handed, or Tyrian, by "their light sharp sound, denoted the vivacity of the piece. "But when the play was said to be acted to both right and "left-handed, it denoted it to be serio-comic."

[5] *It is wholly Grecian.*] That is, that species of comedy, which was called *palliata;* in which the habits, manners, and arguments, were all Grecian.

☞ *Marcellus and Sulpicius, Consuls.*] That is, in the year of Rome 587, the twenty-seventh of our author's age, and 166 years before Christ.

☞ *Should*

☞ *Should please the people.*] It has been observed by Mr. Whalley, the last editor of Ben Jonson, that the prologue to the 'Silent Woman' opens in imitation of this of our author:

"Truth says, of old the art of making plays,
"Was to content the people."

[6] *Of an old bard.*] This old arch-adversary of Terence was, according to Donatus, Lucius Lavinius; but, according to Madam Dacier, Luscius Lanuvius.

[7] *Menander wrote the 'Andrian' and 'Perinthian'.*] From this account it is plain, that Terence did not in this play weave two different stories of Menander together in that vicious manner which is generally imputed to him but that, the argument of these two plays being nearly the same, Terence having pitched upon the 'Andrian' for the groundwork of his fable, enriched it with such parts of the 'Perinthian,' as naturally fell in with that plan. We are told by Donatus, that the first scene of our author's 'Andrian' is almost a literal translation of the first scene of the 'Perinthian' of Menander, in which the old man discoursed with his wife, just as Simo does with Sosia. In the 'Andrian' of Menander, the old man opened with a soliloquy.

The 'Perinthian,' as well as the 'Andrian,' took its name from the place the woman came from; *viz.* Perinthus, a town of Thrace.

[7] *Nævius, Plautus, Ennius.*] These poets are not mentioned here in exact chronological order, Ennius being elder than Plautus. The first author who brought a regular play on the Roman Stage, is said to have been Livius Andronicus, about the year of Rome 510, and one year before the birth of Ennius. Five years after the representation of the first play of Andronicus, or, as some say, nine, Nævius wrote for the stage. Then followed Ennius, Plautus, Pacuvius, Cæcilius, Porcius Licinius, Terence, and his contemporary and adversary Lucius Lavinius, Accius, Afranius, &c. Of all these, many of whom were very eminent writers, we have scarcely any remains, except of Plautus and Terence: and what is still more to be lamented, the inestimable Greek authors, whose writings were the rich source whence they drew their fable, characters, &c. are also irrecoverably lost.

[9] *Exeunt Servants.*] The want of marginal directions, however trifling they may at first sight appear, has occasioned, as it necessarily must, much confusion and obscurity in several

ral passages of the antient dramatic writers; and is a defect in the manuscripts, and old editions of those authors in the learned languages, which has in vain been attempted to be supplied by long notes of laborious commentators, and delineations of the figures of the characters employed in each scene. This simple method of illustrating the dialogue, and rendering it clear and intelligible to the most ordinary reader, I propose to pursue throughout this translation: and I cannot better enforce the utility of this practice, than by a few extracts from a very ingenious treatise on Dramatic Poetry, written in French by Mons. Diderot, and annexed to his play called the 'Father of a Family.'

"The *pantomime* is a part of the drama, to which the author ought to pay the most serious attention: for if it is not always present to him, he can neither begin, nor conduct, nor end a scene according to truth and nature; and the action should frequently be written down instead of dialogue.

"The *pantomime* should be written down, whenever it creates a picture; whenever it gives energy, or clearness, or connexion to the dialogue; whenever it paints character; whenever it consists in a delicate play, which the reader cannot himself supply; whenever it stands in the place of an answer; and almost always at the beginning of a scene.

"Whether a poet has *written down* the pantomime or not, it is easy to discover at first sight, whether he has *composed* after it. The conduct of the piece will not be the same; the scenes will have another turn; the dialogue will relish of it."

Moliere, as this ingenious critick observes, has always written down the *pantomime* (as he phrases it), and Terence seems plainly to have had it always in his view, and to have paid a constant attention to it in his composition, though he has not set it down in words.

[10] *Be ta'en due care of.*] *Nempè ut* curentur *rectè hæc.* Madam Dacier will have it, that Simo here makes use of a *kitchen-term* in the word *curentur.* I believe it rather means *to take care* of any thing generally; and at the conclusion of this very scene, Sosia uses the word again, speaking of things very foreign to cookery. *Sat est,* CURABO.

[12] *Seems to reproach me of ingratitude.*] There is a beautiful passage in the 'Duke of Milan' of Massinger, very similar to the above. The situations of the persons are somewhat alike, Sforza being on the point of opening his mind

mind to Francisco. The English poet has with great address transferred the sentiment from the inferior to the superior character, which certainly adds to its delicacy :

Sforza.—I have ever found you true and thankful,
Which makes me love the building I have rais'd,
In your advancement ; and repent no grace,
I have conferr'd upon you : and believe me,
Tho' now I should repeat my favours to you,
It is not to upbraid you ; but to tell you,
I find you're worthy of them, in your love
And service to me.

[22] *You shall hear all*, &c.] "Terence stands alone in every thing, but especially in his narrations. It is a pure and transparent stream which flows always evenly, with no more swiftness or noise than that which it derives from its course and the ground it runs over. No wit, no display of sentiment, not a sentence that wears an epigrammatical air, none of those definitions always out of place, except in Nicole or Rochefoucauld. When he generalizes a maxim, it is in so simple and popular a manner, you would believe it to be a common proverb which he has quoted : nothing but what belongs to the subject. I have read this poet over and over with attention : there are in him no superfluous scenes, nor any thing superfluous in the scenes." DIDEROT.

This being the first narration in our author, and exceedingly beautiful, I could not help transcribing the foregoing passage from the French treatise abovementioned. The narrations in the Greek tragedies have been long and justly admired ; and from this and many other parts of Terence, taken from Greek authors, we may fairly conclude that their comedies were equally excellent in that particular.

[23] *Now to manhood grown.*] *Postquam excessit ex ephebis.* The Ephebia was the first stage of youth, and youth the last stage of boyhood. DONATUS.

[24] *Or the study of philosophy.*] It was at that age that the Greeks applied themselves to the study of philosophy, and chose out some particular sect, to which they attached themselves. Plato's Dialogues give us a sufficient insight into that custom. DACIER.

[25] *Too much of one thing's good for nothing.*] *Ne quid nimis.* A sentiment not unbecoming a servant, because it is common, and is therefore not put into the mouth of the master. DONATUS.

Though

Though the Commentators are full of admiration of this golden saying, "Do nothing to excess;" yet it is plain that Terence introduces it here as a *characteristic* sentiment. Sosia is a dealer in old sayings. The very next time he opens his mouth, he utters another. I thought it necessary therefore, for the sake of the preservation of character, to translate this antient proverb by one of our own, though the modern maxim is not expressed with equal elegance.

[16] *'Tis now about three years ago.*] The mention of this distance of time is certainly artful, as it affords time for all the events, previous to the opening of the piece, to have happened with the strictest probability. The comment of Donatus on this passage is curious:—"The author hath artfully said three years, when he might have given a longer or a shorter period. Since it is probable that the woman might have lived modestly one year; set up the trade, the next; and died, the third. In the first year, therefore, Pamphilus knew nothing of the family of Chrysis; in the second, he became acquainted with Glycerium; and in the third, Glycerium marries Pamphilus, and finds her parents." Donatus.

[17] *Modest and thriftily*, &c.] It is absolutely necessary that the reputation of Glycerium should be supposed to be spotless and unblemished: and as she could never be *made an honest woman*, if it were not clear that she was so before marriage, Chrysis, with whom she lived, is partly to be defended, partly to be praised; whom although it is necessary to confess to be a courtesan, yet her behaviour is rendered as excusable as such a circumstance will admit. Donatus.

[18] *He's smit! he has it!*] *Captus est, habet.* Terms taken from the Gladiators. Dacier.

[19] *But all the world*, &c.] There is a beautiful sentiment uttered by Manoa in the 'Samson Agonistes' of Milton, which seems to be partly borrowed from this passage in our author:

— — — — — I gain'd a son,
And such a son, as all men hail'd me happy;
Who would be now a father in my stead!

[20] *Since merely*, &c.] 'Tis strange, the criticks have never discovered a similar sentiment to this, in Shakspeare. When Valentine, in 'Twelfth-Night,' reports the inconquerable grief of Olivia for the loss of a brother, the Duke observes upon it;

Oh,

Oh, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother;
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her?

Common sense directs us, for the most part, to regard *resemblances* in great writers, not as the pilferings, or frugal acquisitions of needy *art*, but as the honest fruits of genius, the free and liberal bounties of unenvying *nature*.—Hurd's *Discourse on Poetical Imitation.*

[21] *I myself*, &c.] A complaisant father, to go to the funeral of a courtesan, merely to oblige his son!—Cooke.

☞ *P.* 16. *l.* 1. *Oh, how familiarly!*] Having introduced this narration with a general eulogium on the narrations of our author by a most judicious French critick, it may not be improper, at the conclusion of this particular narration, to produce the testimony of Cicero in its favour:

"If brevity consists in using no more words than are absolutely necessary, such a style may sometimes be expedient: but it is often extremely prejudicial to a narrative; not only as it renders it obscure; but as it takes off that air of ease and cheerfulness, and force of persuasion, which are the chief properties of a narrative. In Terence, for instance, how minute and particular is that narration, which commences with,

'For my son, Sosia, now to manhood grown, &c.!'

The manners of the youth himself, the curiosity of the slave, the death of Chrysis, the look, and figure, and grief, of the sister, are drawn at full length, and in the most agreeable colours. But if he had, through the whole, affected a brevity like that of the following passage,

'Meanwhile the funeral proceeds; we follow;
'Come to the sepulchre: the body's plac'd
'Upon the pile;'

the whole might have been comprised in little more than ten short verses: and yet in these very expressions, *the funeral proceeds; we follow;* concise as they are, the poet was rather studious of beauty, than brevity. For had there been nothing more than, *the body's plac'd upon the pile*, the whole might have been clearly understood: but it enlivens a narration to mark it with characters, and intersperse it with speeches; and the fact itself receives a greater air of probability, when you relate the manner in which it passed."—*De Oratore, Lib.* II. 81.

[22] *You're*

[22] *You're in the right.*] Nothing can mark the flat simplicity of Sosia's character more strongly than the insipidity of this speech.

☞ [23] P. 16. l. 15. *Was married to this stranger-woman.*] The Greeks and Romans made use of this expression to signify a *courtesan;* and I believe they borrowed that term from the people of the East; as we find it used in that sense in the books of the Old Testament.—DACIER.

Donatus seems to think the word used here merely as a contemptuous expression.

[24] *Bad mind, bad heart.*] *Mala mens, malus animus. Animus*, the heart, conceives the bad actions; and *mens*, the mind, devises the means of carrying them into execution. —DACIER.

[25] *Exit* Sosia.] Here we take our last leave of Sosia, who is, in the language of the Commentators, a *protatic personage*, that is, as Donatus explains it, one who appears only once in the beginning (the *protasis*) of the piece, for the sake of unfolding the argument, and is never seen in any part of the play. The narration being ended, says Donatus, the character of Sosia is no longer necessary. He therefore departs, and leaves Simo alone to carry on the action. With all due deference to the antients, I cannot help thinking this method, if too constantly practised, as I think it is in our author, rather inartificial. Narration, however beautiful, is certainly the deadest part of theatrical compositions; it is indeed, strictly speaking, scarcely dramatic, and strikes the least in the representation: and the too frequent introduction of a character, to whom a principal person in the fable is to relate in confidence the circumstances previous to the opening of the play, is surely too direct a manner of conveying that information to the audience. Every thing of this nature should come obliquely, fall in a manner by accident, or be drawn, as it were, perforce, from the parties concerned, in the course of the action: a practice, which if reckoned highly beautiful in Epic, may be almost set down as absolutely necessary in Dramatic Poetry. It is, however, more advisable even to seem tedious, than to hazard being obscure. Terence certainly opens his plays with great address, and assigns a probable reason for one of the parties being so communicative to the other; and yet it is too plain that this narration is made merely for the sake of the audience, since there never was a duller hearer than master Sosia, and it never appears in the sequel of the play, that Simo's instructions

to

to him are of the least use to frighten Davus, or work upon Pamphilus. Yet even this *protatic personage* is one of the instances of Terence's art, since it was often usual in the Roman Comedy, as may be seen in Plautus, to make the relation of the argument the express office of the prologue.

Sir Richard Steele has opened the 'Conscious Lovers' in direct imitation of the 'Andrian;' but has unfolded the argument with much less art, as will perhaps appear in the course of the notes on this act. In this place it is sufficient to observe, that the delineation of the characters in the English author is infinitely inferior to that of those in the Roman. Simo is the most finished character in the play. Sir John Bevil, I fear, is but an insignificant personage. Humphry, while he has all the plainness and dullness of Sosia, possesses neither his fidelity nor secrecy; for he goes between the father and the son, and in some measure betrays both.

[26] *Davus.*] Sir Richard Steele has modernized the characters of Davus and Mysis with great elegance and humour in his sprightly Footman and Chambermaid, Tom and Phillis.

[27] *In prison.*] *Te in* pistrinum, *Dave, dedam.* The prison mentioned here, and in many other passages of our author, was a kind of house of correction for slaves, to which they were sent to grind corn, as disorderly persons are made to beat hemp in our Bridewell.

[28] *Troth, Davus,* &c.] This, says Donatus, is a short and comic deliberation, calculated to excite the attention of the audience to the impending events; artfully relating part of the argument, but in order to prepare the events without anticipating them, representing the circumstances of the story as fabulous; and in order to enliven it, passing from dry narration to mimickry.

How much more artful is the conduct of Terence in this place, than that of Sir Richard Steele in the 'Conscious Lovers;' who, besides the long narration with which the play opens, has obliged the patient Humphry to hear a second story, with which he has burthened the conclusion of his first act, from young Bevil!

[29] *The dotage,* &c.] *Inceptio est* amentium, haud *amantium.* A play upon words, impossible to be exactly preserved in the translation.

[30] *To educate.*] *Decreverunt* tollere. The word *tollere* strictly signifies *to take up,* and alludes to the custom of

those times. As soon as a child was born, it was laid on the ground; and if the father was willing to educate it, he ordered it to be taken up: but if he said nothing, it was a token signifying that he would have it exposed.—DACIER.

[31] *The Forum.*] The Forum is frequently spoken of in the comic authors; and, from various passages in which Terence mentions it, it may be collected, that it was a public place, serving the several purposes of a market, the seat of the courts of justice, a public walk, and an exchange.

[32] *Pamphilus.*] The two most beautiful characters in this play, in my opinion, are the father and son. It has already been observed how much Sir Richard Steele falls short of Terence in delineating the first; and I must own, though Bevil is plainly the most laboured character in the 'Conscious Lovers,' I think it much inferior to Pamphilus. The particular differences in their character I propose to point out in the course of these Notes: at present I shall only observe in general, that, of the two, Bevil is the more cool and refined, Pamphilus the more natural and pathetic.

[33] *Changes his mind*, &c.] *Id mutavit, quia me* immutatum *videt.* The word *immutare* in other Latin authors, and even in other parts of Terence himself, signifies *to change:* as, in the Phormio, Antipho says, *Non possum* immutarier; "I cannot *be changed.*" But here the sense absolutely requires that *immutatum* should be rendered NOT *changed.* Madam Dacier endeavours to reconcile this, according to a conjecture of her father's, by shewing that *immutatus* stands for *immutabilis;* as *immotus* for *immobilis*, *invictus* for *invincibilis*, &c. But these examples do not remove the difficulty; since those participles always bear a negative sense, which *immutatus* does not: and thence arises all the difficulty. Terence certainly uses the verb *immutare* both negatively and positively, as is plain from this passage and the above passage from the Phormio: and I dare say with strict propriety. In our own language we have instances of the same word bearing two senses directly opposite to each other. The word *let*, for instance, is used in the contradictory meanings of *permission* and *prohibition.* The modern acceptation of the word is indeed almost entirely confined to the first sense; though we say even at this day *without* LET *or molestation.* Shakspeare, in 'Hamlet,' says,

I'll make a ghost of him that *lets me.*

that is, *stops*, *prevents*, *hinders* me; which is directly opposite to the modern use of the word.

It

It has been ingeniously proposed to remove the whole difficulty of this passage by placing a point of interrogation at the end of the sentence, which would preserve the usual import of the word *immutatum:* but this, I think, would take from the force and energy of the speech, and would scarcely agree with the sense of the sentence immediately following.

[34] *They breed some monster.*] *Aliquid monstri alunt.* Dacier and some others imagine these words to signify some plot that is hatching. Donatus and the commentators on him interpret them as referring to the woman, which is the sense I have followed; and I think the next sentence confirms this interpretation.

[35] *For while the mind,* &c.] *Dum in dubio est animus, paulo momento huc illuc impellitur.* Dacier thinks that these words allude to scales, which sense I have adopted in the translation; but I rather think with Donatus that they refer to any great weight, which while it is yet unfixt, and hangs in suspence, is driven by the slightest touch here or there. In the beautiful story of Myrrha, in Ovid's Metamorphoses, there is a passage, which the Commentators suppose to be an imitation of this sentence.

— — — — — Utque securî
Saucia trabs ingens, ubi plaga novissima restat,
Quo cadat, *in dubio est*, omnique à parte timetur;
Sic *animus* vario labefactus vulnere nutat
Huc levis atque *illuc*, *momentaque* sumit utroque.

[36] *Oppresst with wretchedness.*] *Laborat è dolore.* Though the word *laborat* has tempted Donatus and the rest of the Commentators to suppose that this sentence signified Glycerium's being in labour, I cannot help concurring with Cooke, that it means simply, that she is weighed down with grief. The words immediately subsequent corroborate this interpretation: and at the conclusion of the scene, when Mysis tells him, she is going for a midwife, Pamphilus hurries her away, as he would naturally have done here, had he understood by these words, that her mistress was in labour.

[37] *By your better angel.*] *Per* genium *tuum.* Most editors give *ingenium:* but as Bentley observes, this [*per* genium] was the most usual way of adjuring; and there is a passage in Horace, plainly imitated from this in our author, where the measure infallibly determines the reading.

Quod te per *genium dextramque* Deosque penates,
Obsecro, et obtestor.—*Hor.* L. 1. Ep. 7. Cooke.

[38] How much more affecting is this speech, than Bevil's dry detail to Humphry of his meeting with Indiana! a detail the more needless and inartificial, as it might with much more propriety and *pathos* have been entirely reserved for Indiana herself in the scene with her father.

There is a palpable imitation of this beautiful speech in the 'Orphan' of Otway.

Chamont. When our dear parents died, they died together,
One fate surpriz'd them, and one grave receiv'd them:
My father with his dying breath bequeath'd
Her to my love: my mother, as she lay
Languishing by him, call'd me to her side,
Took me in her fainting arms, wept, and embrac'd me;
Then prest me close, and as she observ'd my tears,
Kist them away: Said she, Chamont, my son,
By this, and all the love I ever shew'd thee,
Be careful of Monimia, watch her youth.
Let not her wants betray her to dishonour.
Perhaps kind heav'n may raise some friend—then sigh'd,
Kist me again; so blest us, and expir'd.

[39] *Going for a midwife.*] Methinks Mysis has loitered a little too much, considering her errand; but perhaps Terence knew, that some women would gossip on the way, though on an affair of life and death.—COOKE.

This two-edged reflection, glancing at once on Terence and the ladies, is, I think, very ill-founded. The delay of Mysis, on seeing the emotion of Pamphilus, is very natural; and her artful endeavours to interest his passions in favour of her mistress, are rather marks of her attention, than neglect.

[40] The first act of Baron's 'Andrian' is little else than a mere version of this first act of Terence. Its extreme elegance and great superiority to the prose translation of Dacier, is a strong proof of the superior excellence and propriety of a poetical translation of the works of this author.

[41] *Charinus, Byrrhia.*] These two characters were not in the works of Menander, but were added to the fable by Terence, lest Philumena's being left without a husband, on the marriage of Pamphilus to Glycerium, should appear too *tragical* a circumstance.—DONATUS.

Madam Dacier, after transcribing this remark, adds, that it appears to her to be an observation of great importance to the Theatre, and well worthy our attention

Important as this dramatic *arcanum* may be, it were to be wished that Terence had never found it out, or at least that he had

had not availed himself of it in the construction of the 'Andrian.' It is plain that the duplicity of intrigue did not proceed from the imitation of Menander, since these characters, on which the double plot is founded, were not drawn from the Greek poet. Charinus and Byrrhia are indeed but poor counterparts, or faint shadows of Pamphilus and Davus; and instead of adding life and vigour to the fable, rather damp its spirit, and stop the activity of its progress. As to the *tragical* circumstance of Philumena's having no husband, it seems something like the distress of Prince Prettyman, who thinks it a matter of indifference, whether he shall appear to be the son of a king or a fisherman, and is only uneasy lest he should be the son of nobody at all. I am much more inclined to the opinion of an ingenious French critick, whom I have already cited more than once, than to that of Donatus or Madam Dacier. His comment on this under-plot is as follows.

"It is almost impossible to conduct two intrigues at a "time, without weakening the interest of both. With what "address has Terence interwoven the amours of Pam-"philus and Charinus in the Andrian! But has he done it "without inconvenience? At the beginning of the second "act, do we not seem to be entering upon a new piece? "and does the fifth conclude in a very interesting man-"ner?"—DIDEROT.

It is but justice to Sir Richard Steele to confess, that he has conducted the under-plot in the 'Conscious Lovers' in a much more artful and interesting manner than Terence in the play before us. The part which Myrtle sustains (though not wholly unexceptionable, especially in the last act) is more essential to the fable. His character also is more separated and distinguished from Bevil than Charinus from Pamphilus, and serves to produce one of the best scenes in the play.

[42] *How readily*, &c.] Shakspeare's Leonato falls into the same sentiment: but in this passage, as in most others, the English Poet has the advantage.

— — — — — — — — — — Men
Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion.

And again in the same speech,

No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those, that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,

To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself. *Much Ado about Nothing.*

It is a very natural sentiment, extremely likely to suggest itself on such occasions, and it has been observed by Madam Dacier, that it occurs in Æschylus; from whom, however, it is no more necessary to suppose that Terence adopted it, than that Shakspeare borrowed it from Terence.

[43] *With your Bride.*] Sponsam *hic tuam amat.* We have no word exactly answering the sense of *sponsam* in this place. The familiar French expression of *la future* comes pretty near it. It is, however, I hope, an allowable liberty in familiar conversation to speak of the lady by the name of *the bride* on her wedding-day, though before the performance of the ceremony.

[44] *Enquire; he hadn't seen you.*] *Rogo, negat vidisse.* Wonderful brevity, and worthy imitation.—Donatus.

Whoever remembers this speech, as well as many other little narrations, in the original, will readily concur with the Critick; but whether the imitation recommended is very practicable, or capable of equal elegance in our language, the reader may partly determine from the present and other translations.

[45] *Before the door all hush.*] Terence has not put this remark into the mouth of Davus without foundation. The house of the bride was always full, and before the street-door were musicians, and those who waited to accompany the bride.—Dacier.

[46] *No matron.*] Married women, neighbours, and relations; whose business it was to attend the lady, whose name (*pronuba*) as well as office was much the same as that of the modern *bride-maid.*

[47] *A pennyworth.*] *Obolo.* The *Obolus*, says Donatus, was a coin of the lowest value. Cooke tells us that the precise worth of it was one penny, farthing, one-sixth.

[48] *Say that you'll marry.*] The reciprocal dissimulation between the father and son, in the fable of this comedy, is much better managed by our author than by Sir Richard Steele. The efforts made by each party, in order to accomplish the favourite point, which they severally have in view, very naturally keeps all the characters in motion, and produces many affecting and pleasant situations. There is too much uniformity in the adventures, as well as character of Bevil, for the vivacity of the Drama. His supposed consent

to marry is followed by no consequences, and his *honest dissimulation*, as he himself calls it, is less reconcileable to the philosophical turn of his character, than to the natural sensibility of Pamphilus; besides that the dissimulation of the latter is palliated by his being almost involuntarily driven into it by the artful instigations of Davus.

[49] *Follow'd the old man hither.*] HUNC *venientem sequor.* This verse, though in every edition, as Bentley judiciously observes, is certainly spurious: for as Pamphilus has not disappeared since Byrrhia left the stage, he could not say *nunc* HUNC *venientem sequor.* If we suppose the line genuine, we must at the same time suppose Terence guilty of a monstrous absurdity.—COOKE.

Other scommentators have also stumbled at this passage; but if in the words *followed* HIM *hither*, we suppose HIM [HUNC] to refer to Simo, the difficulty is removed: and that the pronoun does really signify Simo, is evident from the very circumstance of Pamphilus never having left the stage since the disappearance of Byrrhia. Simo is also represented as coming on the stage homewards, so that Byrrhia might easily have followed him along the street: and it is evident that Byrrhia does not allude to Pamphilus, from the agreeable surprise which he expresses on seeing him there so opportunely for his purpose.

[50] *I will go bear these tidings.*] Donatus observes on this scene between Byrrhia, Simo, Pamphilus, and Davus, that the dialogue is sustained by four persons, who have little or no intercourse with each other: so that the scene is not only in direct contradiction to the precept of Horace excluding a fourth person, but is also otherwise vicious in its construction. Scenes of this kind are, I think, much too frequent in Terence, though indeed the form of the antient theatre was more adapted to the representation of them than the modern. The multiplicity of speeches *aside* is also the chief error in his dialogue; such speeches, though very common in dramatic writers antient and modern, being always more or less unnatural.

Myrtle's suspicions, grounded on the intelligence drawn from Bevil's servant, are more artfully imagined by the English poet, than those of Charinus created by employing his servant as a spy on the actions of Pamphilus.

[51] *So, I perceive, you did:—This nettles him.* [aside.] *Præter spem evenit: sentio: hoc malè habet virum.* All the commentators and translators have understood this whole

line

line as spoken *aside:* but as the first part of it is an apt answer to what Simo had said, and in the same style with the rest of the conversation, that Davus commonly holds with him, I rather think it was intended in reply; to which Davus subjoins the conclusion, as his sly remark *aside.*—Whether this was certainly the poet's meaning, it is difficult to determine; but I think that this manner of speaking the line would have the best effect on the stage.

[52] *A feast of scarce ten drachms!*] The Attic *drachma* was equal to seven-pence three farthings, of English money. —COOKE.

[53] The second Act of the 'Andrian' of Baron is, like the first, very nearly an exact translation of Terence.

[54] *Scarce smelt it out at last.*] Here the poet inculcates an excellent moral, and shews that suspicious persons are as subject to be deceived, as those of small penetration: for by too great acuteness and refinement they misinterpret the plainest circumstances, and impose upon themselves.—DONATUS.

[55] *Glycerium within.*] *Juno Lucina, save me! help, I pray thee!*] Juno Lucina was the goddess supposed to preside over child-birth.

"In their comedies, the Romans generally borrowed their "plots from the Greek poets; and theirs was commonly a "little girl stolen or wandered from her parents, brought "back unknown to the city, there got with child by some "lewd young fellow; who, by the help of his servant, cheats "his father: and when her time comes, to cry *Juno Lucina, fer opem!* one or other sees a little box or cabinet, "which was carried away with her, and so discovers her to "her friends; if some god do not prevent it, by coming "down in a machine, and taking the thanks of it to himself.

"By the plot you may guess much of the characters of the "persons. An old father, who would willingly, before he "dies, see his son well married; a debauched son, kind in his "nature to his mistress, but miserably in want of money; a "servant or slave, who has so much wit as to strike in with "him, and help to dupe his father; a braggadochio captain; a parasite; and a lady of pleasure.

"As for the poor honest maid, on whom the story is "built, and who ought to be one of the principal actors in "the play, she is commonly mute in it: she has the breeding of the old Elizabeth way, which was for maids to be

"seen,

" seen, and not to be heard; and it is enough you know " she is willing to be married when the fifth act requires " it."—DRYDEN's *Essay of Dramatic Poesie.*

It must be remembered that Dryden's Essay is written in the form of a dialogue, and therefore the above extract is not to be supposed to be absolutely the very opinion of the writer, but receives a good deal of its high colouring from the character of the speaker. It is true, indeed, that this *crying out* of a woman in labour behind the scenes, which Donatus gravely remarks is the only way in which the severity of the *Comœdia Palliata* would allow *a young gentlewoman* to be introduced, is perhaps the most exceptionable circumstance of all the antient drama: and if the modern theatre has any transcendant advantage over the antient, it is in the frequent and successful introduction of female personages.

The antients were so little sensible of the impropriety or indecorum of such an incident, that it is (as Dryden has observed) introduced into many of their plays, wherein the lady *cries out* in the same, or very similar, words with Glycerium. I do not, however, remember any play where the lady in the straw produces so many pleasant circumstances, as in the play before us; nor is there, I think, any one of those circumstances, except the *crying out*, which might not be represented on our stage. This act, and the next, which are entirely built on the delivery of Glycerium, are the most humourous of the five; and yet these very acts seem to have been the most obnoxious to the delicacy of the modern imitators of our author. Sir Richard Steele, indeed, departed in many other circumstances from the fable of Terence, so that it is no wonder he took the advantage of bringing our Glycerium on the stage in the person of Indiana: but Baron, who has brought his whole piece on the ground of Terence, thought it necessary to new-mould these two acts, and has introduced Glycerium merely to fill up the chasm created by the omission of the other incidents. Baron, I doubt not, judged right in thinking it unsafe to hazard them on the French stage: but it must be obvious to every reader, that the deadest and most insipid parts of Baron's play are those scenes in which he deviates from Terence.

[56] *Your incidents*, &c.] *Non sat commodè divisa sunt temporibus tibi, Dave, hæc.* A metaphor taken from the Theatre.—DACIER.

[57] *They'll bring the bantling here.*] The art of this passage is equal to the pleasantry: for though Davus runs into

into this detail merely with a view to dupe the old man still further by flattering him on his fancied sagacity, yet it very naturally prepares us for an incident which, by another turn of circumstances, afterwards becomes necessary.

[58] *And withal a child.*] This was a piece of roguery very common in Greece, where they often deceived the old men by supposititious children.—DACIER.

[59] *Enter* CHREMES.] Chremes is a humane, natural, unaffected old gentleman. Sealand, in the 'Conscious Lovers,' the English Chremes, is a sensible respectable merchant. Both the characters are properly sustained: but Chremes being induced first to renew his consent to the match, and afterwards wrought upon by occurrences, arising in the fable, to withdraw it again, renders his character more essential to the drama, than Sealand's.

[60] *And what do you deserve for this?*] *Quid meritus?* This question is taken from the custom of the Athenians, who never condemned a criminal without first asking what punishment he thought he deserved; and according to the nature of the culprit's answer, they mitigated or aggravated his punishment.—DACIER.

The Commentators cite a passage exactly parallel from the 'Frogs' of Aristophanes.

[61] *Alas, I have not leisure,* &c.] "Characters too "faintly drawn are the opposite of caricature. Pamphilus "in the 'Andrian' is, in my mind, a faint character. Davus "has precipitated him into a marriage that he abhors. His "mistress has but just been brought to bed. He has a hundred reasons to be out of humour. Yet he takes all in "good part."—DIDEROT.

I cannot think there is much justice in the above observation. Pamphilus appears to me to have all the feelings of an amiable and ingenuous mind. There is an observation of Donatus on Simo's observing to Davus, at the end of the second act, that his son appeared to him to be rather melancholy, which is in my opinion infinitely more just, and applicable to the character of Pamphilus, than the remark of our ingenious French critick. It has been reserved for this place on purpose to oppose them to each other. The passage and note on it are as follow.

"*Yet in my mind he seem'd a little sad.*] The pro- "priety of behaviour necessary to the different characters "of the son and the lover, is wonderfully preserved in "this

" this instance. A deceit, sustained with great assurance,
" would not have been agreeable to the character of an in-
" genuous youth: and it would have been improbable in the
" character of the lover to have entirely smothered his con-
" cern. He suppresses it therefore in some measure, be-
" cause the thing was to be concealed; but could not as-
" sume a thorough joyfulness, because his disposition and
" passion inspired him with melancholy."—Donatus.

It may be added also, as a further answer to Diderot, that the words with which Pamphilus concludes this act, alluding to his present situation, assign a very natural reason for his subduing the transports of his anger towards Davus.

[62] *Now throwing off*, &c.] It is observed by Patrick, that Terence has manifestly borrowed this from a passage in the first scene of the second act of the Epidicus of Plautus.

Plerique homines, quos, cùm nihil refert, pudet: ubi pudendum est,
Ibi eos deserit pudor, cùm usus est ut pudeat.
Too many are asham'd without a cause,
And shameless, only when they've cause for shame.

[63] *The creaking of Glycerium's door.*] We learn from Plutarch, in Publicola, that when any one was coming out, he struck the door on the inside, that such as were without might be warned to take care, lest they might be hurt. The doors of the Romans, on the contrary, opened on the inside, as appears from Pliny, Book xxxvi. Ch. 15. But the creaking meant here is more probably that of the door itself upon the hinges, to prevent which in the night-time, it was usual for lovers to pour wine or water upon them.—Patrick.

[64] *For her I make all mankind my foes.*] Donatus observes the peculiar modesty of Pamphilus in this passage, wherein though he means to glance at his father, he rather chooses to include him among the rest of mankind, than to point him out particularly. I am apt to think nothing more is intended than a general expression of passion; for in the very next speech Pamphilus, by a very natural gradation, proceeds to mention Simo. It must however be allowed, that in his greatest emotion he preserves a temperance and amiable respect towards his father.

[65] *From the altar then*, &c.] Donatus and Scaliger the father have written, that the altar mentioned here was the altar usually placed on the stage. When a tragedy was acted, the

the altar was dedicated to Bacchus; when a comedy, to Apollo. But in my opinion the stage-altar has no connection with this passage: this adventure is not to be considered as an incident in a comedy, but as a thing which passes in the street. Probability therefore must be preserved; which it cannot be, if one of the stage-altars is employed in this place. At Athens every house had an altar at the street-door: [which street-altars are also often mentioned in Plautus.] These altars were covered with fresh herbs every day; and it is one of these, to which Terence here alludes.—DACIER.

It was a custom among the Romans to have an altar sacred to Vesta in the entrance of their houses, whence it was called the *vestibule*.—EUGRAPHIUS.

[66] *I change my first intended purpose.*] His first intention doubtless was to go and inform Simo of the child being laid at the door.—DACIER.

[67] *From our house.*] *A* NOBIS. Most of the Books read *à* VOBIS, but I am persuaded the other is the right reading. The fact is, the child really came from Glycerium's, and Davus's laughing at the impudence of Mysis in owning it, and the immediate observation of Chremes, that she was the Andrian's maid, is more agreeable to this sense. Besides, the mention of the other family is reserved for the answers drawn from Mysis by Davus's asking her *whose child it was*.

[68] *Some free-women.*] *Free-women:* For in Greece as well as in Italy, slaves were not admitted to give evidence.—DACIER.

[69] *And that by law*, &c.] Among the laws of Athens was that equitable one, which compelled the man to marry her whom he had debauched, if she was a free-woman.—COOKE.

[70] *To torture.*] Implying that she ought to be put to the torture to confess the truth; for it was a common way at Athens to force the truth from slaves by torture. Thus in the 'Step-mother,' Bacchis offers her slaves to be put to the torture.—PATRICK.

The same custom is alluded to in the scene between Mitio, Hegio, and Geta, in the 'Brothers.'

[71] *Is there then no diff'rence*, &c.] It is an observation of Voltaire in the preface to his comedy of L'Enfant Prodigue, that although there are various kinds of pleasantry that excite mirth, yet universal bursts of laughter are seldom produced,

duced, unless by a scene of mistake or *équivoque*. A thousand instances might be given to prove the truth of this observation. There is scarce any writer of comedy, who has not drawn from this source of humour. A scene founded on a misunderstanding between the parties, where the characters are all at cross purposes with each other, never fails to set the audience in a roar: nor indeed can there be a happier incident in a comedy, if produced naturally, and managed judiciously.

The scenes in this act, occasioned by the artifice of Davus concerning the child, do not fall directly under the observation of Voltaire, but are, however, so much of the same colour, that if represented on the stage, they would, I doubt not, have the like effect, and be the best means of confuting those infidel criticks, who maintain that Terence has no humour. I do not remember a scene in any comedy, where there is such a natural complication of pleasant circumstances. Davus's sudden change of his intentions on seeing Chremes, without having time to explain himself to Mysis; her confusion and comical distress, together with the genuine simplicity of her answers; and the conclusion drawn by Chremes from their supposed quarrels; are all finely imagined, and directly calculated for the purposes of exciting the highest mirth in the spectators. The words of Davus to Mysis in this speech "*Is there then*," &c. have the air of an oblique praise of this scene from the poet himself, shewing with what art it is introduced, and how naturally it is sustained.

Sir Richard Steele had deviated so much from Terence in the original construction of his fable, that he had no opportunity of working this scene into it. Baron, who, I suppose, was afraid to hazard it on the French theatre, fills up the chasm by bringing Glycerium on the stage. She, amused by Davus with a forged tale of the falsehood of Pamphilus, throws herself at the feet of Chremes, and prevails on him once more to break off the intended match with Philumena. In consequence of this alteration, the most lively part of the comedy in Terence, becomes the gravest in Baron; the artifice of Davus is carried on with the most starch formality; and the whole incident, as conducted in the French imitation, loses all that air of ease and pleasantry, which it wears in the original.

[72] *She dead, her fortune comes by law to me.*] Supposing Chrysis to have died without a will; in which case the nearest of kin was heir at law.—PATRICK.

[73] *Chrysis*

[73] *Chrysis is then—ha?*] This manner of expression, avoiding the direct mention of a shocking circumstance, and softening it as far as possible, carries in it a great deal of tenderness.—PATRICK.

[74] *For me, a stranger, to commence a law-suit.*] Madam Dacier observes, that it appears from Xenophon's treatise on the policy of the Athenians, that all the inhabitants of cities and islands in alliance with Athens, were obliged, in all claims, to repair thither, and refer their cause to the decision of the people, not being permitted to plead elsewhere. We cannot wonder then that Crito is unwilling to engage in a suit so inconvenient from its length, expence, and little prospect of success.—PATRICK.

[75] *Bind the slave hand and foot.*] QUADRUPEDEM *constringito.* It was usual among the Athenians to tie criminals, hand and feet together, like a calf.—ECHARD.

[76] *Against the law.*] There was a law among the Athenians, that no citizen should marry a stranger; which law also excluded such as were not born of two citizens, from all offices of trust and honour. See *Plutarch's life of Pericles.*—COOKE.

[77] Simo. *How, my father!* &c.] Donatus is full of admiration of this speech, and tells us that it was not taken from Menander, but original in Terence.

[78] *Exit* Pamphilus.] The above scene, admirable as it is, had not, it seems, sufficient temptations for Sir Richard Steele to induce him to include it in his plan of the 'Conscious Lovers.' Bevil and his father are never brought to an open rupture, like Simo and Pamphilus, but rather industriously kept from coming to any explanation, which is one reason of the insipidity and want of spirit in their characters. It must be obvious to every reader, how naturally this scene brings on the catastrophe: how injudiciously then has the English poet deprived his audience of the pleasure that must have arisen from it in the representation, and contented himself with making Sir J. Bevil declare, at entering with his son, after the discovery is over, "Your good sister, sir, "has with the story of your daughter's fortune filled us with "surprise and joy! Now all exceptions are removed; my "son has now avowed his love, and turned all former jea-"lousies and doubts to approbation, and, I am told, your "goodness has consented to reward him." How many dramatic incidents, what fine pictures of the manners, has Terence

rence drawn from the circumstances huddled together in these few lines of Sir Richard Steele!

[79] *But that I fear*, &c.] *Ni metuam patrem, habeo pro illâ re illum quod moneam probè.* Madam Dacier, and several English translations, make Pamphilus say that he could give Crito a hint or two. What hints he could propose to suggest to Crito, I cannot conceive. The Italian translation, printed with the Vatican Terence, seems to understand the words in the same manner that I have translated them, in which sense (the pronoun *illum* referring to Simo instead of Crito) they seem to be the most natural words of Pamphilus on occasion of his father's anger, and the speech immediately preceding.

[80] *Of Rhamnus.*] Rhamnus, and such other places often mentioned in Terence, were maritime towns of Attica, near which the more wealthy Athenians had country-seats. —PATRICK.

[81] P. *Sir!* Si. *Be it so.*] P. *Nempe.* Si. *Id scilicet.* Donatus, and some others after him, understand these words of Simo and Pamphilus, as requiring a fortune of Chremes with his daughter: and one of them says, that Simo, in order to explain his meaning in the representation, should produce a bag of money. This surely is precious refinement, worthy the genius of a true commentator. Madam Dacier, who entertains a just veneration for Donatus, doubts the authenticity of the observation ascribed to him. The sense I have followed is, I think, the most obvious and natural interpretation of the words of Pamphilus and Simo, which refer to the preceding, not the subsequent speech, of Chremes.

[82] *My daughter's portion is ten talents.*] All our own translators of this poet have betrayed great ignorance in their estimations of antient sums: and Madam Dacier, and the common Latin interpreters, seem not to have given themselves much trouble on this head: but this part of antient learning ought not to be passed over slightly, since the wealth and plenty of a great and famous state are to be discovered from it. The name of the Talent ought to be preserved in a translation, as should the *mina*, *half-mina*, *drachma*, and *obolus*, for the same reason for which Terence preserved them in his Latin translations of Greek plays, *viz.* because the scene is in Athens, and these are Attic pieces of money. The common Attic talent, which is the talent mentioned through Terence, contained sixty minæ, as Gronovius, in a note

to the Cistellaria of Plautus, and other accurate enquirers have agreed. Ten talents therefore were equal to 1937*l.* 10*s.* of our money, which we may reasonably suppose a tolerably good fortune, considering the price of provisions then in that part of Greece; which we may partly judge of from the passage, where the *obolus* is mentioned in the second act of this play.—Cooke.

[83] *Exeunt* Chremes *and* Crito.] Crito is, as Donatus calls him, *persona in catastrophen machinata*, a character formed to bring about the catastrophe. To supply his place in the fable, Sir Richard Steele has converted Phania, the brother of Chremes mentioned in the foregoing scene, into a sister, and substituted Isabella for Crito. But here, I think, and in almost every circumstance of the discovery, the art of the English Poet is much inferior to that of his original. Isabella does not maintain her importance in the drama so well as Crito. Indiana indeed serves to add a degree of *pathos* to the scene: but the relation of the incidents of her life, and throwing off her little ornaments in a kind of tragedy-rant, till Isabella appears to unravel the mystery, is surely much less natural than the minute detail of circumstances, so finely produced by our author. It is, says Donatus, the greatest praise, when the spectator may imagine those things to happen by chance, which are produced by the utmost industry of the poet.

[84] P. *Bound! how, sir!* Si. *How, sir? Neck and heels.*] *Non* RECTE *vinctus est:—haud ita jussi.* The conceit in the original is a pun upon the word *recte*, impossible to be preserved exactly in the translation. Donatus observes very well on this passage, that the jocularity of the old gentleman on this occasion, is a characteristic mark of his thorough reconciliation.

[85] *Enter* Charinus.] He who undertakes to conduct two intrigues at a time, imposes on himself the necessity of unravelling them both at the same instant. If the principal concludes first, that which remains can support itself no longer: if, on the contrary, the episode abandons the main part of the fable, there arises another inconvenience; some of the characters either disappear without reason, or shew themselves again to no end or purpose; so that the piece becomes maimed or uninteresting.—Diderot.

The first of the inconveniences above mentioned is that which occurs in the conclusion of this play. The discovery once

once made, and Glycerium given to Pamphilus, all that remains becomes cold. From the extreme brevity of this last scene, one would imagine that the poet himself found this part of the fable languish under his hands. Some of the commentators, fond of that tediousness, which Terence was so studious to avoid, have added seventeen spurious lines of dialogue between Charinus and Chremes. Donatus, though he approved of this underplot, which Terence added to the fable of Menander, yet commends his judgment in avoiding prolixity, by settling only one marriage on the stage, and dispatching the other behind the scenes. But surely the whole episode of Charinus is unnecessary, and the fable would be more clear, more compact, and more complete without it. See the first note to the second act.

The fifth act of Baron is an almost literal, though very elegant version, of this of our author.

It is very remarkable, that though Terence is generally considered to be a grave author, as a writer of comedy, the 'Andrian' has much more humour and pleasantry, than either the English or French imitation of it.

[86] *Therefore I think*, &c.] This whole sentence is transferred by our poet to this play from the 'Eunuch' of Menander: and to this practice alludes the objection mentioned in the prologue. That fables should not be confounded.—DONATUS.

[87] *My soul hath her content so absolute.*] The passage in Shakspeare's Othello, from which I have borrowed this line, is a kind of contrast to this in our author. Each of them are speeches of the highest joy and rapture, and each of them founded on the instability of human happiness; but the reader will meet with a still closer comparison between the English and Latin poet in the notes to the third act of the 'Eunuch', to which place I have referred the citation from Shakspeare.

[88] *Clap your hands.*] *Plaudite.* All the old tragedies and comedies acted at Rome. concluded in this manner. *Donec* CANTOR *vos* PLAUDITE *dicat*, says Horace. Who the *cantor* was, is a matter of dispute. Mons. Dacier thinks it was the whole chorus; others suppose it to have been a single actor; some, the prompter; and some, the composer.

Before the word *Plaudite* in all the old copies is an Ω, which has also given rise to several learned conjectures. It is most probable, according to the notion of Madam Dacier, that

that this Ω, being the last letter of the Greek Alphabet, was nothing more than the mark of the transcriber to signify the end, like the Latin word *Finis* in modern books: or it might, as Patrick supposes, stand for Ωδος, *Cantor*, denoting that the following word *Plaudite*, was spoken by him.

CALLIOPIUS RECENSUI.] After *Plaudite*, in all the old copies of Terence, stand these two words: which signify, "I "Calliopius have revised and corrected this piece." And this proceeds from the custom of the old criticks, who carefully revised all manuscripts: and when they had read and corrected any work, certified the same by placing their names at the end of it.—DACIER.

NOTES

TO THE

EUNUCH.

[1] *The Eunuch.*] This seems to have been the most popular of all the Comedies of Terence. Suetonius and Donatus, both inform us that it was acted with the greatest applause, and that the Poet received a larger price for it from the Ædiles, than had ever been paid for any before, viz. 8000 sesterces, which is about equal to 200 crowns, which in those times was a considerable sum.

[2] *Acted twice.*] *Acta* II. Donatus informs us it was acted a third time. It is certain therefore that there is something wanting in this title, and that we should read *acta* II. DIE, *acted twice* IN ONE DAY, of which fact we are made acquainted by Suetonius.—DACIER.

[3] *Valerius, and Fannius, consuls.*] That is, in the year of Rome 592, and 160 before Christ.

[4] Baïf, a poet, who lived under Charles IX. made a translation of the 'Eunuch' into French verse, which, if I am not deceived, was never publicly represented, as there was not at that time a company of comedians regularly established at Paris. I have not heard that before, or since his time, we have any other poetical translations of Terence; and my 'Andrian' is, I believe, the first of his comedies, that has appeared on our stage.—BARON.

Baron is partly mistaken. There is extant in the works of the celebrated Fontaine a comedy intitled 'L'Eunuque,' being, like Baron's 'Andrian,' founded on Terence, with such alterations, as the modern poet thought adviseable in his age and country. Some of the principal variations will be observed in the course of these notes.

[5] *Yet if there's one*, &c.] Meaning Lavinius, the poet censured in the prologue to the 'Andrian.'—DONATUS.

[6] *The Phantom of Menander.*] The 'Phantom' [Φασμα] was the title of a comedy of Menander; in which a young man looking through a hole in the wall, which divides his father's house from a neighbour's, beholds a virgin of extraordinary beauty, and is affected with an awful reverence, as at the sight of a Divinity; from which the play is called the 'Phantom.' The mother (who had this child by a secret amour before her marriage with the young man's father, and educated her privately in the house of her next-door neighbour) is represented to have made the hole in the wall, and to have decked the passage with garlands, and green branches, that it might look like a consecrated place; whither she daily went to her devotions, and used to call forth her daughter to converse with her there. The youth, coming by degrees to the knowledge of her being but a mortal, his passion for her becomes so violent, as to admit of no cure but marriage; which at last is accomplished to the great satisfaction of the mother and daughter, the joy of the lover, and the consent of his father.—This argument of the 'Phasma' Bentley gives us; but to whom we are obliged for it, says he does not know, whether to Donatus or some older scholiast.—COOKE.

[7] *In the Thesaurus.*] In the 'Thesaurus,' or Treasure, of Lavinius, a young fellow having squandered his estate, sends a servant, ten years after his father's death, according to the will of the deceased, to carry provisions to his father's monument; but he had before sold the ground, in which the monument stood, to a covetous old man; to whom the servant applied to help him to open the monument; in which they discovered a hoard of gold and a letter. The old fellow seizes the treasure, and keeps it, under pretence of having deposited it there, for safety, during times of war: the young fellow goes to law with him; and the old man is represented as opening the cause thus: "Athenians, why should I relate the war with the Rhodians? &c." which Terence ridicules, because the young man who was the plaintiff, should first shew his own title to it.—Thus far Bentley, from the same scholiast. This note is a clear explanation of the passage to which it belongs. Hare concurs with Madam Dacier in her opinion, that this story of the 'Treasure' was only an incident foisted by Lavinius into the 'Phantom' of Menander, and not a distinct play: but was I not determined by the more learned Bentley, the text itself would not permit

me

me to concur in their opinion, as the words *atque in Thesauro scripsit*, seem plainly to be a transition to another play.—Cooke.

Menander, and his contemporary Philemon, each of them wrote a comedy under this title. We have in the above note the story of Menander's; and we know that of Philemon's from the 'Trinummus' of Plautus, which was a translation of it.

[8] *Leave to examine it.*] *Perfecit, sibi ut* inspiciundi *esset copia.* The word *inspiciundi* certainly carries a stronger sense than merely to be present at the representation. The meaning of the whole passage I take to be this. That having obtained leave to peruse the MS. he furnished himself with objections against the piece, which he threw out when it came to be represented before the Magistrates.

[9] *When 'twas rehears'd before the Magistrates.*] This is a remarkable passage, for it informs us that when the Magistrates had bought a piece, they had it represented at their own house, before it was played in public.—Dacier.

[10] *The Colax*, &c.] Colax is a Greek word [κολαξ] signifying a flatterer, which was the reason the Greeks gave that name to their parasites.—Dacier.

[11] *But that he knew*, &c.] If Plautus wrote a play under the title of *Colax*, I should think it very unlikely for Terence not to have seen it, considering how soon he flourished after Plautus, his being engaged in the same studies, and his having such access to the libraries of the great. Among the Fragments of Plautus is one verse said to be a line of the 'Colax:' yet I am inclined to believe, Plautus never translated Menander's 'Colax.' The character of the vain-glorious Soldier here mentioned I am apt to think the same with that which is the hero of Plautus's comedy now extant, and called '*Miles Gloriosus;*' from which Terence could not take his Thraso. Pyrgopolinices and Thraso are both full of themselves, both boast of their valour, and their intimacy with princes, and both fancy themselves beloved by all the women who see them; and they are both played off by their parasites; but they differ in their manners and their speech. Plautus's Pyrgopolinices is always in the clouds, and talking big, and of blood and wounds, like our heroes commonly called Derby Captains. Terence's Thraso never says too little, nor too much, but is an easy ridiculous character, continually supplying the audience with mirth, without the wild

extravagant bluster of Pyrgopolinices. Plautus and Terence both took their soldiers and parasites from Menander, but gave them different dresses.—COOKE.

Though there is much good criticism in the above note, it is certain that Plautus did not take his *Miles Gloriosus* from the 'Colax' of Menander, as he himself informs us it was translated from a Greek play called Αλαζων, 'the Boaster;' and the parasite is but a trifling character in that play, never appearing after the first scene.

[12] *That he steadfastly denies.*] It seems almost incredible, that Terence should be ignorant of these two plays, written by Nævius and Plautus; but our wonder will abate, when we reflect that all the learning of that time was confined to manuscripts, which being few and not common, could not be in the hands of many. Besides, as it was not then so general a custom to collect in one volume all the works of the same poet, one might see some of his pieces, without seeing the whole.—PATRICK.

[13] *And what then*, &c.] Phædria enters, as having deliberated a long time within himself; at last breaking out into these words.—DONATUS.

Horace and Persius have both imitated this beautiful passage in their Satires.

[14] *To try with reason to run mad.*] Theobald is of opinion, that the following passage of Shakspeare is partly imitated from this of our author.

— — — — — — — — — — To be wise and love
Exceeds man's might, and dwells with gods above.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

If it be really an imitation, Shakspeare in this instance, contrary to custom, falls infinitely below his original.

[15] *I her?—that him?—that me?—that would not——*] An abrupt manner of speaking, familiar to persons in anger; for the sentences are to be understood thus: I *go to* her?—that *receiv'd* him?—that *excluded* me?—that would not *let me in.* For indignation loves to deal in the ellipsis and aposiopesis.—DONATUS.

As the pronouns in our language admit a variation of case, I saw no reason why I should not literally copy the beautiful *egone illam?* &c. of Terence.

[16] *But she comes, our ruin comes; for she*, &c.] There is an extreme elegance in this passage in the original. There is much the same sentiment in the 'Cymbeline' of Shakspeare;

spear e : and I believe, upon a fair comparison between them, the learned reader will agree with me, that the passage in the English poet is not only equal, but even superior in beauty to that in Terence.

Sed ecca ipsa egreditur, nostri fundi calamitas :
Nam quod nos capere oportet, hæc intercipit. TER.

— — — — — comes in my father ;
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buds from blowing.

CYMBELINE, Act 1.

[17] *My mother was a Samian, liv'd at Rhodes.*] An indirect and tender manner of acknowledging her mother to be a courtesan, by saying she was a native of one place, and lived in another. For this reason courtesans were called *strangers ;* and on this circumstance depends the archness and malice of Parmeno's answer.—DONATUS.

[18] *Sunium.*] A part of Attica upon the sea-coast.

[19] *Caria.*] A region of Asia Minor upon the sea-coast, opposite to Rhodes.

[20] *I in his absence*, &c.] It is artful of the poet to represent the Captain as the prior lover, by which Thais may plead for this indulgence from Phædria with a better grace. —DONATUS.

[21] *Twenty minæ.*] Equal to 64*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.* of our money. —COOKE.

[22] *Be with yon soldier*, &c.] Phædria's resquest to his mistress, upon leaving her for two days, is inimitably beautiful and natural.

Addison's SPECTATOR, No. 170.

Imogen, in the speech above cited from Shakspeare, expresses her intention to have said much the same kind of things on parting with Posthumus. As both the passages are extremely beautiful, it may not be disagreeable to the reader to compare them together.

I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say : ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such ; or, I could make him swear,
The shees of Italy should not betray
Mine int'rest, and his honour ; or have charg'd him
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnig
To encounter me with orisons ; for then
I am in heaven with him, &c.

[23] *Manet*

[23] *Manet* THAIS.] The poet very judiciously reserves part of the argument to be told here, which Thais did not relate to Phædria, in the presence of Phormio: whom the poet keeps in ignorance, that he may with probability dare to assist Chærea in his attempt on the virgin. DONATUS.

[24] *And judges of my heart from those of others.*] Here Terence shews it to be his peculiar excellence to introduce common characters in a new manner, without departing from custom, or nature: Since he draws a good courtesan, and yet engages and delights the spectator.—DONATUS.

Under the name of *Thais*, Menander is supposed to have drawn the character of his own mistress, Glycere; and, it seems, he introduced a courtesan of the same name into several of his comedies. One comedy was intitled 'Thais;' from which St. Paul took the sentence in his epistle to the Corinthians, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Plutarch has also preserved four lines of the prologue to that comedy, in which the poet, in a kind of mock-heroic manner invokes the muse, to teach him to draw the character of his heroine.

Εμοι μεν συ αειδε τοιαυτην, θεα,
Θρασειαν, ὡραιαν δε και πιθανην αμα,
Αδικουσαν, αποκλειουσαν, αιτουσαν πυκνα,
Μηδενος ὁρωσαν, προσποιουμενην δ' αει.

PLUT. *de Audiend. Poet.*

Such therefore sing, O goddess! bold, but fair,
And blest with all the arts of fond persuasion;
Injurious, quarrellous, for ever craving,
Caring for none, but feigning love to all.

The word αποκλειουσαν alludes particularly to the shutting out her lovers, the very injury offered to Phædria in this play.

Fontaine, probably for the same reasons that induced Baron to vary from his original, represents Thais as a young widow, instead of a courtesan.

[25] *Carry the slaves*, &c.] This scene contains a deal of lover's impertinence and idle talk, repeating what has been said before; and that too much over and over again, and in a tiresome manner.—DONATUS.

If the critick meant this note for a censure, it is in fact rather a commendation.

[26] *Want of sleep*, &c.] *Aut mox noctu te* adiget *horsum insomnia.* The common reading is *adigent.* But the correction and interpretation of Donatus, who explains the word

word *insomnia* in this place to signify *watching*, *want of sleep*, is confirmed by the two next speeches.

[27] *Hui! three whole days!*] *Hui!* UNIVORSUM *triduum! — Crites.* To read Macrobius, explaining the propriety and elegance of many words in Virgil, which I had before passed over without consideration, as common things, is enough to assure me that I ought to think the same of Terence; and that in the purity of his style, (which Tully so much valued, that he ever carried his works about him) there is yet left in him great room for admiration, if I knew but where to place it.

Eugenius. I should have been led to a consideration of the wit of the antients, had not Crites given me sufficient warning not to be too bold in my judgment of it; because the languages being dead, and many of the customs, and little accidents, on which it depended, lost to us, we are not competent judges of it. But though I grant, that here and there we may miss the application of a proverb or a custom, yet a thing well said will be wit in all languages; and though it may lose something in the translation, yet to him who reads it in the original, it is still the same. He has an idea of its excellence, though it cannot pass from his mind into any other expression or words than those in which he finds it. When Phædria, in the 'Eunuch', had a command from his mistress to be absent two days, and encouraging himself to go through with it, said, *Tandem ego non illâ carcam, si opus sit, vel totum triduum?* Parmeno, to mock the softness of his master, lifting up his hands and eyes, cries out, as it were in admiration, *Hui! univorsum triduum!* the elegancy of which *univorsum*, though *it cannot be rendered in our language*, yet leaves an impression on our souls. But this happens seldom in him, in Plautus oftener; who is infinitely too bold in his metaphors and coining words; out of which many times his wit is nothing.

DRYDEN'S *Essay of Dramatick Poesie.*

[28] *Heav'ns, what a strange*, &c.] Part of Benedick's soliloquy in the second act of 'Much Ado about Nothing' is much in the same vein with this of Parmeno; only that it is heightened by the circumstance of its being immediately previous to his falling in love himself.

[29] *How beautiful*, &c.] The poet makes Parmeno take notice of her extraordinary beauty, in order to make the violence of Chærea's passion for her the more probable. DONATUS.

[30] *Enter*

[30] *Enter Gnatho.*] These characters, the Parasite and the Soldier, as the poet himself confesses, are not in the 'Eunuch' of Menander, but taken from the 'Colax.' DONATUS.

Two actions, equally laboured and driven on by the writer, would destroy the unity of the poem; it would be no longer one play, but two: not but that there may be many actions in a play, as Ben Jonson has observed in his Discoveries, but they must be all subservient to the great one, which our language happily expresses in the name of underplots: such as in Terence's 'Eunuch' is the difference and reconcilement of Thais and Phædria, which is not the chief business of the play, but promotes the marriage of Chærea and Chremes's sister, principally intended by the poet. There ought to be but one action, says Corneille, that is, one complete action, which leaves the mind of the audience in a full repose; but this cannot be brought to pass, but by many other imperfect actions which conduce to it, and hold the audience in a delightful suspence of what will be.

DRYDEN's Essay of Dramatick Poesie.

Instead of the quarrels of Thais and Phædria, which were most probably in the 'Eunuch' of Menander, it would have been better to have instanced the characters taken from the 'Colax;' which Terence has very artfully connected with the rest of the fable, by representing the girl, loved by Chærea, as given to Thais by Thraso; which produces the absence of Phædria, leaves room for the comical imposture of Chærea, and, although adscititious, becomes the main spring of the whole action.

[31] *Good heavens!* &c.] This is the only scene in Terence, which I remember, that can be charged with being superfluous. Thraso has made a present to Thais of a young girl. Gnatho is to carry her. Going along with her, he amuses himself with giving the spectator a most agreeable eulogium on his profession. But was that the time for it? Let Gnatho pay due attention on the stage to the young woman whom he is charged with, and let him say what he will to himself, I consent to it.—DIDEROT.

[31] *But mine's a new profession*, &c.] Though the vain man and the flatterer were characters in great measure dependent on each other, and therefore commonly shewn together, yet it is most probable, that in the 'Colax' of Menander, from whence Gnatho and Thraso were taken by our author, the Parasite was the chief character, as in the Αλαζων or 'the Boaster,' the Greek comedy, from which Plautus took

took his *Miles Gloriosus*, the Braggadochio Captain was most probably the principal. But this I think is not all: for in the present instance the poet seems to have intended to introduce a new sort of parasite, never seen upon the stage before; master of a more delicate manner of adulation than ordinary flatterers, and supporting his consequence with his patron at the same time that he lives upon him, and laughs at him. *Comedendo & deridendo.* Gnatho's acquaintance describes the old school of parasites, which gives him occasion to shew, in his turn, the superior excellence of the new sect, of which he is himself the founder. The first of these, as Madam Dacier observes justly, was the exact definition of a parasite, who is described on almost every occasion by Plautus, as a fellow beaten, kicked, and cuffed at pleasure.

Et hic quidem, hercle, nisi qui colaphos perpeti
Potis parasitus, frangique aulas in caput,
Vel ire extra portam trigeminam ad saccum licet.
CAPTEIVEI, Act. 1.

And here the parasite, unless he can
Bear blows, and have pots broken on his sconce,
Without the city-gate may beg his bread.

Gnatho, on the contrary, by his artful adulation, contrives to be caressed instead of ill-treated. Had the 'Colax' of Plautus at least remained to us, we should perhaps have seen the specific difference between him and other parasites more at large. In the 'Eunuch', Gnatho is but episodical; but if this manner of considering his character be not too refined, it accounts for the long speech, so obnoxious to Diderot, with which he introduces himself to the audience; throws a new light on all he says and does; and is a strong proof of the excellence of Menander in drawing characters. However this may be, it is certain that Gnatho is one of the most agreeable parasites in any play, antient or modern, except the incomparable Falstaff.

[32] *What are you upon?—My legs.*] *Quid agitur?—Statur.* A mere play upon words, which is also in the 'Pseudolus' of Plautus. There is much the same kind of conceit with the present in the 'Merry Wives of Windsor.'

Falstaff. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am *about.*
Pistol. Two *yards* and more.

[33] *Desert Piræus.*] Piræus, as well as Sunium, was a maritime town of Attica, with a port, where the Athenian youth were placed on guard to watch against the incursions of pirates, or other enemies.—DONATUS.

[34] *Away*

[34] *Away with common beauties!*] *Tædet quotidianarum harum formarum.* It is impossible to translate this passage without losing much of its elegance, which consists in the three words ending in *arum*, which are admirably adapted to express disgust, and make us even feel that sensation. DACIER.

[35] *They call her Nurse.*] *Pugilem esse aiunt.* Literally, *they call her Boxer.* The learned, I hope, will pardon, and the ladies approve my softening this passage.

[36] *As an Advocate.*] The word Advocate, *Advocatus*, did not bear the same sense then as it does with us at present. The Advocates, *Advocati*, were friends that accompanied those who had causes, either to do them honour, or to appear as witnesses, or to render them some other service.—DACIER.

[37] *All's over.*] *Jam conclamatum est.* A metaphor taken from the funeral ceremonies of the antients.

[38] *What is his gift?*] Observe with what address Terence proceeds to the main part of his argument: the Eunuch being casually mentioned, suggests, as it were of course, the stratagem of imposing Chærea upon the family of Thais for him.—DONATUS.

[39] *Is she so handsome, as she's said to be?*] Another instance of the art of Terence, in preserving the probability of Chærea's being received for the Eunuch. He was such a stranger to the family, that he himself did not even know the person of Thais. It is added further, that she has not lived long in the neighbourhood, and the young fellow has been chiefly at Piræus.—DONATUS.

[40] *And Parmeno must pay for all.*] *Istæc in me cudetur faba.* Literally, *the bean will be threshed on me.* A proverb taken from the countrymen's threshing beans; or from the cooks dressing them, who when they had not moistened them enough, but left them hard and tough, were sure to have them thrown at their heads.—DONATUS.

The Commentators give us several other interpretations of this proverb; but all concur concerning the import of it.

[41] *Is it then wrong?*] Here Terence obliquely defends the subject of the piece.—DONATUS.

[42] *Ev'n the King.*] This may be understood of Darius the Third, who reigned in the time of Menander. But as Pyrrhus is mentioned in this very play, Madam Dacier thinks it

it ought rather to be understood of Seleucus, king of Asia.—PATRICK.

[43] Thraso. *You've hit it.*] That Shakspeare was familiarly acquainted with this comedy, is evident from the following passage.

" *Holofernes. Novi hominem, tanquam te.* His hu-
" mour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed,
" his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general
" behavour vain, ridiculous, and THRASONICAL."

Love's Labour Lost.

[44] *No general man.*] *Homo perpaucorum hominum.* That is, one who admits but few into a familiarity with him. Horace uses the same phrase, in the same sense, speaking of Mæcenas. *Paucorum hominum, et mentis bene sanæ.* In like manner, Cicero tells us in his book *de fato*, that Scipio having engaged two or three friends to sup with him upon sturgeon, and seeming inclined to detain some others who dropt in upon him; Pontius whispered him, " Take care, Scipio! *Acipenser iste* paucorum hominum *est.* The sturgeon does not love much company."

This passage of Cicero, quoted by the commentators both on Horace and Terence, puts the meaning of the phrase out of all doubt; and indeed in this sense the speech of Thraso more properly follows up the speech immediately preceding, and, without the least violence to the natural flow of the dialogue, takes off the awkwardness of an *aside* from the reply of Gnatho, and leaves him that easy raillery, which distinguishes him in most parts of the play.

[45] *Are you a hare*, &c.] *Lepus tute es, et pulpamentum quæris?* A proverbial expression in use at that time. The proper meaning of it, stript of the figure, is, " You are little more than a woman yourself, and do you want a mistress?" We learn from Donatus and Vopiscus, that Livius Andronicus had inserted it in his plays before Terence. Commentators, who enter into a minute explication of it, offer many conjectures, rather curious than solid, and of a nature not fit to be mentioned here.—PATRICK.

[46] *Suppose she lov'd me*, &c.] I am at a loss to determine, whether it was in order to shew the absurdity of the Captain, or from inadvertence in the poet, that Terence here makes Thraso and Gnatho speak in contradiction to the idea of Thais's wonderful veneration for Thraso, with which they opened the scene.

[47] *Scene*

[47] *Scene second.*] Several persons of the play are concerned in this scene, and yet, by the art and excellence of the poet, there arises no confusion of dialogue; each speech being admirably adapted to the character to which it is appropriated.—Donatus.

[48] *A chip of the old block.*] *Ex homine hunc natum dicas.* There has been much dispute about the meaning of these words. The old familiar expression, which I have made use of, is, I think, agreeable to the obvious and natural meaning of them. That Dryden understood them in this sense, is evident from the following passage:

"In the new comedy of the Græcians, the poets sought indeed to express the ἦθος, as in their tragedies the πάθος, of mankind. But this contained only the general characters of men and manners; that is, one old man or father, one lover, one courtesan, so like another as if the first of them had begot the rest of every sort. *Ex homine hunc natum dicas.*"

Essay of Dramatick Poesie.

[49] *Treat, and parley with her.*] *Convenire & colloqui.* Military terms; used by Parmeno to sneer at Thraso.—Donatus.

[50] *Minæ.*] A *mina* was equal to 3*l.* 4*s.* 7*d.*—Cooke.

[51] *I'll warrant him accomplish'd.*] From the following passage in 'Twelfth Night', concerning the disguise of Viola, one might be almost tempted to imagine that Shakspeare had the Eunuch of Terence in his eye.

Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as a eunuch to him:
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of musick,
That will allow me very worth his service.

[52] *Get your bread out of the fire.*] *E flammâ petere cibum.* A proverb to express the lowest degree of meanness and infamy: taken from a custom among the antients of throwing victuals into the fire, at the time of burning their dead; to eat which was looked on as an act of the greatest indignity.—Cooke.

[53] *Take care now, Pythias,* &c.] An artful preparation for the ensuing difference between her and Thraso.—Donatus.

[54] *Made a sacrifice.*] The antients used to offer a sacrifice,

crifice, before they entered on any affair of importance.—Cooke.

[55] *Rings were given.*] It was usual to deposit their rings, as pledges of observing their appointment.

[56] *Oh, Jupiter! 'tis now the very time.*] *Proh Jupiter! Nunc est profectò, cùm interfici perpeti me possum, Ne hoc gaudium contaminet vita ægritudine aliquâ.* The passage from Shakspeare referred to in a note on the last act of the 'Andrian,' contains exactly the same sentiment, and almost in the same words with this of Terence.

— — — — — If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort, like to this,
Succeeds in unknown fate. Othello.

[57] *But in an inner chamber*, &c.] In Greece, the women always occupied the interior apartments, where nobody was permitted to come to them, but relations, and the slaves that waited upon them.—Dacier.

[58] *Viewing a picture, where the tale*, &c.] A very proper piece of furniture for the house of a courtesan, giving an example of loose and mercenary love; calculated to excite wanton thoughts, and at the same time hinting to the young lover that he must make his way to the bosom of his mistress, like Jupiter to Danae, in a shower of gold. Oh the avarice of harlots!—Donatus.

[59] *Who shakes the highest heavens with his thunder.*] *Qui templa cœli summa sonitu concutit.* A parody on a passage in Ennius.—Donatus.

[60] *An opportunity so short.*] Short indeed, considering the number of incidents, which, according to Chærea's relation, are crouded into it. All the time, allowed for this adventure, is the short space between the departure of Thais and Thraso and the entrance of Chærea; so that all this variety of business of sleeping, bathing, ravishing, &c. is dispatched during the two soliloquies of Antipho and Chremes, and the short scene between Chremes and Pythias. The truth is, that a very strict and religious adherence to the unities often drives the poet into as great absurdities as the profest violation of them.

[61] *My father too perhaps is come to town.*] Preparation for the arrival of the father.—Donatus.

[62] Instead

[62] Instead of this scene, Fontaine, in his 'Eunuch', has substituted one between Chærea and Pamphila, whom he brings on the stage, as Baron does Glycerium in the 'Andrian'. Chærea professes honourable love, leaves her in the house of Thais, and applies to his father, by whose consent he at last obtains her in marriage. Fontaine was most probably right in his conjecture, that the plot of the 'Eunuch,' exactly as it lies in Terence, was not conformable to the severity of the French, or perhaps, the English stage. It would certainly therefore have been advisable, in order to adapt it for representation before a modern audience, to change some circumstances, and the introduction of Pamphila might perhaps have been hazarded not without success: but by departing so essentially, as Fontaine has done from Menander and Terence, the very foundations of the fable are undermined, and it loses most part of that vivacity and interest so remarkable in the play before us.

[63] *Enter* Dorias.] 'Tis true, the antients have kept the continuity of scenes somewhat better than the moderns. Two do not perpetually come in together, talk, and go out together; and other two succeed them, and do the same throughout the act, which the English call by the name of single scenes; but the reason is, because they have seldom above two or three scenes, properly so called, in every act; for it is to be accounted a new scene, not only every time the stage is empty, but every person who enters, though to others, makes it so; because he introduces a new business. Now the plots of their plays being narrow, and the persons few, one of their acts is written in a less compass than one of our well-wrought scenes; and yet they are often deficient even in this. To go no farther than Terence, you find, in the 'Eunuch,' Antipho entering single in the midst of the third act, after Chremes and Pythias were gone off: in the same play you have likewise Dorias beginning the fourth act alone; and after she has made a relation of what was done at the Soldier's entertainment, (which by the way was very inartificial, because she was presumed to speak directly to the audience; and to acquaint them with what was necessary to be known, but yet should have been so contrived by the poet, as to have been told by persons of the Drama to one another, and so by them to have come to the knowledge of the people,) she quits the stage, and Phædria enters next, alone likewise. He also gives you an account of himself, and of his returning from the country in monologue, to which

unnatural way of narration Terence is subject in all his plays. In his 'Adelphi,' or 'Brothers,' Syrus and Demea enter, after the scene is broken by the departure of Sostrata, Geta, and Canthara; and indeed you can scarce look into any of his comedies, where you will not presently discover the same interruption.

DRYDEN'S *Essay of Dramatick Poesie.*

[64] *Slipping off her jewels.*] Because courtesans were not allowed to wear gold or jewels in the street.—DACIER.

[65] *Enter* Phædria.] Here the poet artfully finds a reason to bring Phædria back again; as he at first with equal art sent him out of the way, to give probability to those incidents necessary to happen in his absence.—DONATUS.

[66] *Love in its last degree*, &c.] *Extremâ lineâ amare, haud nihil est.* Supposed to be a metaphor taken from the lines drawn in the chariot-races.

[67] *Yet I never thought on't.*] *Verùm miseræ non in mentem venerat.* This must either be taken absolutely that she never apprehended any such accident, or refer to what is said in the preceding verse, *Amatores mulierum esse audieram eos maximos*, "I've heard that they lov'd "women mightily."—PATRICK.

[68] *Weazel-fac'd old fellow.*] Menander's words, as preserved by Donatus, are these; αὐτὸς ἐστι γαλεώτης γέρων, which he charges Terence with having misunderstood. Γαλη, he says, is a weazel, and γαλεωτης a lizard. But Terence is very likely to have made Pythias express her dislike of the Eunuch, by comparing him to a weazel, whose skin has much of the tawny in it. As to the passage from Menander, there is nothing of the colour of the animal expressed in it. A lizard being a thin animal, Menander probably intended a similitude in the lankness. Γαλεωτης γερων may therefore be construed a thin, half-starved fellow.—COOKE.

[69] *I'll devise some means to-day*, &c.] The revenge of Pythias on Parmeno is very artfully made productive of the catastrophe.—DONATUS.

[70] *Ceres and Bacchus are warm friends of Venus.*] *Sine Cerere & Libero friget Venus.* A proverb, signifying that love is cold without good eating and drinking.

[71] *With the proofs.*] *Cum monumentis.* Alluding to the custom of the antients of attaching some valuable token

to

to their children, by which they might be recognized, if exposed, or stolen in their infancy.

[72] *The Centurion Sanga.*] The centurion was an officer, who had the command of an hundred men, commonly thought to be of much the same rank as our captains.

[73] *Pyrrhus.*] King of Epirus, and one of the greatest generals of antiquity.

[74] *Sanga, as well becomes*, &c.] Beaumont and Fletcher seem to have had their thoughts on this scene in their draught of the mob-regiment in 'Philaster.' The old captain disembodies his militia much in the same manner with Gnatho.—"Fall off again, my sweet youths; come, and "every man trace to his house again, and hang his pewter "up."

[75] *At Antipho's*, &c.] Chærea assigns very natural reasons for not having changed his dress: in which it is worth while to observe the art of Terence, since the sequel of the fable made it absolutely necessary that Chærea should appear again before Thais in the habit which he wore while in the house.—DACIER.

[76] *Pythias, do you stay here.*] Pythias is left on the stage, in order to bring on the catastrophe, by frightening Parmeno, and inducing him to divulge the whole affair to Chærea's father.—DONATUS.

[77] *Enter Laches.*] Here the poet introduces Laches, as he did Parmeno just before, in a state of perfect tranquillity; that the sudden turn of their state of mind might be more entertaining to the spectators.—DONATUS.

[78] *Exit.*] The terror of Laches accounts for his sudden consent to the union of Chærea and Pamphila: for though he could not settle the matter entirely with credit, yet he was glad to find his son had made an unequal match, rather than endangered his life.—DONATUS.

I think Chærea apologizes still better for this arrangement in the scene with Thais at the opening of this act, where he says, he is confident of obtaining his father's consent, provided Pamphila proves to be a citizen; and indeed the match between them is rather a reparation of an injury done to her, than a degradation of himself.

[79] *Has long desir'd some cause to punish them.*] Donatus tells us that Menander was more explicit concerning the

the resentment of Laches against Thais, on account of her having corrupted Phædria.

[80] *What sport you've made within.*] There is a great error, in regard to the unity of time, in Terence's 'Eunuch,' when Laches, the old man, enters by mistake into the house of Thais, where betwixt his exit, and the entrance of Pythias, who comes to give ample relations of the disorders he has raised within, Parmeno, who was left upon the stage, has not above five lines to speak. *C'est bien employer un temps si court.* DRYDEN'S *Essay of Dramatick Poesie*!

Besides the absurdity here taken notice of by Dryden, in regard to time, there is also another inconvenience, in the present instance, arising from too strict an adherence to the unity of place. What a figure would this narration of Pythias have made, if thrown into action! The circumstances are in themselves as truly comic as those of any scene in this excellent play; and it wou'd be well worth while to follow Laches into the house, to be present at the ridiculous distress and confusion which his presence must occasion.

There is, however, much more to be commended, and even imitated, than censured, in the construction of this last act. All that passes between Pythias, Parmeno, and Laches, is truly admirable.

[81] *Was not you contented?*] *An pœnitebat?* This, as Patrick observes, is not to be explained *did you repent?* But *was not you contented?* Donatus gives the same interpretation, and confirms it by citations from our author and Plautus, as well as Patrick by quotations from Cicero.

[82] *Enter Thraso and Gnatho.*] With the entrance of Laches into the house of Thais, and in consequence of it, his consent to the marriage of Chærea with Pamphila, the fable of the 'Eunuch' is certainly concluded: and all that follows, like the last scene of the 'Andrian,' is but the lame completion of an episode, limping after the main action. In the four first acts the adventures of Thraso are so artfully interwoven with the other business of the play, that they are fairly blended and incorporated with the fable of the 'Eunuch:' but here we perceive, that though our author has got rid of one of Menander's pieces, the other, the 'Colax,' still hangs heavy on his hands. Were an author to form his play on twenty different pieces, if he could melt them all down into one action, there would be no impropriety: but if he borrows only from *two*, whenever the episode ceases to act as one of the necessary springs of the main

action, it becomes redundant; and the *unity* of the action (perhaps the only unity, which ought never to be violated) is destroyed. Thraso, says Donatus, is brought back again, in order to be admitted to some share in the good graces of Thais, that he may not be made unhappy at the end of the play: but surely it is an essential part of the poetical justice of comedy to expose coxcombs to ridicule, and to punish them, though without any shocking severity, for their follies.

[83] *Combing your empty noddle with her slipper.*] *Utinam tibi* commitigari *videam sandalio caput.* It is somewhat extraordinary that Donatus, who has analysed almost every word of our author's text, should omit taking notice of the irony conveyed by the word *commitigari*, which in Ainsworth's dictionary is well explained by *demulceri.*

Omphale was a queen of Lydia, with whom Hercules falling in love, she imposed on him the task of spinning wool; and Gnatho, according to Madam Dacier, here alludes to some old comedy on this subject, in which the hero was represented with a distaff by the side of his mistress, who broke his head with her slipper.

[84] *Roll'd this stone.*] Pleasant allusion to the fable of Sisyphus.—Donatus.

[85] *Shall pledge me in the Captain*, &c.] Facetiously said in the character of the Parasite, who discourses in convivial terms.—Donatus.

[86] *'Tis his due.*] I cannot think that this play, excellent as it is in almost all other respects, concludes consistently with the manners of gentlemen: there is a meanness in Phædria and Chærea consenting to take Thraso into their society with a view of fleecing him, which the poet should have avoided.—Cooke.

The consent of Laches to the continuance of his son's connection with Thais is also so repugnant to modern manners, that Fontaine found himself obliged to change that circumstance in his imitation of this comedy.

NOTES

TO THE

SELF-TORMENTOR.

[1] *Juventius and Sempronius, Consuls.*] That is, in the year of Rome 590, and 163 years before Christ.

[2] *Sustain'd of old by young performers.*] It appears from this passage, that the prologue was usually spoken by young men.—DACIER.

[3] *That I'll first explain: then say what brings me here.*] Terence has been accused by some criticks of being worse than his word here: for, say they, he does not first explain why he has chosen an old performer. But this accusation is unjust, for it is the first thing which he does: what he says before is merely to make the piece known, which business he dispatches in two words, and that too in a parenthesis.—DACIER.

This passage is also vindicated by Scaliger in his Poeticks, chap. 3. book 6.

[4] *The Self-Tormentor.*] The Latin title of this play, *Heautontimorumenos*, is of Greek derivation, being a compound of two words in that language, ἑαυτὸν τιμωρούμενος, literally signifying a *self-tormentor*.

[5] *Wrought from a single to a double plot.*] *Duplex quæ ex argumento facta est simplici.* This passage has greatly perplexed the Commentators. Julius Scaliger was of opinion that Terence called this comedy *duplex*, double; because it was acted at two different times: the *two first acts* at the close of the evening, and the remaining *three* on the following morning; and that it therefore served as two distinct pieces. But this conjecture is not admissible: Terence only meant to say that he had doubled the characters:

instead of *one old man*, *one young gallant*, *one mistress*, as in Menander, he had *two old men*, &c.: he therefore adds very properly, *novam esse ostendi*,—*That our comedy is* NEW;—which certainly could not have been implied, had the characters been the same in the Greek poet.—DACIER.

[6] *That our comedy is* new, &c.] Ter ence pretends, that having doubled the subject of the 'Self-Tormentor,' his piece is new. I allow it: but whether it is better on that account, is quite another question.—DIDEROT.

It is impossible not to regret that there are not above ten lines of the 'Self-Tormentor' preserved among the Fragments of Menander. We are so deeply interested by what we see of that character in Terence, that one cannot but be curious to enquire in what manner the Greek poet sustained it through five acts. The Roman author, though he has adopted the title of the Greek play, has so altered the fable, that Menedemus is soon thrown into the back-ground, and Chremes is brought forward as the principal object: or, to vary the allusion a little, the Menedemus of Terence seems to be a drawing in miniature copied from a full-length, as large as the life, by Menander.

[7] *Most of you know already.*] This is a remarkable proof how careful the Romans were in the study of the Greek poets.—S.

[8] *His arch-enemy.*] Luscius Lavinius, the same poet who is mentioned in the prologues to the 'Andrian' and 'Eunuch.'

[9] *To musick.*] The antients called that musick, which we now term the *belles lettres*. Aristophanes more than once calls the art of dramatic writing, Musick.—DACIER.

[10] *Who lately introduc'd a breathless slave*, &c.] It must have been a wretched piece, if this was the most beautiful passage in it. Yet such an incident is often necessary, as may be seen in the 'Amphitryon' of Plautus, where Mercury runs in, crying,

Concedite atque abscedite, omnes de viâ decedite.

Terence therefore only blames those authors, who, like Luscius, made it the capital circumstance in their plays.—DACIER.

Had Madam Dacier quoted the whole passage in the 'Amphitryon,' I think it would have been evident that Plautus also meant to ridicule the like practice.

Concedite atque abscedite, omnes de viâ decedite,

Nec

Nec quisquam tam audax fuat homo, qui obviam insistat mihi!
Nam mihi quidem, hercle, qui minus liceat Deo minitarier
Populo, ni decedat mihi, quam servulo in Comœdiis?
PLAUT. AMPH. *Act.* 2. *Sc.* 4.

Give place, make room, stand by, and clear the way,
Nor any be so bold to stop my speed!
For shall not I, who am a Deity,
Menace the crowd, unless they yield to me,
As well as slaves in comedy?

[11] *Act an easy part.*] *Statariam agere.* The word *statariam* has not been thoroughly understood; in order more fully to explain it, we must have recourse to its original meaning. The Greek poets divided their choruses into two different sorts of verse, the στασιμα μελη, *statarios versus*, so called, because the actor who repeated them, never moved from his place; and into the παροδικα μελη, *motorios versus*, because the performer skipped and danced about while he was repeating his part. This has been perfectly well explained by the scholiasts upon Æschylus and Aristophanes. The Romans made the same distinctions, and called those pieces *stataria*, which were grave and composed, and required little or no action. The *motoriæ*, on the contrary, were lively and full of business and action.—This play is of the former kind. —Some commentators imagine Terence means one character only by *statariam*, as if *personam* were to be understood: but though the antients did call the actors *statarios et motorios*, according to the different parts they were engaged in, I am convinced that it is not in this place at all applicable to them, but to the whole comedy: how else are we to explain the 45th verse?

Sin levis est, ad alium mox defertur gregem.

To apply it to any one of the other actors of the company, would be overstraining the sense of the text.—DACIER.

Being entirely of a different opinion from Madam Dacier, concerning the sense of the words *statariam agere*, I have translated them as referring merely to the character, which the prologue-speaker was to play, (which I apprehend to have been Menedemus,) and not to the whole comedy: and the lines immediately subsequent, I think, confirm this interpretation, as they contain a description of the laborious characters he usually represented; *clamore summo, cum labore maxumo;* which he urges as a plea for his being allowed to act

act an easier part at present.

—— —— —— *date potestatem, mihi*
Statariam agere, ut liceat per silentium.

As to the difficulty started by Madam Dacier concerning the line,

Sin levis est, ad alium mox defertur gregem,

it is a difficulty, which I must own I cannot very well comprehend; nor do I see the least necessity of applying that verse to any one of the other actors of the company, in order to warrant this interpretation.

[12] *The style is pure.*] Terence with great propriety commends this play for the purity of its style; he knew it to be very deficient in point of action, and therefore determined to repair that defect by the vivacity and purity of the language; and he has perfectly succeeded.—DACIER.

With all due deference to Madam Dacier, the play is, in my mind, far from being destitute of action: the plot being as artfully constructed, and containing as many unexpected turns and variety of incidents, as any of our author's pieces, as may perhaps appear in the course of these notes.

[13] *The Self-Tormentor.*] There is, perhaps, no play of Terence, wherein the author has pointed out the place and time of action with more exactness than in the present: and yet the settling those two points has occasioned a most furious controversy between two learned Frenchmen, Hedelin and Menage. Madam Dacier, in her remarks, has endeavoured to moderate between them, sometimes inclining to one side, and sometimes to the other. I, perhaps, in my turn, shall occasionally differ from all three, not doubting but I shall become equally liable to the reprehensions of future criticks. I shall, however, endeavour to found my remarks on an accurate examination of the piece itself, and to draw my arguments from within, rather than from without. The principal cause of the different errors of Hedelin and Menage, seems to me to have been an idle parade of learning, foreign to the purpose; together with an obstinate adherence to their several systems, which having once adopted, they were resolved to square all their arguments to the support of their opinions, rather than to direct them towards the investigation of truth. The matters in dispute between them, though drawn out to a great length of controversy, lie in a very narrow compass. But there being in both an apparent jealousy of their characters, as scholars, both were induced to multiply quotations and illustrations from other authors, instead of turning their attention sufficiently

sufficiently to the text, and making the poet a comment on himself; which every writer, especially those who attempt the drama, ought to be. Each were in some instances wrong; and even when they were in the right, having condescended to maintain their opinion with false arguments, each in their turn afforded the opponent an opportunity of cavilling with some appearance of justice. Many examples of this will, I think, appear in the course of these notes, from which it may be concluded, that there is no point whatever, that lies so plain and level to the understanding, but it may be rendered obscure and intricate by learned and ingenious disputants, who choose it as a subject for the exercise of their talents and a display of their erudition.

[14] *Digging, ploughing, or carrying some burthen.*] *Fodere, aut arare, aut aliquid ferre.* This passage is of much greater consequence than is generally imagined, towards the understanding the true intent and management of this play; for it is material to know what Menedemus is about when Chremes first accosts him; whether he is at work in the field, or is returning home loaded with his tools. Two very learned men engaged in a very elaborate disputation upon this subject. If Menedemus is still at work when Chremes first meets him, Terence would certainly have been guilty of a very gross impropriety in the conduct of his comedy; for, as the scene never changes, Menedemus must necessarily be ever present. Terence could never be so absurd as not to guard against falling into so gross an error. He not only takes care to acquaint us with the situation of Menedemus, but also with the hour of the day, at which the piece commences; which is plainly marked out by these words, *aut aliquid ferre*, which decides the whole point in question. Menedemus having been at work all day, and being unable to see any longer, takes his tools on his back, and is making the best of his way home; Chremes at that very instant meets him near his own door, where the scene lies: the beginning of this play therefore is evidently towards the close of the day, when Menedemus had quitted his work.—Dacier.

There is certainly a great want of accuracy in this way of reasoning, with which Madam Dacier espouses Hedelin's argument: for why, as Menage justly says, should the words *aut aliquid ferre* refer to the manner in which Menedemus was then actually employed, more than the other words, *fodere, aut arare?* or if they were so interpreted, still they must be applied to his carrying burthens in the course of his laborious

laborious occupations, while at work in the fields. One word of marginal direction, setting down the *pantomime* of the scene, according to Diderot's plan, would have solved all our doubts on this head. On the whole, Menage, I think, fails in his proofs that Menedemus is actually at work, though he labours that point exceedingly: and Hedelin is manifestly wrong in maintaining that the scene lies within the city of Athens. One of the principal objections urged by Hedelin (and referred to by Madam Dacier in the above note) to the poet's having intended to exhibit Menedemus actually at work, when Chremes accosts him, is, that the scene evidently lies between both their houses. Were the scene laid in town, as Hedelin contends, indeed it could not be; but if in the country adjacent, as Dacier agrees with Menage, why might not Menedemus be at work on a piece of ground lying between the two houses? It is natural enough that the sight of Menedemus thus employed, might urge Chremes to presume, under the privilege of good neighbourhood, to speak to him. —There is a brevity and sullenness also in the answers of Menedemus, that seems in character for a man employed, and unwilling to be interrupted, though he relents by degrees, and reluctantly suffers Chremes to force his tools from him.— His being at work too forms a kind of theatrical picture on the opening of the piece.—These, I think, are the strongest arguments, deduced from the scene itself, which can be urged in behalf of the notion of Menedemus being exhibited as at work on his farm; and some of them, I think, appear weighty and plausible: but a further examination, with an attention to the conduct of the rest of the piece, determined me to the contrary opinion.—At the end of the scene, it is evident that Menedemus quits the stage, and enters his own house. It cannot be said, that he is prevailed on to desist from his labour by the arguments of Chremes; since he will not even accept the invitation to supper, lest it should afford him a respite from his misery. It is plain therefore, I think, that Terence meant to open the first act with the close of the day, together with the labours of Menedemus; as he begins the third act with the break of day and the coming forth of Menedemus, to return to his toils and self-punishment.

The length of this, and some other controversial notes on this comedy, will, I hope, be excused, when it is considered that this dispute has filled whole volumes. I thought it incumbent on me to clear up these points to the best of my abilities; since none can be so justly reproved for having omit-

ted to explain an author's meaning, as those who have attempted to translate him.

[15] *I am a man*, &c.] *Homo sum; humani nihil à me alienum puto.* It is said that at the delivery of this sentiment, the whole theatre, *though full of foolish and ignorant people*, resounded with applause.—St. Augustine.

It is said this sentence was received with an universal applause. There cannot be a greater argument of *the general good understanding of a people*, than a sudden consent to give their approbation of a sentiment which has no emotion in it. If it were spoken with never so great skill in the actor, the manner of uttering that sentence could have nothing in it which could strike any *but people of the greatest humanity, nay, people elegant and skilful in observations upon it.* It is possible he might have laid his hand on his breast, and with a winning insinuation in his countenance, expressed to his neighbour that he was a man who made his case his own: yet I'll engage, a player in Covent-Garden might hit such an attitude a thousand times before he would have been regarded.—*Steele's* Spectator, N°. 502.

We are not to take this, as hath constantly been done, for a sentiment of *pure humanity* and the natural ebullition of *benevolence.* We may observe in it a designed stroke of satirical resentment. The Self-Tormentor, as we saw, had ridiculed Chremes' *curiosity* by a severe reproof. Chremes, to be even with him, reflects upon the inhumanity of his temper. "You," says he [or rather he *implies*] "seem "such a foe to humanity, that you spare it not *in yourself*; "I, on the other hand, am affected when I see it suffer *in* "*another.*"—Hurd's *Dissertation on the Provinces of the Drama.*

I cannot dismiss this long note without expressing my concurrence with the last cited critick in his explanation of this passage: but I cannot agree with Sir Richard Steele that sentiments of humanity are suffered to pass unnoticed on our theatres, any more than I can conclude with the pious St. Augustine, that the Roman theatre was filled with foolish and ignorant people. A modern audience seems to be on the catch for sentiment; and perhaps often injudiciously: for nothing can be more opposite to the genius of the Drama, whether in tragedy or comedy, than a forced detail of sentiments, unless, like this before us, they grow out of the circumstances of the play, and fall naturally from the character that delivers them. The original contains a play of words

words between *homo* and *humani*, and a retort of the word *alienum*, which makes it rather difficult to be given with its full force in a translation. My version, I am conscious, does not comprehend *every word;* but I hope it will be found to include the *whole meaning* of the sentiment. It is easy to open it still further by a more diffused expression; but I thought that conciseness made it more round, and full, and forcible. If there are any readers of a different opinion, let them substitute the two following lines; though I must own I prefer that in the text.

I am a man; and all calamities,
That touch humanity, come home to me.

[15] *I need.*] Comedy relates to the whole species; Tragedy to individuals. What I mean is this, the hero of a tragedy is such or such a man; Regulus, or Brutus, or Cato, and no other person. The principal character of a comedy should, on the contrary, represent a great number of men. If by chance the poet should give him so peculiar a physiognomy, that there were in society but one individual who resembled him, comedy would relapse into its childhood, and degenerate into satire.

Terence seems to me to have fallen once into this error. His Self-Tormentor is a father afflicted at the extremities to which he has driven his son by an excess of severity; for which he punishes himself by rags, hard fare, avoiding company, putting away his servants, and condemning himself to labour the earth with his own hands. One may venture to pronounce such a father to be out of nature. A great city would scarce in an age furnish one example of so whimsical a distress.

Horace, whose taste was of a singular delicacy, appears to me to have perceived this fault, and to have glanced at it in the following passage:

Hic? vix credere possis
Quam sibi non sit amicus: ita ut pater ille, Terenti
Fabula quem miserum nato vixisse fugato
Inducit, non se pejus cruciaverit atque hic.

No—'tis amazing, that this man of pelf
Hath yet so little friendship for himself,
That ev'n the Self-Tormentor in the play,
Cruel, who drove his much-lov'd son away,
Amidst the willing tortures of despair,
Could not, with wretchedness like his, compare.

FRANCIS.

Nothing

Nothing is more in the manner of this poet, than to have given two senses to *pejus*, one of which is aimed at Terence, while the other falls on Fufidius, the immediate object of his satire.—DIDEROT.

Perhaps the reader will imagine the latter part of the above note, relative to Horace, is rather a refinement of the ingenious critick, than the real intention of the satirist.

[17] *If you're unhappy, I'm sorry for it.*] *Si quid laboris est, nollem.* This short sentence in the original, has employed all the commentators. The first clause, *si quid laboris est*, has, I think, been very properly explained by Madam Dacier to signify, *if you have any cause of uneasiness;* but I prefer the sense given by Westerhovius to the word *nollem*,—*I wish it were not so.* The word *vellem*, in a directly opposite sense, frequently occurs in our author.

[18] *How now, Sir!* &c.] There is a very natural, as well as truly comic description, of a father taking his son to task, after the same manner, in the prologue to the 'Mercator' of Plautus.

[19] *To spread the couches.*] It will not be improper to say something here of the antient manner of eating among the Greeks and Romans: they sat, or rather lay, in an accumbent posture: the beds or couches, on which they lay, were round the table, which was raised but a little from the ground.—COOKE.

[20] *So many slaves to dress me?*] The better sort of people had eating-dresses, which are here alluded to. These dresses were light garments to put on as soon as they had bathed. They commonly bathed before eating; and the chief meal was in the evening.—COOKE.

[21] *Clothes, moveables,—Slaves, male and female.*] *Nec vas, nec vestimentum,—ancillas*, &c. Among the Fragments of Menander's Heautontimorumenos, is a line much to this purpose:

Λετρον, θεραπαινας, αργυωμαλα.

The bath, maid-servants, silver-utensils.

There are also two other lines, which seem to be descriptive of the miseries of being driven into exile:

Οικοι μενειν, και μενειν ελευθερον,
Η μηκετ' ειναι, τον καλως ευδαιμονα.

Let him remain at home, and free remain,
Or cease to be, who would be truly blest!

May we not conjecture from these passages, that this first

first scene is a pretty close translation from Menander; especially as it contains no part of the fable, but what is merely relative to the Self-Tormentor, which, we know, occupied the whole play in the Greek poet?

[22] *Then set my house to sale.*] *Inscripsi illicò ædes.*—It appears by this, that the Greeks and Romans used to fix bills on their doors, as we do now.—*Ædes vendundæ, ædes locandæ; A house to be sold, a house to be let.*—PATRICK.

[23] *Fifteen talents.*] A talent, according to Cooke, was equal to 193*l.* 15*s.* English money.

[24] *While I'm in misery too.*] There is much resemblance between this character of Menedemus, and that of Laërtes in the Odyssey. Laërtes, unhappy and afflicted at the absence of his son, is under the same trouble and anxiety.

Thy sire in solitude foments his care:
The court is joyless, for thou art not there, &c.
POPE'S ODYSSEY, Book XI. ver. 256.

Laërtes lives, the miserable sire;
Lives, but implores of every power to lay
The burthen down, and wishes for the day.
Torn from his offspring in the eve of life, &c.
Book XV. ver. 375.

But old Laërtes weeps his life away,
And deems thee lost————————
The mournful hour that tore his s on away,
Sent the sad sire in solitude to stray;
Yet busied with his slaves, to ease his woe,
He drest the vine, and bade the garden blow, &c.
Book XVI. ver. 145.

[25] *The Dionysia.*] The Athenians celebrated several feasts in honour of Bacchus, but there were two principal ones; one kept in the spring, the other in the autumn season. The Abbé d'Aubignac [Hedelin] has been very minute in his account of these feasts, and yet after all has unhappily pitched upon the wrong one; for he thinks the feast Terence is now speaking of, was that held in the spring season, called by the antients *Anthesteria*, where he also places that called the *Pythoigia*, because they then broached the wine-casks; and he grounds his opinion upon the 50th line of the first scene in the third act:—

Relevi omnia dolia, omnes serias.
I have pierc'd ev'ry vessel, ev'ry cask.

But this manner of reasoning is by no means conclusive;

for, could they not have done just the self-same thing at any other time of the year? And in fact they did so upon all their grand festivals, in order to entertain their guests with the best wine their cellar afforded.—Besides, we may here observe, that the broaching all the vessels was not in compliance with custom, but that Chremes was forced into it by the importunities of Bacchis; neither does he mention it to Menedemus, but with an intent to let him see to what a monstrous expence he is going to expose himself. This mistake is of greater consequence than it may at first appear to be; for it is productive of many more, and led the Abbé to place the scene of this comedy erroneously. The feast in question was that celebrated in the autumn season, and was called *Dionysia in agris*, the Dionysia in the fields. Neither is the scene in Athens, as M. D'Aubignac supposed, but in a small village where Chremes and Menedemus had each of them a house. The only difficulty remaining, is to account why Chremes says *Dionysia* hîc *sunt*, *the Dionysia are held here to-day*. The reason is obvious. This feast continued for many days, but not in the same boroughs or villages at one and the same time; to-day it was here, to-morrow there, &c. that they might assemble the more company together.—Dacier.

Menage observes, that it is not clear on what authority Madam Dacier pronounces so absolutely, concerning the fluctuating manner of celebrating this feast, to-day here, to-morrow there, &c. and though he differs with Hedelin about the place in which the scene lies, yet he defends the Abbé's opinion concerning the *Pythoigia*, in opposition to Madam Dacier.——*Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.*

[26] *He has just dispatch'd his boy into the city to her.*] *Servolum ad eam in* urbem *misit.* This plainly marks the scene to be in the country; though M. D'Aubignac treats this argument with ridicule. But it is in vain for him to assert that there is not one comedy of Plautus, or Terence, where one may not meet with this expression taken in his own sense of it. He will persuade none to think so, except those who have not read them. For my part I do not recollect one instance of it, and I will venture to say it is impossible to find one.—Dacier.

[27] *Consider, 'tis a long way off.*] *Non cogitas hinc longulè esse?* This passage, as well as the circumstances of the next scene, are a further confirmation of the scene's lying in the country.

[28] *Busily*

[28] *Busily plying of the web we found her.*] *Texentem telam studiosè ipsam offendimus.* This line of our author agrees almost literally with the following Greek one preserved by Le Clerc among the Fragments of Menander:

Εξ ισαριθ εκρεμαλο φιλοπονως πανυ.

[29] *One servant-girl, a tatter'd dirty dowdy, weaving by her.*] *Præterea una ancillula erat: ea texebat unà, pannis obsita, neglecta, immunda illuvie.* This passage is equally close to the sense of the following, taken from the same book:

——— και θεραπαινις ην μια,
Αυλη συνηφαινεν ρυπαρως διακειμενη.

Le Clerc took these Greek lines from Victorius; and Victorius copied them from a book of Politian, who had written them in the margin, not (as it should seem) of his own composition, but from a fragment, which he had somewhere met with, of Menander.

Supposing the lines in question to be genuine, may we not fairly conclude that all this fine narration is a very close imitation of Menander, as well as that other beautiful one, which opens the first act?

[30] *Were shed for love of you.*] Terence's comedy of the 'Self-Tormentor' is written as if he hoped to please none but such as had as good a taste as himself. I could not but reflect upon the natural description of the innocent young woman made by the servant to his master. *When I came to the house*, &c.—He must be a very good actor, and draw attention rather from his own character than the words of the author, that could gain it among us for this speech, though so full of nature and good sense.

Steele's SPECTATOR, N°. 502.

[31] *But come; now, Syrus*, &c.] Here we enter upon the other part of the fable, which the poet has most artfully complicated with the main subject, by making Syrus bring Clitipho's mistress along with Antiphila. This part of the story, we know, was not in Menander.

[32] *That you may sleep in peace on either* SIDE.] *In* AUREM *utramvis, otiosè ut dormias.* Literally, *on either* EAR. A Latin proverb used by Plautus as well as our author, and borrowed from the Greek. We have an instance of it among the fragments of the Πλοκιον, or 'Necklace,' of Menander. The subject of that comedy, if we may judge from the small though precious remains of it, was much the same as that of the 'George Dandin' of Moliere, the marriage of

of a poor man to a rich heiress. An extract or two may, perhaps, not be disagreeable to the reader, and serve to relieve the dryness of the controversial notes to this comedy. The very first line contains the proverb.

Επ' αμφοτερα νυ χ' ἡ 'πικληρος εκτα· κ. τ. λ.

Now may our heiress sleep on either ear,
Having perform'd a great and mighty feat,
And satisfied the longings of her soul.
Her, whom she hated most, she has cast forth,
That all the world may henceforth look upon
The visage of Creobyla, and thence
May know my wife for mistress, by the print
Of stern authority upon her brow.
She is indeed, as the old saying goes,
* An ass among the apes.—This can't be kept
In silence, even tho' I wish'd it so.
Curse on the night, the source of all my ills!
Ah me, that I should wed Creobyla!
—Ten talents, and a wife of half-a-yard!
And then who is there can endure her pride?
By Jove, by Pallas, 'tis intolerable!
A maid most diligent, and quick as thought,
She has cast forth, to introduce another.

There is another passage extant, containing part of a dialogue between the husband and an old neighbour, on the same subject; but, for the sake of variety, I shall subjoin an extract from the same comedy, of a different colour.

Ω τρις κακοδαιμων, οστις αν πενης γαμει· κ. τ. λ.

Thrice wretched he, that's poor and takes a wife,
And doth engender children!—Oh fool, fool!
Who undefended, bare of necessaries,
Soon as ill fortune comes, that comes to all,
Can't wrap his miseries in affluence;
But in a naked, wretched poverty,
Freezes, like winter; misery his portion
Too amply dealt, and every good denied.

What Menander has in the above passage considered metaphorically, our own Shakspeare has very finely realized:—

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That 'bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? KING LEAR.

* A proverb to signify those, who are proud among those, who laugh at them.

[33] *She, an artful baggage,* &c.] *Hæc arte tractabat virum, ut illius animum cupidum inopiâ accenderet.* There is the same sentiment, and much of the same turn of expression, in Shakspeare's 'All's Well that Ends Well:'

She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy.

This sentiment is also finely touched upon by Ben Jonson, in his 'Every Man in his Humour.' The occasion on which it is employed by Shakspeare, is almost parallel to that in Terence, but in Ben Jonson's play it is applied to the education of youth:

I am resolv'd I will not stop his journey,
Nor practise any violent means to stay
Th' unbridled course of youth in him; for that
Restrain'd, grows more impatient; and in kind
Like to the eager, but the generous grey-hound,
Who ne'er so little from his game withheld,
Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's throat.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR, Act I.

I do not say that the above fine lines were struck out from this passage in Terence; but it is plain that the remainder of Knowell's speech, as the late ingenious editor of Jonson has justly observed, was borrowed from another part of our author's works, which shall be pointed out in the notes on the next comedy.

[34] *I know not others.*] The character of Antiphila is here finely drawn, and represents innocence in perfection. There is nothing of constraint or emulation in her virtue, nor is she influenced by any consideration of the miseries likely to attend looseness or debauchery, but purely by a natural bias to virtue.—DACIER.

[35] Clinia. *O Syrus, 'tis too much.*] Madam Dacier, contrary to the authority of all editions and MSS., adopts a conceit of her father's in this place, and places this speech to Clitipho, whom she supposes to have retired to a hiding-place, where he might over-hear the conversation, and from whence he peeps out to make this speech to Syrus. This she calls an agreeable *jeu de théatre*, and doubts not but all lovers of Terence will be obliged to her father for so ingenious a remark: but it is to be feared that critical sagacity will not be so lavish of acknowledgments as filial piety. There does not appear the least foundation for this remark in the scene,

scene, nor has the poet given us the least room to doubt of Clitipho being actually departed. To me, instead of an agreeable *jeu de théatre*, it appears a most absurd and ridiculous device; particularly vicious in this place, as it most injudiciously tends to interrupt the course of Clinia's more interesting passion, so admirably delineated in this little scene.

[36] *'Tis now just day-break.*] *Lucescit hoc jam.* This is spoken with the eyes lifted up towards heaven; *hoc* has reference to *cælum*, which is understood. Thus Plautus, in his 'Curculio:' *Nam hoc quidem ædepol haud multò post luce lucebit.*

It is beyond all doubt that this play was acted at two different and distinct times; the two first acts at night, after sun-set; and the three remaining acts the next morning, at break of day: the time between the second and third act was taken up with the carousal and supper given by Chremes. Menander, upon account of the feasts then celebrating, had a right to divide his comedy in this manner: Terence took the same liberty, and with the same justice, since his plays were represented at Rome upon the like solemn occasions. Eugraphius, who wrote notes upon this comedy, was of opinion, that this method was without precedent; but he is mistaken. Aristophanes did the very same thing; the two first acts of his 'Plutus' were performed in the evening, the three last early the next morning, and the time between the second and third act is employed by Plutus in paying a visit to the temple of Æsculapius, where he passes the whole night. If we could precisely tell the hour, at which Aristophanes opens his play, we should undoubtedly find he had not transgressed the unity of time (twelve hours) which is requisite in dramatic pieces. It is at least certain that Terence has not exceeded it here, and that he is as exact in this particular as in every other. The play begins a little after eight at night. The two first acts do not last above two hours; they then go to supper; this makes an interval of six or seven hours. This third act begins at the break of day, as Terence has taken care to point out; *Lucescit hoc jam;—'tis now just day-break.*—So that the three acts, which could not last three hours, must have ended about seven in the morning. But what is chiefly remarkable is, that this third interval is interwoven with the subject matter of the play, as well as it is in Aristophanes. Chremes, during that time, observes the freedoms which pass between Clitipho and Bacchis; and this creates great part of the business of the third act. The criticks were little attentive to

this, when they cry out,—*Vasta & hians & inanis comœdia est;—there is a void, a gap, an emptiness in this comedy.*—Which is far, very far from being true; for what they call so, has a very material connection with the play, and may be said to be almost the very ground-work of it. Had Terence divided it so, that this interval had not entered into the subject, it would indeed have been ridiculous and insupportable. Were we to act one of Moliere's plays thus by piece-meal, the beginning to-night, and the end to-morrow morning, every body would laugh at the partition: but Terence and Menander, who were perfect masters of the drama, attempted it with success. And indeed it might even now-a-days be done with propriety, nay, would become necessary, provided it could be executed with equal judgment and address.—DACIER.

The idea of the above note, as well as of several others of Madam Dacier, was first suggested by Scaliger, who, in the sixth book of his Poeticks, first broached the notion of this division of the comedy in the representation, in order to vindicate our author from the imputation of having left an unwarrantable chasm between the second and third acts. And it is something whimsical, that this great critick, after having depreciated our author's merit in the gross, more than any of his predecessors, should take it into his head to justify him against every objection that had been made to any particular passage in his works. But though Scaliger was ever dogmatical and positive in his opinion, yet that opinion was not always uncontrovertible: In the present instance, I am so far from assenting with Madam Dacier that the fact is *beyond all doubt*, that I will venture to say there is not the least ground for such an assertion. Donatus, who mentions this play in his preface to the 'Phormio,' does not afford the least colour to such an argument; nor do I believe there is any more countenance given to it by the scholiasts on Aristophanes: whose comedies it would be an extremely difficult task to reconcile to an agreement with the unities.

One of the chief points in dispute between Hedelin and Menage, about this comedy, relates to this interval; and great part of the controversy turns upon a very obscure and uncertain part of literature, *viz.* whether the Athenian month *Anthesterion* be agreeable to our April or January. Both agree that a night elapses between the second and third act; but Hedelin, who is followed by Madam Dacier in the above note, contends, that, according to the time of year, and

and circumstances of the piece, it is an interval of six or seven hours, which Menage extends to thirteen or fourteen. Each of them lays out a deal of learning on this question, but, in my mind, to very little purpose. It is agreed on all hands, that a whole night certainly passes, and the spectator has not time to enter into a minute disquisition, whether it is in June or December: nor indeed could any thing so directly tend to make the observation of the unities appear ridiculous, as such a trifling consideration.—As to what Madam Dacier says of this interval's being interwoven with the subject; and of the supposed employments of the characters, in their absence from the stage, being made conducive to the fable, it is perfectly just; and every skilful playwright should contrive his intervals with the like art. But to fill up those chasms by occupying the audience also in the same manner, is, I think, a more curious device than any in the 'Rehearsal.' Madam Dacier herself could not be insensible of the difficulty, and confesses that a play of Moliere, so divided in the representation, would appear very ridiculous; yet is willing to imagine that even a modern drama might be thus exhibited with propriety. Let us suppose therefore, that, at the first opening of the theatre in the Haymarket, Sir John Vanburgh had written a comedy, in which he had introduced a masquerade at the end of the second act. The spectators assemble: two acts are played: then comes the masquerade; and the spectators, in order to fill up the interval, slip on their dominos, game, drink, dance, and intrigue till day-light. With what appetite would they return to the representation of the three last acts? However such a partition might be received at Rome or Athens, I think it would never go down at Paris or London: and, were it not for the example of Madam Dacier, I should imagine that even the most rigid French critick would think it more reasonable to be wafted from shore to shore by Shakspeare's chorus, than to adopt this extraordinary method of preserving the unities.

[37] *Enter Menedemus.*] Menedemus comes out of his house at day-break, to return to his work: for he has already declared that he will allow himself no respite. This is well conducted.—DACIER.

[38] *Of my son, Chremes?*] Terence discovers uncommon judgment in preserving his characters. Menedemus, when he heard of good news, immediately enquires, if they relate to his son? thinking nothing else worthy his notice.—PATRICK.

[39] *My dear boy come? my Clinia?*] These repetitions are very natural. There is a passage very like this in the fourth act of the 'Captivi' of Plautus.

[40] *How admirably madam's train'd to mischief.*] Chremes takes Bacchis for Clinia's mistress, and his own son is her real gallant. This *jeu de théatre* is admirable.—DACIER.

[41] *A prince to her gallant.*] Satrapes *si siet amator.*—*Satrapes* is originally a Hebrew word, but in use too among the Persians, who gave this title to the governors of their provinces; who were generally very rich, and so many petty kings in the Eastern nations.—PATRICK.

[42] *Spirt about.*] *Pitissando.*—*Pitissare* is a word originally Greek, and is what we call a verb of imitation, for its sound very much resembles the noise made by the action of spirting wine out of the mouth.—PATRICK.

[43] *Why, let him have his will.*] Here we have, drawn in lively colours, the picture of a man hasty in running from one extreme to another. This gives occasion to the expedient offered by Chremes, which comes in very naturally, and insensibly leads to the remaining part of the plot.—PATRICK.

[44] *Have not clos'd my eyes*, &c.] Hedelin obstinately contends from this passage, that neither Chremes, nor any of his family, went to bed the whole night; the contrary of which is evident, as Menage observes, from the two next scenes. For why should Syrus take notice of his being up so early, if he had never retired to rest? or would Chremes have reproached Clitipho for his behaviour the night before, had the feast never been interrupted? Eugraphius's interpretation of these words is natural and obvious; who explains them to signify that the anxiety of Chremes to restore Clinia to Menedemus broke his rest.

[45] *In, in*, &c.] Chremes seizes this as a very plausible and necessary pretence to engage Menedemus to return home, and not to his labour in the field, as he had at first intended. —DACIER.

[46] *A dispute about their boundaries.*] This circumstance is a further confirmation that the scene lies in the country.

[47] *Much better than their own.*] These reflections have double force, when thrown out to the audience, who are conscious

conscious how applicable they are to Chremes as well as Menedemus.

[48] *The old age of an eagle.*] Most probably a proverb, signifying a vigorous and lusty old age, like that of the eagle; who, as naturalists say, never dies of old age, and preserves its life by perpetual drinking.—DACIER. PATRICK.

[49] *Not like the maids of old, &c.*] *Ita non ut olim, &c.* This is certainly the true meaning of the sentence. Syrus artfully flatters the vanity of Chremes; old men are generally apt to think every thing they have seen or heard in former times, far surpasses the productions of the present.—DACIER.

[50] *And now is with your wife.*] Antiphila is shortly to be acknowledged as the daughter of Chremes. She is not therefore in company with the other women at the feast, who were no other than courtesans, but with the wife of Chremes, and consequently free from reproach or scandal.—DACIER.

[51] *There's no occasion.*] Chremes is not allowed here to explain himself, being prevented by the coming of his wife; nor have any of the commentators given themselves the trouble to do it for him. What seems most probable to me is this: he finds that Bacchis makes a demand of ten minæ, and offers Antiphila as a pledge for it; a bargain by which he was sure to lose nothing, and wherein Bacchis could not deceive him, the girl being already in his possession. It is therefore likely that he intended to advance the money on those conditions himself.—DACIER.

The above conjecture of Madam Dacier would be a very ingenious way of accounting for a man's conduct in these circumstances in real life; but in a play where the source of every action is industriously laid open by the poet, had this been the intention of Chremes, I should think it would have been expressed, and the motive, that influenced him to it, also assigned. The following note on this scene gives a much better account of this conference between Chremes and Syrus, and shews of how much use it is in the ensuing part of the fable.

"Syrus pretends to have concerted this plot against Me-
"nedemus, in order to trick him out of some money to be
"given to Clinia's supposed mistress. Chremes, however,
"does not approve of this: yet it serves to carry on the
"plot; for when Antiphila proves afterwards to be the
"daughter

" daughter of Chremes, he necessarily becomes the debtor of " Bacchis, and is obliged to lay down the sum for which he " imagines his daughter was pledged."—EUGRAPHIUS.

[52] *Madam, if so, my master gains a loss.*] *Si sic factum est, domina, ergo herus* DAMNO AUCTUS *est.* The most indifferent parts of an author commonly give the most trouble. The sense of the original being somewhat dark, and the best construction not very elegant, several attempts have been made to amend and alter the text. In this, as in most other cases, I believe the common reading to be the right; and that it contains nothing more than a conceit from the slave, founded on the words *damno auctus*, which I have endeavoured to render in the manner of the original, *gains a loss.* Some think by *his master* is meant Clitipho, others Chremes. Eugraphius explains the words to signify that Clitipho will be a loser by a new-found sister, who will be co-heiress; and others will have them to imply the loss to be sustained by Chremes in paying Antiphila's portion.

[53] *The girl had been dispatch'd.*] One cannot avoid being seized with a kind of horror, to think that, in a country so polite as Greece, men should be so barbarous, as to murder their own children without remorse, when they imagined it to be for the interest of their family. Philosophy had long before this demonstrated the horror, not only of these murders, but even of exposing children. But philosophy is always weak and unavailing, when opposed to customs authorized by long usage.—PATRICK.

[54] *She might have part of our possessions.*] The antients imagined they were guilty of a most heinous crime, if they suffered their children to die, without having possessed some part of their fortune: the women therefore, who are generally superstitious, when they exposed their children, put some jewel or other trinket among their clothes, by this means thinking to discharge their claim of inheritance, and to clear their own conscience.—DACIER.

[55] *'Twas right: you thus preserv'd,* &c.] The meaning of this passage is this. Chremes tells his wife, that by having given this ring, she had done two good acts instead of one; she had cleared her conscience, and preserved her child; for had there been no ring or other token among the infant's things, the finder would scarce have been at the trouble of taking care of her, but might have left her to perish, never suspecting

suspecting she would ever be enquired after, or themselves liberally rewarded for their pains of preserving her.—Dacier.

[56] *While she went to bathe.*] Hedelin is grossly mistaken in saying that Antiphila bathed during the fourth act. It is so far from true, that, in the beginning of this scene, Sostrata sends the nurse to see if Antiphila was not already come out of the bath.—Dacier.

[57] *Undone!* &c.] Syrus is alarmed, fearing that, by the discovery of Antiphila, their plot on Menedemus would be baffled, and their imposition on Chremes detected.—Eugraphius.

[58] *Men cannot always*, &c.] This he says by way of palliating the cruelty of his former orders to put the child to death.—Dacier.

[59] *Then, nothing less.*] Here ends the act, and, by the discovery of Antiphila, to all appearance, the main story of the piece. The following observation on the great art of our poet, in continuing it through two acts more, is extremely just and ingenious.

"What would become of the piece which Terence has called the 'Self-Tormentor,' if the poet, by an extraordinary effort of genius, had not contrived to take up the story of Clinia anew, and to weave it in with the intrigue of Clitipho?"—Diderot

[60] *My mind*, &c.] Madam Dacier, and most of the later criticks who have implicitly followed her, tell us, that, in the interval between the third and fourth acts, Syrus has been present at the interview between Chremes and Antiphila within. The only difficulty in this doctrine is how to reconcile it to the apparent ignorance of Syrus, which he discovers at the entrance of Clinia. But this objection, says she, is easily answered. Syrus having partly heard Antiphila's story, and finding things likely to take an unfavourable turn, retires to consider what is best to be done. But surely this is a most unnatural impatience at so critical a juncture: and after all, would it not be better to take up the matter just where Terence has left it, and to suppose that Syrus knew nothing more of the affair than what might be collected from the late conversation between Chremes and Sostrata, at which we know he was present? This at once accounts for his apprehensions, which he betrayed even during that scene, as well as for his imperfect knowledge of the real state of the case, till apprised of the whole by Clinia.

[61] *Suppose*,

[61] *Suppose,—the sky should fall.*] There is a remarkable passage in Arrian's account of Alexander, lib. 4. where he tells us that some embassadors from the Celtæ, being asked by Alexander, what in the world they dreaded most, answered, Δεδιεναι, μηποτε ὁ ὐρανος αὐτοις ἐμπεσοι· "that they "feared, lest the sky should fall." Alexander, who expected to hear himself named, was surprized at an answer, which signified that they thought themselves beyond the reach of all human power, plainly implying that nothing could hurt them, unless he would suppose impossibilities, or a total destruction of nature.—PATRICK.

[62] *They sleep: i'faith I'll rouse them.*] *Dormiunt; ego pol istos commovebo:* Hedelin interprets these words literally; but surely nothing can be more plain, from the whole tenour of the scene, than that they are merely metaphorical, as Menage justly argues.

[63] *The villa of Charinus.*] *Villam Charini.* This passage alone is a sufficient proof that the feast of Bacchus, mentioned in this play, was the *Dionysia in the fields;* and consequently that the scene is not laid in Athens, but in the country.—DACIER.

[64] *Are you,* &c.] There is some difficulty in this and the next speech in the original, and the Commentators have been puzzled to make sense of them. It seems to me that the poet's intention is no more than this. Bacchis expresses some reluctance to act under the direction of Syrus, but is at length prevailed on, finding that he can by those means contrive to pay her the money, which he had promised her.

[65] *Strictest law is oft the highest wrong.*] *Summum jus, sæpè summa est malitia* This, as Syrus himself says, was a proverb. Menander probably made use of it in this very play, as the same sentiment is to be found among his Fragments.

— — — — — Καλοι
Οι νομοι σφοδρ' εισιν· ὁ δ' ὁρων τους νομους
Λιαν ακριβως, συκοφαντης μοι φαινεται.
The law, 'tis true, is good and excellent:
But he who takes the letter of the law
Too strictly, is a pettifogging knave.

[66] *How unjust, and absolute is custom!*] I am charmed with this sentiment, and still more with the good man's application of it. For in fact nothing can be more ridiculous, than that when a father bestows his daughter upon a man, he

must also bestow part of his fortune with her. And as a proof, that custom only authorizes such a practice, in antient times the very contrary was the case, money and presents being given to the fathers by those who demanded their daughters in marriage.—Madam Dacier.

[67] *And she, I warrant you*, &c.] These two or three speeches are differently divided in different editions. I have followed that order, which seemed to me to create the most lively and natural dialogue.

[68] *Whither a bed was* BROUGHT, &c.] Peter Nannius observes, that the beds among the antients were portable, and produces a passage from the Odyssey, wherein Penelope orders the marriage-bed to be produced, to try whether Ulysses was really her husband, or an impostor, by his manner of acknowledging it; because this bed was formed out of the trunk of an olive, wrought into the apartment itself, and therefore, contrary to the nature of other beds, could not be removed.—Westerhovius.

[69] *That which but even now you counsell'd me.*] One of the great beauties of this scene consists in Chremes' retorting on Menedemus the very advice given by himself at the beginning of the piece.—Dacier.

[70] *Exit Menedemus.*] The departure of Menedemus here is very abrupt, seeming to be in the midst of a conversation; and his re-entrance with Clitipho, already supposed to be apprised of what had past between the two old gentlemen, is equally precipitate. Menage imagines that some verses are lost here. Madam Dacier strains hard to defend the poet, and fills up the void of time by her old expedient of making the audience wait to see Chremes walk impatiently to and fro, till a sufficient time is elapsed for Menedemus to have given Clitipho a summary account of the cause of his father's anger. The truth is, that a too strict observance of unity of place will necessarily produce such absurdities; and there are several other instances of the like nature in Terence.

[71] The art and address of this stratagem of Syrus is excellent, and cannot be sufficiently admired.—Dacier.

[72] *He thinks himself a foundling.*] *Subditum se* SUSPICATUR. It is odd enough that Madam Dacier changes the text here, according to an alteration of her father, and reads SUSPICETUR, *He* MAY *think himself a foundling;* and assigns as a reason for it, that Terence could not be guilty of the

the very impropriety which she undertook to vindicate in the preceding scene. I have followed the common reading; because Chremes, ordering her to confirm her son's suspicion, shews that he understood her words in a positive, not a potential, sense. Clitipho, on his entrance in the next scene, seems to renew a request already made; and it would be a poor artifice in the poet, and, as Patrick observes, below the genius of Terence, to make Sostrata apprehend that these would be her son's suspicions, before she had any reason to suppose so.

[73] *Because my daughter's found.*] Madam Dacier, as well as all the rest of the commentators, has stuck at these words. Most of them imagine she means to say, that the discovery of Antiphila is a plain proof that she is not barren. Madam Dacier supposes that she intimates such a proof to be easy, because Clitipho and Antiphila were extremely alike; which sense she thinks immediately confirmed by the answer of Chremes. I cannot agree with any of them, and think that the whole difficulty of the passage here, as in many other places, is entirely of their own making. Sostrata could not refer to the reply of Chremes, because she could not possibly tell what it would be: but her own speech is intended as an answer to his preceding one, which she takes as a sneer on her late wonderful discovery of a daughter; imagining that he means to insinuate, that she could at any time with equal ease make out the proofs of the birth of her son.—The elliptical mode of expression, so usual in Terence, together with the refinements of commentators, seem to have created all the obscurity.

[74] *Though from my brain,* &c.] I cannot help considering this as a touch of *comic* anger. However, all the commentators are of a different opinion; and it is generally imagined that this is the passage alluded to by Horace, when he says in his Art of Poetry,

Interdum tamen & vocem Comœdia tollit;
Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore.
Yet Comedy sometimes her voice may raise,
And angry Chremes rail in swelling phrase.—FRANCIS.

[75] *I know not for the Gods.*] *Nescio Deos.* Lambinus, in his admirable letter to Charles the 9th, accuses Terence of impiety: but the charge is groundless. Nay, had Terence been ever so wicked, he would scarce have been so imprudent as to introduce impious expressions in a play which was to be licensed by the Magistrates. *Nescio Deos,* does not imply,

ply, *I care not for the Gods*, but *I know not what the Gods will do*. This is farther confirmed by a passage in the fourth scene of the second act. Antiphila, in answer to what Bacchis tells her of other women, says, *Nescio alias*, &c. *For my own part* (says she) *I know not what other women may do*, &c. and not, *I don't care for other women*.—DACIER.

[76] *To speak immodestly before your mother.*] The Greeks and Romans were remarkably polite in this particular. They would, upon no account whatever, express themselves indecently before their wives. Religion, policy, and good manners forbad it.—DACIER.

[77] *Be it so.*—&c. Terence's comedy of the 'Self-Tormentor' is from the beginning to the end a perfect picture of human life, but I did not observe in the whole one passage that could raise a laugh.—STEELE'S SPECTATOR, N°. 502.

The idea of this drama [Comedy] is much enlarged beyond what it was in Aristotle's time; who defines it to be, *an imitation of light and trivial actions*, provoking ridicule. His notion was taken from the state and practice of the Athenian stage; that is, from the *old* or *middle* comedy, which answers to this description. The great revolution, which the introduction of the *new comedy* made in the drama, did not happen till afterwards. This proposed for its *object*, in general, the actions and characters of ordinary life; which are not, of necessity, ridiculous, but, as appears to every observer, of a mixt kind, *serious* as well as *ludicrous*, and, within their proper sphere of influence, not unfrequently even *important*. This kind of *imitation*, therefore, now admits the *serious*; and its scenes, *even without the least mixture of pleasantry*, are entirely comic: though the common run of *laughers* in our theatre are so little aware of the extension of this *province*, that I should scarcely have hazarded the observation, but for the authority of Terence, who hath confessedly very little of the *pleasant* in his drama. Nay, one of the most admired of his comedies hath the gravity, and, in some places, almost the solemnity of *tragedy itself*.—HURD'S *Dissertation on the several Provinces of the Drama*.

Terence—whether impelled by his native humour, or determined by his truer taste, mixed so little of the *ridiculous* in his comedy, as plainly shews, it might, in his opinion, *subsist entirely without it*.—HURD, as above.

In the passages, selected from the ingenious and learned critick

critick last cited, are these four positions. First, that Aristotle (who founded his notion of Comedy on the 'Margites' of Homer, as he did that of Tragedy on the 'Iliad') had not so enlarged an idea of that kind of drama, as we have at this time, or as was entertained by the authors of the *new comedy*. Secondly, that this kind of imitation, even without *the* LEAST MIXTURE *of pleasantry, is entirely* COMIC. Thirdly, that Comedy might, in the opinion of Terence, *subsist entirely without the* RIDICULOUS: And fourthly, that the 'Self-Tormentor' hath the gravity of *Tragedy itself*.

The two first positions concerning Aristotle's idea of this kind of imitation, and the genius of Comedy itself, it is not necessary to examine at present; and indeed they are questions of too extensive a nature to be agitated in a fugitive note: but in regard to the two last positions, with all due deference to the learned critick, I will venture to assert that the authority of Terence cannot be fairly pleaded in confirmation of the doctrine that Comedy may subsist *without the least mixture* of the *pleasant* or *ridiculous*. *Térence* (say the French criticks) *fait rire au dedans, & Plaute au dehors*. The humour of Terence is indeed of a more chaste and delicate complexion than that of Plautus, Jonson, or Moliere. There are also, it is true, many grave and affecting passages in his plays, which Horace in his rule of *Interdum tamen*, &c. and even "the common run of "*laughers* in our theatre," allow and applaud in our gayest comedies. I cannot however think that he ever trespasses on the severity or solemnity of Tragedy: nor can I think that there are not touches of humour in every one of the plays, which he has left behind him; some humour of dialogue, more of character, and still more of comic situation, necessarily resulting from the artful contexture of his pieces. The 'Andrian', the 'Eunuch', the 'Brothers', and 'Phormio', especially the second and fourth, are confessedly *pleasant* comedies, and the 'Eunuch' in particular the most favourite entertainment of the Roman theatre. Instances of humour have been produced, by the ingenious critick himself, even from the 'Step-Mother;' and the ensuing notes will probably point out more. As to the present comedy, the 'Self-Tormentor', I should imagine that a man, with much less mercury in his composition than Sir Richard Steele, might have met with more than one or two passages in it that would raise a laugh. Terence indeed does not, like the player-clowns mentioned by Shakspeare's Hamlet, "set "on the spectators to laugh, though in the mean time some

"necessary

" necessary question of the play be to be considered." He never starts from the subject, merely to indulge himself in pleasantries, like Plautus and even Moliere, for whole scenes together. His humour always arises from the occasion, and flows from him in the natural course of the fable; in which he not only does not admit idle scenes, but scarce a speech that is not immediately conducive to the business of the drama. His humour, therefore, must necessarily lie *close* and *compact*, and requires the constant attention of the reader to the incidents that produce it; on which dramatic humour often in great measure depends, and would therefore of course unfold itself in the representation, when those incidents were thrown into action. In the present comedy, the character of Syrus, bating the description in the second act, must be allowed to be wholly comic; and that of Chremes still more so. The conduct of the third and fourth acts is happily contrived for the production of mirth, and the situation of the two old men in the first scene of the fifth act is very pleasantly imagined. The deep distress of Menedemus, with which the play opens, makes but a very inconsiderable part of Terence's comedy; and I am apt to think, as I have before hinted in another place, that the Self-Tormentor of Menander was a more capital and interesting character. As our poet has contrived, the self-punishment of Menedemus ends as soon as the play begins. The son returns in the very second scene; and the chief cause of the grief of Menedemus being removed, other incidents, and those of the most comic cast too, are worked into the play; which, in relation to the subject of it, might perhaps, with more propriety, have been intitled, 'The Fathers', than 'The Self-Tormentor.' I cannot therefore, notwithstanding the *pathos* and simplicity of the first scene, agree, " that this comedy " hath the gravity of tragedy itself."

NOTES

TO THE

BROTHERS.

[1] *Lucius Æmilius Paulus.*] Surnamed Macedonicus, because he had obtained a victory over Perseus king of Macedon; he died in the year of Rome 593, one hundred fifty-eight years before the nativity of Christ: he was so poor at the time of his decease, that they were constrained to sell his estate in order to pay his widow her dower.—DACIER.

[2] *Q. Fabius Maximus and P. Cornelius Africanus.*] In some copies we read, *Q. F. M. & P. C. A. Ædilibus Curulibus;* 'Q. Fabius Maximus, and P. Cornelius Africanus, Curule Ædiles.'—This, as Scaliger and other commentators are of opinion, must be erroneous: for the children and relations of the deceased, and not the Ædiles, had always the direction of the funeral games. Besides, it is very certain, that P. C. Scipio Africanus, the son of Paulus Æmilius, never was Ædile, the Consulship having been conferred upon him the same year that he sued for the Ædileship, though not yet arrived at the usual age assigned for that high dignity; as we are told by Aurelius Victor in his little treatise of Illustrious Men. And this event did not happen till twelve years after the death of his father and the representation of this play, Scipio being even then but thirty-six years of age, before which time no person could be elected Ædile.—Muret corrected the title after an antient MS. he had seen at Venice. The Q. Fabius Maximus and P. Cornelius Africanus here mentioned were the two sons of Æmilius Paulus, and had taken the surnames of the persons who had adopted them. This is undoubtedly the true reading. The Ædiles that year were Q. Fulvius Nobilior and L. Marcius.—DACIER.

[3] *Tyrian*

[3] *Tyrian flutes.*] *Tibiis Sarranis.* Tyre by the antient Phœnicians was called *Sor;* the Carthaginians, their descendants, called it *Sar*, from whence it came to be called *Sarra. Sarranis* therefore meant the same thing as *Tyriis.* These Tyrian flutes were the equal left-handed flutes, and always used upon joyful occasions.—And here arises a great difficulty, for how can we imagine that the children of Æmilius would have allowed such musick at their father's funeral? It is impossible. This title is not only corrupt, but defective: the true reading is, *Acta primùm tibiis Lydiis, deinde* TIBIIS SARRANIS. The Lydian flutes were grave and solemn, and consequently adapted to grave and solemn purposes. After the play had been acted at that solemnity, it was performed with left-handed flutes, and doubtless on some less mournful occasion. See the preface of Donatus to this comedy.—DACIER.

There is much ingenuity in the above note of Madam Dacier, who has plainly proved that the title to this play is defective; and so, there is great reason to think, are the titles to the rest of our author's comedies. Yet I cannot entirely agree with her, that such musick could not have been used at a funeral. The antients, we know, admitted all kinds of games at such solemnities. The musick was most probably suited to the comedy, rather than to the occasion, on which it was exhibited: and Donatus, to whom she refers, tells us in express words, that it was so in the present instance. "*Modulata est autem tibiis dextris, id est, Lydiis, ob* "seriam gravitatem, quâ ferè in omnibus comœdiis utitur "hic poeta." 'It was composed for right-handed flutes, 'that is, Lydian, *because of the serious vein, which gene-* '*rally prevails in all our author's comedies.*' The learned reader, who will be at the pains to consult Madam Dacier, I believe will agree with me, that she has but partially cited, and inaccurately translated the above extract from the preface of Donatus.

I cannot conclude the notes on this title, without taking notice of the happy and elegant use made of the occasion, on which the play was first represented, by my late friend Lloyd, in his prologue to this comedy, when acted at Westminster school in the year 1759, soon after the melancholy news of the death of that most eminent military character, General Wolfe. The learned reader, I dare say, will not be sorry to see it entire.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUS in ADELPHOS, 1759.

Cùm patres populumque dolor communis haberet,
Fleret et Æmilium maxima Roma suum,
Funebres inter ludos, his dicitur ipsis
Sceris extinctum condecorâsse ducem.
Ecquis adest, scenam nocte hâc qui spectet eandem,
Nec nobis luctum sentiet esse parem?
Utcunque arrisit pulchris victoria cœptis,
Quà sol extremas visit uterque plagas,
Successûs etiam medio de fonte Britannis
Surgit amari aliquid, legitimusque dolor.
Si famæ generosa sitis, si bellica virtus,
Ingenium felix, intemerata fides,
Difficiles laurus, ipsoque in flore juventæ,
Heu! nimium lethi præcipitata dies;
Si quid habent pulchrum hæc, vel si quid amabile, jure
Esto tua hæc, WOLFI, laus, propriumque decus!
Nec moriere omnis.—Quin usque corona vigebit,
Unanimis Britonûm quam tibit nectit amor.
Regia quin pietas marmor tibi nobile ponet,
Quod tua perpetuis prædicet acta notis.
Confluet huc studio visendi martia pubes,
Sentiet et flammâ corda calere pari;
Dumque legit mediis cecidisse heroa triumphis,
Dicet, SIC DETUR VINCERE, SIC MORIAR.

[4] *L. Anicius and L. Cornelius, Consuls.*] That is, in the year of Rome 593, and 160 years before Christ.

[5] *Sunapothnescontes.*] A Greek word [Συναποθνησκοντες] signifying *dying together*. Varro somewhere declares that Plautus was not the author of the comedy, called *Commorientes*, a Latin word of the like import: but he certainly speaks of some other play which bore the same title, or the opinions of men must have differed in his days concerning this matter; some giving it to Plautus, others to Aquilius. Terence however, in my opinion, is an authority most to be depended upon. The play of Plautus is lost.—DACIER.

[6] *Diphilus.*] Diphilus, as well as Philemon, was a comic poet, cotemporary of Menander.

[7] *If this be theft*, &c.] Nothing can set the Greek poets in a more exalted light, than to see them, even from the earliest days of the Romans, not only so eagerly read, but so attentively and so carefully translated, that the Latin authors seldom or ever attempted any thing of their own: Donatus, in his preface to this comedy, says of TERENCE, *minùs existimans*

mans laudis proprias scribere, quàm Græcas transferre ; —[6] thinking it less praise to invent new plays, than to trans- ' late Greek ones.'—S.

[8] *Certain noble persons.*] Scipio, Lælius, and Furius Publius.—Donatus.

(See the notes to the author's Life.)

[9] *In war, peace,* &c.] In war, signifies Scipio ; in peace, Furius Publius; in counsel, Lælius.—Donatus.

[10] *Ho, Storax!*] *Storax! non rediit hâc nocte à cœnâ Æschinus.* Some consider Micio as asking a question in these words, but they are mistaken. He calls Storax ; and finding he does not answer, concludes that neither Æschinus, nor any of his servants, are come home.—Donatus.

[11] *Who went to meet him.*] *Qui advorsùm ierant.* The servants, who went to meet their masters, and defend them home, were called *adversitores.*—Donatus.

[12] *And 'tis in my opinion,* &c.] These sentiments are adopted by Ben Jonson in his ' Every Man in his Humour', where they are put into the mouth of old Knowell :

There is a way of winning more by love,
And urging of the modesty, than fear :
Force works on servile natures, not the free.
He that's compell'd to goodness may be good ;
But 'tis but for that fit : where others, drawn
By softness and example, get a habit.
Then if they stray, but warn them ; and the same
They should for virtue have done, they'll do for shame.

[13] *Comes to wrangle.*] There are several fine passages in this speech, and good observations on human life ; yet it is too long a soliloquy.—Cooke.

[14] *Oho! well met.*] The poet has in this place improved on Menander, in representing Demea as more ready to wrangle with his brother, than to return his compliments.—Donatus.

[15] *Burst open doors,* &c.] The character and passion of Demea is finely marked in the account which he gives of the riot ; in which he dwells on every minute particular, endeavouring to multiply and exaggerate the offences of Æschinus, and concealing every palliating circumstance.—Donatus.

[26] *And if we needs must draw comparisons.*] There is much humour in this passage, when it appears that the son so much commended is the most in fault.—Donatus.

[17] *Does he treat? or drink?* &c.] The mild character of Micio is contrasted by Tully to that of a furious, severe father, as drawn by the famous comic poet Cæcilius. Both writers are quoted in the Oration for Cælius, in the composition of which it is plain that the Orator kept his eye pretty constantly on our poet.——The passages from Cæcilius contain all that vehemence and severity, which, as Horace tells us, was accounted the common character of the style of that author.

Nunc demùm mihi animus ardet, nunc meum cor cumulatur irâ.

—O infelix, O scelus!——

Egone quid dicam? egone quid velim? quæ tu omnia tuis fœdis factis facis, ut nequidquam velim.

Cur te in istam vicinitatem meretriciam contulisti? cur illecebris cognitis non refugisti? cur alienam ullam mulierem nôsti? dide ac dissice, per me licebit. Si egebis, tibi dolebit: mihi sat est, qui ætatis quod reliquum est, oblectem meæ.

Now my soul burns, now my heart swells with anger.
——— Oh wretch, oh monster!———
What can I say? what can I wish? when you
By your vile deeds make all my wishes vain?
Why did you go into that neighbourhood?
Why, knowing her allurements, not avoid them?
And why maintain an intercourse so vile?
—Spend, squander, dissipate, I give you leave.
If want o'ertakes you, you alone will feel it:
For my remains of life I've yet enough.

[18] *His mistresses perhaps will shut him out.*] *Fortasse excludetur foràs.* I once understood this passage thus: *perhaps I may turn him out of doors:* but on further consideration I think the sense which I have followed more agreeable to the character of Micio. The fondness he expresses in this sentiment is very remarkable: he does not absolutely say, Æschinus's mistresses *will* turn him out of doors, *excludetur foràs;* but *fortasse excludetur foràs,* PERHAPS *they* MAY *turn him out of doors.* He is so extremely partial to his adopted son, that he thinks his mistresses would certainly caress him, even though he made them no presents. This expression *fortasse* has an admirable effect, as was observed by Donatus.—DACIER.

[19] *Micio, alone.*] Terence seems inclined to favour the part of mild fathers. He represents Micio as affected at his son's irregularities; lest, if he should appear wholly unmoved,

moved, he might seem to corrupt his son, rather than to treat him with a proper indulgence. Wherefore, through all his moderation, he still betrays a fatherly emotion.—DONATUS.

[20] *He told me he propos'd to take a wife.*] The art of Terence in preparing his incidents is wonderful. He contrives that even ignorant persons shall open the plot: as in the present instance, which gives us to understand that Æschinus had mentioned to Micio his intentions of taking a wife, though he had not entered into particulars. This naturally leads us to the ensuing part of the fable, without forestelling any of the circumstances.—DONATUS.

[21] *I'm a procurer.*] He says this to Æschinus to intimidate him, alluding to the privileges allowed to the procurers at Athens, on account of the profit accruing to the republick from their traffick in slaves. It was forbid to abuse them, on pain of disinheritance. Hence, in Lucian, a young man complaining of being disinherited by his father, says, τις πορνοβοσκος υβρικεν; 'what slave-merchant accuses 'me of having mal-treated him?'—DACIER.

[22] *D'ye know who I am?*] *Nôstin' qui sim?* A law-term, signifying, 'Do I owe you any thing?'—DONATUS.

[23] *A pimp; the common bane*, &c.] This seems to be a translation from Diphilus, from whom this part of the fable was taken.

Οὐκ ἐστιν ὅδε τεχνιον ἐξωλεστερον
Τε πορνοβοσκε·
No calling is more baneful and pernicious,
Than that of a procurer. WESTERHOVIUS.

The procurer was a common character in the Comedy of the antients; but if we may pronounce from their remains, we may venture to say that the character was never so finely painted in any of their works, as in the following lines of Shakspeare:

Fie, sirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Dost thou but think,
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice? Say to thyself,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending! Go mend, mend.
Measure for Measure.

[24] *By due course of law I claim her.*] *Ego liberali illam assero causâ manu.* Law-terms. The defenders of the liberty of another were called *assertores*, and the suit commenced on that account called *liberalis causa*, an action of freedom.—DONATUS.

[25] *Exit.*] I do not remember, in the whole circle of modern comedy, a more natural picture of the elegant ease and indifference of a fine gentleman, than that exhibited in this scene in the character of Æschinus.

[26] *Nick'd me to a hair.*] *In ipso articulo oppressit.* Literally, "hit me in the very joint."

[27] *At Cyprus-fair.*] The merchants used to buy up slaves in all parts of Greece, to sell them at Cyprus, where a celebrated fair was kept for that purpose.—DACIER.

[28] *Well, have you calculated what's your due?*] *Jamne enumerâsti id, quod ad te rediturum putes?* I have translated these words according to the interpretation of Donatus. Madam Dacier puts another sense upon them, and thinks they rather mean Sannio's calculation of his profits at Cyprus. The subsequent conversation between Syrus and Sannio inclined me rather to adopt the former opinion.

[29] *Scrape together by some means ten minæ.*] Syrus knew very well that Æschinus was ready to pay the whole, but offers Sannio half, that he might be glad to take his bare principal, and think himself well off into the bargain.—DONATUS.

[30] Æsch. *Where is that rascal?* San. *He enquires for me.*] The character of Sannio is well sustained. He immediately takes to himself the infamous name of rascal, and acknowledges it with joy, thinking he is enquired after, in order to be paid; and droops afterwards, not on account of hard words and ill usage, but only for fear he should not get his money.—DONATUS.

[31] *Almost fly your country.*] In Menander, the young man was on the point of killing himself. Terence has softened this circumstance.—DONATUS.

We know that the circumstance of carrying off the Musick-girl is borrowed from Diphilus: yet it is plain from Donatus that there was also an intrigue of Ctesipho in the play of Menander: which gives another proof of the manner in which Terence used the Greek comedies.

[32] *Sannio*

[32] *Sannio wants to be at Cyprus.*] A piece of arch-malice in Syrus, in order to teaze Sannio.—Donatus.

[33] *Whosoe'er you are, excuse me.*] Geta's reply is founded on a frolicsome but ill-natured custom, which prevailed in Greece; to stop the slaves in the streets, and designedly keep them in chat, so that they might be lashed when they came home, for staying out so long.—Dacier.

[34] *What? our Æschinus?* &c.] *Nostrumne Æschinum?* &c. There is something extremely touching in this manner of speaking. Shakspeare, whose works contain examples of every species of beauty in poetry, affords us a very elegant instance of this irregular manner, which, addressing itself to the passions, affects us more sensibly than set forms of speech. The turn of phrase, in which Desdemona pleads for Cassio, is a good deal similar to the way in which Sostrata here speaks of Æschinus.

— — — What! Michael Cassio?—
That came a-wooing with you, and many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part, to have so much to do
To bring him in! Othello.

[35] *Upon his father's lap.*] The Grecians, as soon as they had a child born, immediately put it on the grandfather's knee if he were living. Phœnix, in the ninth Iliad, says that his father loaded him with curses, and invoked the Furies, conjuring them that no child of his son might be placed on his knees.—

Πατηρ δ' εμος, αυτικ' οϊσθεις,
Πολλα κατηρατο, συγερας δ' επεκεκλετ' Ερινυς,
Μη ποτε γενασιν οισιν εφεσσεσθαι φιλον υιον
Εξ εμεθεν γεγαωτα· Iliad. l. ix. v. 453.

Mr. Pope's translation not having preserved that idea, the liberty has been taken, of adding two lines.

My sire with curses loads my hated head,
And cries, "Ye Furies! barren be his bed."
Never, dread sisters, never may I see
A child, his offspring, plac'd upon my knee!
See Pope's Iliad, b. 9. v. 582.

This custom did not prevail among the Romans: our author, notwithstanding, as he translated his play from the Greek, judiciously preserves that usage.—Dacier.

[36] *Well, I agree 'twere better to disclose it.*] *Accedo, ut melius dicas.* Nothing can be plainer than these words: yet they have been the occasion of great perplexity

to

to commentators and translators. Madam Dacier gives them a sense directly opposite to that which I have followed. *Ah ! qu'allez vous faire ? je vous en prie changez de sentiment.* Echard, who keeps his eye more constantly on the French translation than on the original, says, much to the purpose, *D'ye think so ? Pray think on't again.* Cooke has it, *How ? let me advise you to think better of it.* Westerhovius supposes Sostrata to have appeared angry with Geta, and therefore explains *ut melius dicas* to signify, *ut bona verba loquaris—that you may speak mildly.* Patrick justly thinking that this is too strained, and no satisfying answer to Sostrata; and, from what follows, seeing the necessity of explaining Geta's answer, so as to make it imply an assent, supposes an elleipsis, and supplies it thus : *Accedo* tibi, *ut* qui *melius dicas.—I submit to you, as you seem to speak with more justice.* All these interpretations are founded on the suppositions that *melius* is the accusative governed by *dicas.* I have no doubt but that *melius* is here used adverbially, which will lead us to this easy construction, *Accedo, meliùs ut dicas;—I agree, that you may better tell it;* implying Geta's coming into her opinion on the point in dispute. The remark of Donatus on this passage, *ut consentiam, velut qui meliùs possim dicere,* is certainly corrupted; but if we read, as we are told it stands in some copies, *veluti meliùs potens sis dicere,* it will give the same sense that I have followed. Eugraphius, in his long note on the words, *Hera, lacrumas mitte ! weep not, mistress !,* plainly understands them in this manner. But, as a greater authority than all commentators, I shall appeal to Terence himself; and submit the whole context, as it stands in the original, to the judgment of the learned.——These verbal criticisms are dry and unpleasant both to the writer and reader. I very frequently avoid them : but in a controverted passage, where the sense is materially concerned, it would seem indolence or arrogance not to submit to them.

G. Hera, lacrumas mitte, ac potiùs, quod ad hanc rem opu', porro prospice.
Patiamurne, an *narremus* cuipiam ? C. Au, au, mi homo, sanun' es ?
An hoc *proferendum* tibi usquam esse videtur ? G. Mihi quidem non placet.
Jam primùm, illum alieno animo à nobis esse, res ipsa indicat.
Nunc si hoc *palàm proferimus*, ille inficiàs ibit, sat scio ;
Tua fama, & gnatæ vita in dubium veniet : tum si maxumè Fateatur,

Fateatur, cùm amet aliam, non est utile hanc illi dari.
Quapropter, quoquo pacto *tacito* est opus. S. Ah, minimè gentium:
Non faciam. G. Quid ages? S. *Proferam.* G. Hem, mea Sostrata, vide quam rem agas.
S. Pejore res loco non potis est esse, quàm in hoc, quo nunc sita est.
Primùm indotata est: tum præterea, quæ secunda ei dos erat,
Periit: pro virgine dari nuptum non potest: hoc relliquum est,
Si inficiàs ibit, testis mecum est annulus, quem amiserat.
Postremò, quando ego conscia mî sum, à me culpam hanc procul esse, nec
Pretium, neque rem ullam intercesse illâ aut me indignam; *experiar*, Geta.
G. Quid istic? accedo, ut melius *dicas.* S. Tu, quantùm potest, abi; &c.

[37] *Hegio, of our tribe.*] We are told that the Athenians were divided into tribes, but writers are not agreed as to their number. Some say twelve, in imitation of the Jewish tribes: but what connection was there between the Athenians and Jews? It is probable that this number was derived from the twelve months of the year: for we find that there were also in every tribe thirty subdivisions, alluding to the number of days in a month.—PATRICK.

[38] *This is the tenth month.*] Lunar months: the common method of computation before Julius Cæsar.—WESTERHOVIUS.

[39] *Ah me!* &c.] This is the second instance in our author, of the outcries of a woman in labour: a circumstance not easily to be reconciled to modern notions of decency, though certainly considered as no indecorum in those days I shall not defend the practice; but cannot help observing, that, allowing such an incident, Terence in the present instance makes a most pathetic and oratorical use of it.

[40] *He was my kinsman.*] In Menander, Hegio was the brother of Sostrata.—WESTERHOVIUS.

[41] *What he advises, I will follow, Hegio.*] *Quod mihi de hâc re dederit consilium, id sequar.* Madam Dacier rejects this line, because it is also to be found in the 'Phormio.' But it is no uncommon thing with our author to use the same expression or verse in different places, especially on familiar occasions. There is no impropriety in it here, and the foregoing hemistich is rather lame without it. The propriety

propriety of consulting Micio, or Demea's present ill-humour with him, are of no consequence. The old man is surprized at Hegio's story, does not know what to do or to say, and means to evade giving a positive answer, by saying that he would consult his brother.

[42] *Scene VIII.*] Donatus tells us that, in some old copies, this whole scene was wanting. Guyetus therefore entirely rejects it. I have not ventured to take that liberty; but must confess, that it appears to me, if not supposititious, at least cold and superfluous, and the substance of it had better have been supposed to have passed between Hegio and Sostrata within.

[43] *The wolf in the fable.*] *Lupus in fabulâ.* A proverb, signifying that the person of whom we are speaking, is at hand.

[44] *I chanc'd on one of my day-labourers.*] The poet artfully contrives to detain Demea in town, his presence being necessary in the subsequent part of the fable.—Donatus.

[44] *When you've pass'd that, turn short upon the left.*] It is observed by Theobald, in his edition of Shakspeare, that the perplext direction given by Lancelot seems to be copied from this of Syrus.

"Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house."—*Merchant of Venice.*

[45] *The city-gate, just by the pond.*] This gives us to understand that Demea would be sent quite to the further part of the town.—The pond also is naturally mentioned, for Varro tells us, that near the gate was always a large pond, to water horses, and supply the inhabitants in case of fire.—Donatus.

[46] *Tables with oaken legs.*] It was usual with the Grecians to sit and drink in the sun. Syrus therefore being asked a sudden question, is supposed to have sufficient presence of mind to give this circumstantial answer, that he might the better impose on Demea.—Donatus.

[47] *Dinner's spoil'd.*] The Greeks and the Romans generally had but one repast a day, which was their supper. The dinner here mentioned was therefore an instance of luxury and debauch.—Dacier.

[48] *For they, whose fortunes,* &c.] This fine sentiment is supposed

supposed to be built on the following lines of Menander. If so, I think our poet has improved on his original.

Προς απανθ' δειλος ὁ πενης εστι πραγματα,
Και πανθας αυτὸ καταφρονειν υπολαμβανει·
Ο δε μετριως πρατθων περισκιλιτερον
Απανθ' τ'ανιαρα, Λαμπρια, φερει.
The poor man in all things acts fearfully,
Suspecting all despise him. But the man
Who's more at ease, with greater constancy
Bears up against misfortunes, Lamprias!

[49] *By the law is forc'd to marry her.*] This appears in many instances to have been a law in force with the Athenians, and was probably handed down to them by the Phœnicians, who originally received it from the Jews.—*And every daughter that possesses an inheritance in any tribe of the children of Israel, shall be wife unto one of the family of the tribe of her father; that the children of Israel may enjoy every man the inheritance of his fathers.* Numbers, chap. xxxvi. ver. 8.—DACIER.

[50] *Miletus.*] A colony of the Athenians, in Pontus.—DONATUS.

[51] *Who betroth'd*, &c.] These questions, which enumerate all the proofs requisite to a marriage, are an indirect, and very delicate reproof of Æschinus for the irregular and clandestine manner in which he had conducted this affair.—DONATUS.

[52] *Mock you? I? wherefore?*] We may very innocently banter a friend, and frighten him with false alarms, when it is in our power to undeceive him immediately, and to surprize him with good news. But none but an enemy would buoy one up with false hopes, in order to dash them with bitterness and trouble. Micio therefore discovers a benevolent emotion at even being supposed to trifle with him in this respect.—DONATUS.

[53] *The sooner hear your prayers.*] Donatus observes that there is great delicacy in this compliment of Æschinus to Micio, which, though made to his face, does not carry in it the least appearance of flattery. Madam Dacier imagines Terence refers here to a line in Hesiod, which says that it is the business of old men to pray. I should rather imagine our author had an eye to the following fine lines of Menander, which have already been recommended to the public notice by the learned critick in the Adventurer, No. 105.

ET.

Εἰτις δε θυσιαν προσφερων, ω Παμφιλε· κ. τ. λ.
The man who sacrifices, Pamphilus,
A multitude of bulls, or goats, or sheep;
Or prepares golden vestments, purple raiment,
Figures of ivory, or precious gems;
Thinking to render God propitious to him,
Most grossly errs, and bears an empty mind.
Let him be good and charitable rather,
No doer of uncleanness, no corrupter
Of virgin innocence, no murd'rer, robber,
In quest of gain. Covet not, Pamphilus,
Even a needleful of thread *: for God,
Who's always near thee, always sees thy deeds.

[54] *To shun all follies.*] Donatus justly observes, that it is plain from this soliloquy that Terence takes the part of mild fathers, meaning to shew that gentle reproofs, mingled with tenderness, will have more effect on an ingenuous mind than railing and severity. That critick also is more minute than usual in pointing out the great beauties of the foregoing scene; commenting on almost every speech, and observing how finely the two characters of Micio and Æschinus are sustained throughout their whole conversation. It was impossible to lay before the English reader all the little particularities dwelt upon by Donatus: and indeeed the reader must have very little sensibility, who cannot of himself discern, even through the medium of this translation, the many amiable touches of good-humour, mildness, and affection that distinguish Micio's character, as well as the natural strokes of passion, and ingenuous shame in Æschinus. The whole scene is remarkably beautiful, and perhaps more characteristic of the genius of Terence than any other in his works.

[55] *The life of man is like a game at tables.*] Menander might possibly borrow this moral maxim from a passage in the tenth book of Plato's 'Republick,' where it is said, "That "we should take counsel from accidents, and, as in a game "at dice, act according to what has fallen, in that man-"ner which reason directs us to be the best."—Dacier.

[56] *Not in the least, nor do I mean to sell her.*] Micio is here involved in a ridiculous dilemma, in which he had rather appear absurd, than betray Ctesipho.—Donatus.

[57] *Dance hand in hand with them.*] *Restim ductans*

* This seems to have been a proverbial expression, as we find it occur in another fragment of Menander.

saltabis.

saltabis. Restim ducere; literally, *to lead the cord:* which would induce one to imagine that when many persons were dancing together in those days, they held a cord.—But why a cord? might they not as well take hold of each other's hands? I am persuaded that they did; and agree with Donatus that the expression is merely metaphorical.—DACIER.

[58] *In the midst of this disturbance*, &c.] The gravity of Demea and drunkenness of Syrus create a very humorous contrast, and are admirably calculated to excite mirth in the spectators.—DONATUS.

[59] *No welcome roarer.*] *Comissatorem haud sanè commodum.* The chief beauty lies in the word *comissator*, which signified one who came to join a jovial party, bursting in upon them unexpectedly with much noise and clamour.—DONATUS. DACIER.

[60] *Forces open our street-door*, &c.] It has been observed before, that in Athens the street-doors were made to open outwards; so that when any one was coming out, the noise of the door (which is often mentioned in these comedies) served to give notice to those in the street, that they might escape being hurt, and make way for the opening of the door.—DACIER.

[61] *I must help the boy.*] The character of Micio appears extremely amiable through the four first acts of this comedy, and his behaviour is in many respects worthy imitation. But his conduct in conniving at the irregularities of Ctesipho, and even assisting him to support them, is certainly reprehensible. Perhaps the poet threw this shade over his virtues, on purpose to shew that mildness and good-humour might be carried to an excess.

[62] *There are in nature*, &c.] Madam Dacier makes an observation on this speech, something like that of Donatus on one of Micio's above; and says that Micio, being hard put to it by the real circumstances of the case, thinks to confound Demea by a nonsensical galimatia. I cannot be of the ingenious lady's opinion in this matter: for I think a more sensible speech could not be made, nor a better plea offered in favour of the young men, than that of Micio in the present instance.

[63] *Act* V. *Scene* I.] This scene, which I have placed the first of the fifth act, stands in Madam Dacier's translation, and in all those editions and tranlations who have followed her, as the second. I think it is plain, from the end of the foregoing

ing scene, that Micio and Demea quitted the stage, and entered the house together; and it seems to be equally evident, from the message that Syrus brings to Demea in the scene immediately succeeding this, that Demea had left the company within.—*Rogat frater, ne abeas longiùs;—your brother begs, you'd not go further off.* But what had still more weight with me, and was a more forcible motive to induce me to begin the fifth act with this soliloquy, was the propriety, and indeed necessity of an interval in this place. The total change of character, whether real or affected, is in itself so extraordinary, that it required all the art of Terence to bring it about; and the only probable method of effecting it, is to suppose it the result at least of some little deliberation, and reflection on the inconveniences he had experienced from a contrary temper. Donatus observes the great art with which Terence has preserved the gradation of Demea's anger and distresses, which can be pushed no further than the discovery of Ctesipho; and this admirable climax of incidents is finely completed in the scene with which I have closed the fourth act. To say the truth, the fable itself in a manner ends there; and though there is much humour and pleasantry in the remaining part of the play, yet many good criticks have objected to it. Terence however, or rather Menander, must be allowed to have shewn an uncommon effort of genius, if not of judgment, in these adscititious scenes, which he has founded on the conversion of Demea: a circumstance which grows out of the foregoing incidents, and supplies the materials for a pleasant fifth act, like the *giving away the rings*, in Shakspeare's 'Merchant of Venice,' in which play also, as well as this of Terence, the main business of the plot is concluded in the fourth act.

[64] *What, honest Syrus!*] Here the poet shews how awkwardly a man of an opposite disposition endeavours to be complaisant; and that a miser, meaning to be generous, runs into profusion.—Donatus.

[65] *Ne'er mind singers*, &c.] The bride was usually thus attended, and Lucian speaks of this retinue, and I believe took the passage from Menander, where he says, Και αυλητριδας, και θορυβον, και υμεναιον αδοντας τινας, &c. 'the players 'on the flute, the company, and singers of the nuptial 'song.'—Dacier.

[66] *Ho! order Babylo immediately to pay him twenty mina.*] *Jube nunc jam dinumeret illi Babylo viginti minas.* All the commentators and translators have been extremely

tremely puzzled at this passage. It does not become the last comer to be positive, where so many conjectures have already been offered and rejected. But if one may determine from the context, which is commonly the best way, as well as the most natural and obvious, it should seem that Demea means to give an order to one of his servants to give Æschinus twenty minæ. He has already determined to be very generous; and another instance of his bounty occurs in the concluding scene, where he pays down the money for the freedom of Phrygia.—In this very speech he is pleasantly considering with himself the expence, which he disregards, so as he can but get into favour. In consequence of which resolution it is natural to suppose, that he immediately gives an order for issuing money to defray the charges of pulling down walls, entertaining company, &c.

[67] *Obliging father!*] Obliging indeed!

The poet's conduct here is justly liable to censure: the only consideration that can be urged in his defence is, that he meant to shew the inconveniences arising from too unbounded a good-nature. But Micio has all along been represented so agreeable, and possessed of so much judgment, good sense, and knowledge of the world, that this last piece of extravagance must shock probability, and offend the delicacy of the spectator.—PATRICK.

"Apud Menandrum senex de nuptiis non gravatur. Ergo Terentius εὑρητικῶς."—DONATUS.

It is surprizing that none of the criticks on this passage have taken notice of this observation of Donatus, especially as our loss of Menander makes it rather curious. It is plain that Terence in the plan of his last act followed Menander: but though he has adopted the absurdity of marrying Micio to the old lady, yet we learn from Donatus that his judgment rather revolted at this circumstance, and he improved on his original by making Micio express a repugnance to such a match, which it seems he did not in the play of Menander.

[68] *In mid-day prepare an entertainment.*] *Apparare* de die *convivium.* The force of this passage consists in the words *de die;* because, as has been observed in another place, the chief meal of the Græcians was at supper, and an entertainment in the day-time was considered as a debauch. —DACIER.

[69] *It will encourage others.*] The grave irony of this passage is extremely humorous.—DONATUS.

[70] *Whence*

[70] *Whence flows all this extravagance?* &c.] *Quod proluvium? quæ istæc subita est largitas?* A passage borrowed from the comic poet Cæcilius.—DACIER.

[71] *To shew you that the reason,* &c.] I would have characters separated from each other: but I must own that a direct contrast displeases me.

But the most sure method to spoil a play, and to render it quite insupportable, would be to multiply such contrasts.

See what would be the result of these anitheses. I call them *antitheses;* for the contrast of character is, in the plan of the drama, what that figure is in conversation. It is happy; but it must be used with moderation; and in an elevated style, totally excluded.

What is the most common state of society; that where characters are contrasted, or where they are only different?

What is the intention of contrast or character? Doubtless, to render one of the two more striking. But that effect can only be obtained, where they both appear together. What a monotony will this create in the dialogue! what a constraint will it impose on the conduct of the fable! How can I attend to the natural chain of events, and proper succession of scenes, if I am engaged by the necessity of always bringing the two opposite characters together? How often will it happen that the contrast will require one scene, and the true course of the fable another?

Besides, if the two contrasted characters are both drawn with equal force, the intention of the drama will be rendered equivocal. To conceive the whole force of this reasoning, open the 'Brothers' of Terence. There you will see two brothers contrasted, both drawn with equal force; and you may challenge the most subtle critick to tell you which is the principal character, Micio or Demea? If he ventures to pronounce before the last scene, he will find to his astonishment, that he, whom he has taken, during five acts, for a man of sense, is a fool; and that he, whom he has taken for a fool, may be a very sensible man.

One would suppose at the beginning of the fifth act, that the author, embarrassed by the contrast which he had established, was obliged to abandon this design, and to turn the interest of his piece topsy-turvy. But what is the consequence? That we no longer know which side to take; and after having been all along for Micio against Demea, we conclude without knowing, whether we are for one, or the other. One would almost desire a third father, to preserve

the golden mean between the two characters, and to point out the faults of each of them.—DIDEROT.

Here Demea returns to his own character, and the conduct of Terence is admirable in the lesson given to Micio. The opposite characters of these two brothers, and the inconveniencies resulting from each, perfectly point out to fathers the middle way which they ought to pursue in the education of their children, between the too great severity of the one, and the unlimited indulgence of the other.—DACIER.

[72] *I consent that he shall have her.*] This complaisance of Demea in allowing Ctesipho to retain the Musick-girl, would be very criminal in a modern father; but the Greeks and Romans were not sufficiently enlightened to be sensible of the sin.—DACIER.

[73] *All now is as it should be.*] It has been said that 'L'Ecole des Maris' [The School for Husbands] was a copy of the 'Brothers' of Terence: if so, Moliere deserves more praise for having brought the taste of ancient Rome into France, than reproach for having stolen his piece. But the 'Brothers' furnished nothing more than the bare idea of the 'Ecole des Maris'. There are, in the 'Brothers', two old men of opposite humours, who give each of them a different education to the children that they educate; there are, in like manner, in the 'Ecole des Maris', two guardians, of which one is severe, and the other indulgent: there lies the whole resemblance. There is scarce any intrigue in the 'Brothers'; that of the 'Ecole des Maris' is delicate, interesting, and comic. One of the women in Terence's piece, who ought to be the principal character, is never seen or heard except in her lying-in. The 'Isabella' of Moliere is almost for ever on the stage, full of grace and spirit, and sometimes mingles a decency, even in the tricks which she plays her guardian. There is no probability in the catastrophe of the 'Brothers:' It is not nature, that a morose, severe, covetous old fellow of sixty, should become all at once gay, complaisant and liberal. The catastrophe of the 'Ecole des Maris' is the best of all the pieces of Moliere. It is probable, natural, grounded on the plot; and what is of full as much consequence, extremely comic. The style of Terence is pure, and sententious, but a little cold; as Cæsar, who excelled in all, has reproached him. The style of Moliere in this piece is more chaste than in any of his others. The French author almost equals the purity of the diction

of

of Terence; and goes far beyond him in the intrigue, the character, the catastrophe, and humour.

VOLTAIRE'S *Contes de Guillaume Vadé.*

It is impossible for any reader, who is come fresh from the perusal of the 'Brothers' of Terence, and the 'Ecole des Maris' of Moliere, to acquiesce in the above decision; and I would venture to appeal from Voltaire to any member of the French academy for a reversal of it. The reputation of Moliere has taken too deep root to be rendered more flourishing by blasting that of Terence; nor can such an attempt ever be made with a worse grace than when the imitation is blindly preferred to the original. Moliere, so far from having taken only the idea of his piece from the 'Brothers', has translated some passages almost literally, and the latter part of the second scene of the 'Ecole des Maris' is a very close imitation of one in the fourth act of the 'Brothers.'

In point of fable, I make no scruple to prefer the piece of Terence to that of Moliere. The intrigue of the four first acts of the 'Brothers' is more artfully conducted than that of any other of Terence's pieces. In the 'Andrian', were all the episode of Charinus to be omitted, the play would be the better for it. In the 'Eunuch', as has been before observed, there is a lameness in the catastrophe, and the conclusion of Thraso's business in the last scene becomes episodical. In the 'Self-Tormentor,' the intrigue in a manner ends with the third act. In the 'Phormio', the loves of Antipho and Phædria have no further relation to each other, than that Phormio is used as an engine in both.* But in the play before us, the interest which Æschinus takes in Ctesipho's affairs, combines their several amours so naturally, that they reciprocally put each other in motion.

I cannot think the fable of the 'Ecole des Maris' quite so happy. In Terence, we see a good-humoured uncle adopting one of his nephews, while the other lad remains under the tuition of the severe father. This is natural enough; but in Moliere we have two young women left, by their father's will, as the intended wives of their antiquated guardians. Is there not some absurdity in such an idea? Micio and Demea are confessedly the archetypes of Ariste and Sganarelle; but in my mind, infinitely superior, and exhibited in a greater variety of situations; nor do the two sisters, Isabelle and Leonor, play into each other's hands, like Æschinus and

* The plot of the 'Step-Mother', so admired by the moderns for its simplicity, shall be examined in another place.

Ctesipho. In the 'Brothers,' the business and the play open together; in Moliere, the first scene is a mere conversation-piece. In Moliere, the plot is thin, seems to have been calculated for the intrigue of a *petite piece*, and the circumstance of Isabelle's embracing Sganarelle, and giving her hand to Eraste, is purely farcical. In Terence, the fable is more important, and the incidents naturally unfold themselves one after another; and the manner in which Demea gradually arrives at the knowledge of them, is extremely artful and comic. What then is intrigue? If it be the dramatic narration of a story, so laid out as to produce pleasant situations, I will not scruple to pronounce, that there is more intrigue in the 'Brothers' than in the 'Ecole des Maris.' The reader has already seen several strictures on the fifth act, but the particular objection, made by Voltaire to the catastrophe, is founded on a mistake: the complaisance, gaiety, and liberality of Demea being merely assumed; and his awkwardness in affecting those qualities, full as comic as the admired catastrophe of the 'Ecole des Maris'; which being produced in a forced manner by the disguise of Isabelle, and the broad cheat put upon Sganarelle before his face, is certainly deficient in the probability, necessary to the incidents of legitimate comedy.—It is not without reluctance that I have been drawn into an examination of the comparative merits of these two excellent pieces: nor do I think there is in general a more invidious method of extolling one writer, than by depreciating the productions of another.

Baron, the author of the 'Andrienne,' has also written a comedy called 'L'Ecole des Pères' [the School for Fathers] built on this play of Terence. The piece opens with a very elegant, though pretty close, version of the first act of the 'Brothers'; but on the whole I think this attempt less happy than his first. The bringing Clarice and Pamphile on the stage has no better effect, than his introduction of Glicerie in the 'Andrian'. Telamon and Alcée are drawn with neither the strength nor delicacy of Micio and Demea; and the old man's change of character in the fifth act is neither rejected nor retained, but rather mangled and deformed. On the whole, it were to be wished, that Baron had adhered still more closely to Terence, or, like Moliere, deviated still further from him: for, as the play now stands, his attention to the Roman poet seems to have thrown a constraint on his genius, and taken off the air of an original; while his alterations have rendered the 'Ecole des Pères'

but a lame imitation, and imperfect image of the 'Brothers' of Terence.

In our own language, the 'Squire of Alsatia' of Shadwell is also founded on this play: but the Muse of White Friars has but little right to the praises due to that of Athens and Rome. Shadwell's play, though drawn from so pure a source, is rather a farce of five acts than a comedy; nor has it the least comparative merit either in the plan or execution, except in the intention to give the character of Ctesipho more at large, than it is drawn in the original.

NOTES

TO THE

STEP-MOTHER.

[1] *Exhibited at*, &c.] The title to this play varies extremely in different editions. That given here is taken chiefly from Westerhovius.

[2] *From the Greek of Apollodorus.*] Criticks differ about the name of the Greek poet from whom this play was taken. It is generally said to be Apollodorus; and most agree that this comedy was not taken, like the four first of our author, from Menander.

[3] *Octavius and Manlius, Consuls.*] That is, in the year of Rome 588, and 165 years before Christ, the year after the representation of the 'Andrian.'

[4] *Hurricane.*] *Calamitas.* This word is used in the same sense in the first scene of the 'Eunuch.'—Nothing can be more evident than that this was the prologue to the second attempt to exhibit this comedy.

[5] *That he might profit by a second sale.*] See note 11, in the next page.

[6] *Others, his plays, you have already known.*] According to Vossius, the 'Step-Mother' was not attempted to be revived till after the representation of the 'Brothers.' If so, they had already seen all the rest of Terence's pieces.—DACIER.

[7] *Another prologue.*] These two prologues are by some blended together, but most learned and judicious editors make two of them. Faernus says, that in some copies the name of L. Ambivius is over them, in great letters; thus, L. AMBIVIUS PROLOGUS: and the same distinction is

made in the Basilican copy. Eugraphius says positively that the prologue was spoken by Ambivius Turpio.—Cooke.

[8] *I come a pleader*, &c.] *Orator ad vos venio.* Madam Dacier, and some who follow her, translate *orator* by the word *ambassador.* Her explanation of the original (though in this instance, as well as many others, she does not acknowledge it) is taken from Donatus. But what is very extraordinary, Donatus, in his comment on the very next line, gives the word a quite different signification; and tells us, that *orator* signifies a person entrusted with the defence of a cause; in one word, a *pleader:* and that *exorator* signifies him who has gained the cause. The word is undoubtedly used in this latter sense in the prologue to the 'Self-Tormentor:'—Oratorem *voluit esse me*, *non* prologum;—and it seems to be the best and easiest construction in this place also.

[9] *Cæcilius.*] A famous comic poet among the Romans. His chief excellencies are said to have been, the gravity of his style, and the choice of his subjects. The first quality was attributed to him by Horace, Tully, &c. and the last by Varro. *In argumentis Cæcilius poscit palmam, in ethesi Terentius.* "In the choice of subjects Cæcilius demands the preference, in the manners Terence."—Madam Dacier indeed renders *in argumentis*, "in the disposition of his subjects:" but the words will not bear that construction. *Argumentum*, I believe, is uniformly used for the argument itself, never implies the conduct of it—as in the prologue to the 'Andrian;' *non tam dissimili argumento*—"*in argument less different.*"—Besides, the disposition of the subject was the very *art* attributed by the criticks of those days to Terence, and which Horace mentions in the very same line with the gravity of Cæcilius, distinguishing them as the several characteristicks of each writer:

Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte.

See Hurd's notes to the Epistle to Augustus.

[10] *'Tis your's to give these games their proper grace.*] There is great force and eloquence in the actor's affecting a concern for the sacred festivals, which were in danger of being deprived of their chief ornaments, if by too great a severity they discouraged the poets, who undertook to furnish the plays during the celebrity.—Dacier.

[11] *Bought at my expence.*] *Pretio emtas meo.* These words I have rendered literally, though there is a great dis-

pute among commentators concerning them. Donatus, and, after him, Madam Dacier, explains *pretio* by *æstimatione pretii;* importing that Ambivius valued the play, when the Ædiles were to purchase it. Madam Dacier therefore supposes the case to be thus. When the Ædiles had a mind to purchase a copy for the stage, they gave it to the master of the company, to peruse, and set a price upon it. If it failed, the master was bound to return the money to the Magistrates; which made it the interest of the actors to support the piece, as the loss, if it was rejected, fell upon themselves.—This it must be owned is ingenious, but has nothing to support it but conjecture. We are entirely unacquainted with the nature of these transactions between the Ædiles, players, and poet, and therefore cannot pronounce with certainty about them. Besides, I believe it will be hard to find an instance where *pretium* is put for *æstimatio pretii.* I am therefore more inclined to think, that on some occasions the Ædiles, on others the master of the company, bought the play; of which last kind was the purchase of the 'Step-Mother.' But how in either case, if it was not received by the publick, the poet could claim a right to a second sale, as is mentioned in the first prologue, is a matter not easily determined at this distance of time.—Patrick.

Madam Dacier's reasoning on this dark point of theatrical history is certainly inconclusive; not only for want of proof, but because no method of *settling the assize* of plays could be more unworthy the magistrate, more detrimental to authors, or more hurtful to the credit of the stage: for if the actor was to abide by the loss, his interest would incline him to set the very lowest value on the piece.——Taking the whole prologue together, may not one conjecture, that the first time a play was exhibited, it was purchased, as is mentioned in other prologues, by the Ædiles; but if it failed, or, for the sake of gladiators, and rope-dancers, was then refused a hearing, the poet had a right to withdraw his piece without returning the copy-money; and if it was brought on again by the manager, it was at his own hazard and expence? This conjecture explains the passage in the first prologue concerning a second sale, and gives an additional force to every thing urged by Ambivius in the second; in which, supposing the actor to be speaking to the audience concerning a theatrical usage with which they were all familiarly acquainted, the whole obscurity of both the prologues vanishes. We immediately comprehend the manner of his revival of the plays of Cæcilius, and see how essentially his interest is concerned in the

the reception of this of Terence. It gives us also a very high opinion of the penetration and humanity of Ambivius.

From these two prologues, and some passages in Horace, we may collect, that riots, parties, &c. were as common in Rome as in England; and that a first night was terrible, and the town as formidable to Cæcilius, and Terence, as to the puny authors of our days. The high reputation of Ambivius Turpio (the actor who spoke this prologue, and the manager of the company), as well as the esteem which Terence had for him, is evident; and we conceive no unfavourable idea of the town-criticks of those times, who could listen to such a plea urged by the actor, and so candidly acquiesce in all that he said in his own commendation. We have, indeed, an acting-manager in our time, to whom modern authors have as much reason to be partial, as Terence to Ambivius: but though he has helped out many a lame play with a lively prologue, I believe he would hardly venture to make such an address to the publick, as this now before us.

[12] *Imbrus.*] An island near Thrace.

[13] *Retir'd into the country.*] This is very well conducted: for, supposing the old gentleman to have remained in town, the whole perplexity and intricacy of the fable would be prevented.—DONATUS.

[14] *The bride conceiv'd a disgust to Sostrata.*] The explanation of things is very artfully reserved to its proper place; for, in truth, Parmeno is deceived, and Philumena did not withdraw herself from any real disgust to her step-mother, but pretends a pique through shame.—DONATUS.

[15] *There's a stranger here*, &c.] Here Philotis assigns a reason for her never appearing in the rest of the play.—DONATUS.

It were to be wished, for the sake of the credit of our author's acknowledged *art* in the Drama, that Philotis had assigned as good a reason for her appearing at all. Eugraphius justly says, *Ea igitur meretrix, quæ hìc est, longè à fabulâ est constituta.*—"The courtesan in this scene is a "character quite foreign to the fable." Donatus also says much the same thing in his preface, and in his first note on this comedy; but adds, "That Terence chose this method, "rather than to relate the argument by means of a prologue, "or to introduce a god speaking from a machine." I will venture to say that the poet might have taken a much shorter and easier method than either; I mean, to have begun the play

play with the very scene, which now opens the second act. Parmeno's narration must be allowed to be beautiful; but to introduce two characters entirely foreign to the play, merely to hear this story, is almost as inartificial as relating it directly to the audience: but what is still worse, when the tale is all told, the information we receive from it is idle and impertinent, and only serves to forestal incidents, and throw a coldness on the succeeding scenes; for there is not a single circumstance in Parmeno's narration, but what unfolds itself in the course of the play: and whoever begins this comedy at the second act, will take in the whole story as completely, as by beginning at the first.—I may venture therefore to pronounce this act to be redundant, and to assign it as one of the causes of the general complaint of the want of vivacity in the fable of this comedy. A whole act consumed in narration, however necessary, is not artificial: but when that narration is useless and superfluous, it becomes still more inexcusable.

[16] *Laches, Sostrata.*] Donatus remarks, that this scene opens the intention of Terence to oppose the generally-received opinion, and to draw the character of a good step-mother. It would therefore, as has been already observed, have been a very proper scene to begin the play, as it carries us immediately into the midst of things; and we cannot fail to be interested where we see the persons acting, so deeply interested themselves. We gather from it just so much of the story, as is necessary for our information at first setting out: we are told of the abrupt departure of Philumena, and are witnessess of the confusion in the two families of Laches and Phidippus. The absence of Laches, which had been in great measure the occasion of this misunderstanding, is also very artfully mentioned in the altercation between him and Sostrata. The character of Laches is very naturally drawn: he has a good heart, and a testy disposition; and the poor old gentleman is kept in such constant perplexity, that he has perpetual occasion to exert both those qualities.

[17] *Phidippus, tho' I own,* &c.] This expostulation of Laches with Phidippus is a most faithful and elegant copy of nature. His peace of mind being disturbed by the disorders he finds in his family, his ill-humour, like that of most married men, breaks out first upon his wife; but as family-scenes, whether sweet or bitter, are seldom agreeable to a third person, the presence of Phidippus immediately puts an end to their dialogue. But the circumstance which I most admire is, that although Laches had just before thrown the

whole

whole blame on Sostrata, he no sooner sees Phidippus, than he endeavours to exculpate his own family, and to insinuate that the whole fault lies on that of his neighbour.

[18] *See there!*] *Heia vero!* These words, seemingly so easy, have yet puzzled Commentators. Donatus makes them an adverb of interruption. Madam Dacier interprets them as addressed by Phidippus to his daughter, in reference to their conversation within; signifying, 'Did not I tell you 'they would be offended at your absence?' For my part, I take it to be an emotion of surprise mixed with discontent. Phidippus, while he is yet discoursing with his daughter, is suddenly accosted by Laches, and in language too that he did not much like. Upon which he exclaims, *Heia vero!* which words seem to answer pretty nearly to our phrase, *Look ye there now!* a phrase often used on the like occasions.—PATRICK.

[19] *I can tell how deeply*, &c.] Here the poet very artfully prepares a reason to be assigned by Pamphilus for his pretended discontent at the departure of his wife.—DONATUS.

[20] *Ha, Sostrata!*] This is extremely artful. The answer of Philumena, as related by Phidippus, contains an ample vindication of Pamphilus. What then can we suppose could make the house so disagreeable to her in his absence, but the behaviour of Sostrata? She declares her innocence; yet appearances are all against her. Supposing this to be the first act of the play, it would be impossible for a comedy to open in a more interesting manner.

[21] *For when mischance*, &c.] A similar sentiment occurs in Milton's Masque of Comus:

Peace, brother; be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils:
For grant they be so; while they rest unknown;
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion?

[22] *Go, Parmeno, and let them know I'm come.*] It was the custom of those times, for the husband returning from abroad, to send a messenger before, to give his wife notice of his arrival.—DACIER.

[23] *For all our family are odious to them.*] The poet very artfully devises a reason to prevent not only Parmeno, but Sostrata also, from entering the house.—DONATUS.

[24] *Which*

[24] *Which Æsculapius, and thou, Health, forbid!*] She invokes the goddess of Health together with Æsculapius; because in Greece their statues were always placed near each other; so that to offer up prayers to the one and not to the other, would have been held the highest indignity to the power neglected.—Lucian in his Hippis says: και εισιν εν αυτῳ λιθω λευκω της αρχαιας εργασιας, η μεν Υγεια, η δε Ασκληπιος. *'It contains two white marble statues of very ancient workmanship, the one of the goddess of Health, the other of Æsculapius.'*—DACIER.

[25] *But in, good mother.*] The behaviour of Pamphilus in this scene is most faithfully copied from nature. Being shocked with the discovery he has made, he leaves the house in great anguish, which though he wishes to dissemble, he is unable to conceal. He cannot receive his mother as he ought, or give an answer of above two words; and finding himself unfit for conversation or company, he finds means to remove Sostrata and Parmeno as soon as possible.—When any unexpected grief takes hold of us, witnesses lay a constraint on our behaviour, and we are apt to wish to be alone, in order to deliver ourselves up entirely to the natural emotions of the mind. There is a very superior instance of the like beauty in 'Othello', in the scene where the Moor is worked up to jealousy by Iago: he first testifies his uneasiness by half-words and short speeches; but soon finding it impossible to smother his disorder much longer, he orders Iago to leave him; upon which he immediately bursts into an agony of passion.

[26] *And it is now the seventh since your union.*] There are many doubts concerning the interpretation of this line in the original; *Tum postquam ad te venit, mensis agitur hic jam septimus.* I have rendered the line by a translation equally equivocal. Some imagine that it means the seventh month from their marriage; and others explain it to be the seventh month from the time that Pamphilus had knowledge of his wife. The words *Postquam ad te venit*, taken simply, seem to countenance the former interpretation; but the nature of the circumstance, as well as the lines immediately preceding, together with what Phidippus says in the next act, all favour the latter.

It is necessary to the understanding the fable of this comedy, that the English reader should know that the Græcians had a power of putting away their wives on refunding the portion.

There

There are several circumstances in the plot of this play rather irreconcileable to modern ideas of delicacy; but as they have in them no moral turpitude, they gave no offence to the antients. There are no less than three of the six plays of Terence, in which we have a lady in the straw, and in two we absolutely hear her cry out. The moderns, on the contrary, have chosen, as subjects of ridicule, things which the antients would have considered with horror. Adultery has been looked upon by Wycherley, Congreve, and Vanburgh, as a very good joke, and an inexhaustible fund of humour and pleasantry; and "our English writers," as Addison observes, "are as frequently severe upon that innocent unhappy creature, commonly known by the name of *a cuckold*, as the antient comic writers were upon an eating-parasite, or a vainglorious soldier."

[27] *That my poor girl unworthily sustain'd.*] It is rather extraordinary that Myrrhina's account of the injury done to her daughter should not put Pamphilus in mind of his own adventure, which comes out in the fifth act. It is certain, that, had the poet let the audience into that secret in this place, they would have immediately concluded that the wife of Pamphilus, and the lady whom he had ravished, were one and the same person.

[28] *To him alone, I formerly reveal'd, that,* &c.] I cannot help thinking this circumstance a more than ordinary oversight in so correct a writer as Terence. By entrusting the inquisitive and babbling Parmeno with his secret, he certainly appears to acquaint him with more of the real truth, than it was even his own intention to have him supposed to know. In the last scene of the play, Pamphilus conceals from him the discovery concerning Philumena; but that she had retired home, merely for the purpose of lying-in, is a fact which would not be in his power to conceal. In regard to Laches, Phidippus, and Sostrata, this fact indeed is of no consequence: but Parmeno, who had been entrusted with the secret of his master's abstinence, must either conclude the child to be no son of Pamphilus, and consider his master as a contented cuckold, or guess at the real state of the case. Either way, the intention of the poet is defeated; and what is still worse than even Parmeno's being acquainted with it himself, we know that he had communicated it to a couple of courtesans; so that this mystery is indeed likely to be what the French call *le secret de la comédie*, though not in the sense that Terence himself proposed.

[29] *Until*

[29] *Until Philumena's deliver'd.*] It is observed by the Rev. Mr. Joseph Warton, in his judicious critical papers in the *Adventurer*, that "Terence superabounds in soliloquies; and that nothing can be more inartificial, or improper, than the manner in which he hath introduced them:" and we may add to this observation, that there is no play of Terence, in which he has so much transgressed that way, as in the 'Step-Mother.' The present long soliloquy is a most flagrant instance of want of art and propriety. There are in it many affecting touches, and it informs us, at a proper period, of a very important part of the fable; though Mons. Diderot thinks that the return of Pamphilus would have been infinitely more interesting, if this discovery had been made before. The same ingenious French writer lays it down as a rule without exception, that "a soliloquy is an interval of repose in the action, and of agitation in the character." This rule, I believe, ought to be most commonly observed in writing soliloquies: but the fact is directly opposite in the soliloquy now before us. The plot proceeds; and the action is carried on by the worst method possible, that of converting one of the personages into a kind of chorus, interpreting between the poet and audience, like Hamlet to Ophelia. The agitation of Pamphilus also is very different from that of Othello, referred to in a former note: it does not consist, as it ought in nature to have done, merely of deliberation and passion; but he enters into a minute detail, and repeats methodically every circumstance supposed to have passed within. How much more dramatic would it have been to have had his bitter reflections interrupted by the intervention of Myrrhina; which would have given the poet an opportunity of throwing that narrative part of the soliloquy into an affecting scene? I cannot help thinking that the tedious length of this ill-timed soliloquy, together with the want of vivacity in the first and last acts, was the chief reason of the low reputation of this piece among the criticks of antiquity.

[30] *The Citadel.*] This, no doubt, is to be understood, as Madam Dacier supposes, of the fort, or citadel, that defended the Piræum. It was at a considerable distance from the city, and therefore better suited to the design of Pamphilus, which was to keep Parmeno for some time at a distance.—PATRICK.

[31] *That he had made a vow*, &c.] This is a facetious allusion

allusion to the custom among the antients, of persons, engaged in a dangerous voyage, vowing to perform particular acts in case they came home in safety.—Donatus.

[32] *My parents*, &c.] This reflection seems to be rather improper in this place: for the discovery of Philumena's labour betrayed to Pamphilus the real motive of her departure; after which discovery, his anxiety proceeds entirely from the supposed injury offered him, and his filial piety is from that period made use of merely as a pretence.

[33] *And have you brought*, &c.] *Tum tu igitur nihil attulisti hâc plus unâ sententiâ.* This is taken notice of by Donatus as a particular happy stroke of character: and indeed the idea of a covetous old man gaping for a fat legacy, and having his mouth stopped with a moral precept, is truly comic.—See Hurd's Horace, vol. i. p. 272.

[34] *And vent my spleen and anger upon her.*] There are few scenes of comedy more truly humourous than the situation and behaviour of the two old gentlemen at the conclusion of this act. The natural but uncommon conduct of Pamphilus; its effect on Phidippus; *his* treatment of Laches and abrupt departure; and then, again, the emotions of Laches on the usage he had experienced from his son and his neighbour; are all very pleasant, and must produce an admirable effect in the representation.

[35] *Soon as my wife perceiv'd*, &c.] *Uxor ubi me ad filiam ire sensit, se duxit foràs.* Madam Dacier joins this scene to the third act, and assigns this verse as her reason for it. I have chosen rather to follow the old division, which seems to me to be the right. This scene brings on a new part of the plot; which occupies the rest of this fourth act. The continuity of the scenes being broken at the departure of Myrrhina, proves nothing, or too much: for Terence often takes that liberty in the middle of an act, and the scene is certainly left vacant by Laches. Besides, Myrrhina does not, as Madam Dacier asserts, leave the house immediately on the entrance of Phidippus, in order to avoid him; but is frightened out of doors by his running to Philumena's chamber on hearing the cries of the child. This, it is most natural to suppose, happened some time after he had returned home; and all these circumstances are with much greater propriety made to fill the interval between the two acts, than huddled into the compass of six lines. Terence, indeed, sometimes

sometimes runs into that very absurdity; but I think we need not industriously force him out of his way on purpose to make him guilty of it.

[36] *A ring from off her finger.*] This is a preparation for the catastrophe; for the ring produces the discovery.—DONATUS.

This preparation being made by a soliloquy, which tells the circumstance directly to the audience, is not so artful as might be expected from Terence.

[37] *That no one may regret my lengthen'd life*, &c.] This idea of the long life of a step-mother being odious to her family, is applied in a very beautiful and uncommon manner, by Shakspeare:

Now, fair Hippolita, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks how slow
This old moon wanes! She lingers my desires,
Like to a *step-dame*, or a *dowager*,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.
Midsummer Night's Dream.

[38] *Here, 'altho' undeservedly, I see*, &c.] Though Sostrata industriously endeavours to stifle her resentment, yet, in spite of herself, some little indignation, arising from a sense of the ill usage she received, will mix in what she says; which the poet has purposely thrown into her discourse, in order to paint the manners, and express character.—DONATUS.

[39] *And let it be!*] *Fors fuat pol!* Madam Dacier refines prodigiously on these three words, and supposing great difficulty in them, explains them by a very long periphrasis. Donatus seems to consider them as mere words of assent, agreeable to the mild character of Sostrata; and if I might venture to correct a French translation, I would say that Madam Dacier might have rendered them more properly by the common expression of *A la bonne heure!*

[40] *The old man and old woman.*] *Odiosa hæc est ætas adolescentulis. E medio æquum excedere est. Postremò, jam nos fabulæ sumus, Pamphile, senex atque anus.* There is nothing, I suppose, in these words, which provokes a smile: yet the *humour* is strong. In his solicitude to promote his son's satisfaction, he lets fall a sentiment truly characteristic, and which old men usually take great pains to conceal; I mean the acknowledgment of *that suspicious fear*

fear of contempt, which is natural to old-age. So true a picture of life in the representation of this *weakness*, might, in other circumstances, have created *pleasantry;* but the *occasion*, which forced it from him, discovering, at the same time, the *amiable disposition* of the speaker, covers the ridicule of it, or more properly converts it into an object of *esteem.*—HURD's *Dissertation on the several Provinces of the Drama.*

I cannot help thinking that the latter part of this ingenious remark is rather too refined. If the *characteristic humour* of the passage be strong, the ridicule seems rather intended to be heightened by the comic turn of expression. The complexions of men are so different, and the muscles of some are so much more easily relaxed into a smile than those of others, that it is difficult to pronounce exactly in what degree such a sober piece of pleasantry would act upon them. But there are many instances of passages of true humour, which do not immediately raise a laugh, or even provoke a smile; and it is sufficient if they are conceived in the same vein of pleasantry, that runs through the rest of the work. The stroke of character before us seems to me to be just in the same style with that which this critick takes notice of in the third act, and of which he says, "that it is an observation drawn naturally "and forcibly from Laches;—and this too without *design;* "which is important, and shews the distinction of what, in "the more restrained sense of the word, we call *humour*, "from other modes of *pleasantry.*"

[41] *How explain?*] *Quo pacto hoc aperiam?* This is the common reading, which Bentley and Madam Dacier convert to *operiam; how shall I* HIDE *it?* I see no occasion for any alteration. Pamphilus did not mean to divulge the secret; but, in his present embarrassment, he might easily be perplexed how to assign plausible reasons for his way of acting.

[42] *Take the child.*] According to law, the male children always followed the father.—DONATUS.

[43] *When his own father abandons him, I educate him?*] *Quem ipse neglexit pater, ego alam?* Donatus on this passage takes notice of a reading, which entirely changes the sense: *Quem* ipsa *neglexit, pater;* where we have *ipsa* for *ipse*, and *pater* is a vocative. 'Shall I, father, take care of 'a child, whom the mother herself has abandoned?' But the other reading is certainly the best. It is full of passion, and is strongly descriptive of the situation of Pamphilus. There is indeed an objection that may be offered, from a supposition, that

that this were betraying Philumena. But we are to imagine it a start of passion, and that Laches, totally ignorant of that secret, catches at the last words, *ego alam?* 'I educate 'him?' which the actor might deliver with greater energy than the preceding.—PATRICK.

[44] *But would you have me present*, &c.] Phidippus utters these words with an air of disinclination to be present at this conference; and the characters are well sustained in this instance: for it would not become him to discourse coolly with a courtesan, whom he supposed to be the seducer of Pamphilus from his daughter, although he might very properly advise such a conversation, as conducive to the peace of both families.—DONATUS.

[45] *Since he was married.*] *Me segregatum habuisse, uxorem ut duxit, à me Pamphilum.* How shall we reconcile this solemn protestation of Bacchis to a passage in the first act?

Ph. *Quid intereà! ibatne ad Bacchidem?*
Par. *Cotidiè.*
Phi. But tell me; Went he meanwhile to Bacchis?
Par. Every day.

Are we to suppose that Bacchis, who behaves so candidly in every other instance, wantonly perjures herself in this? or that the poet, by a kind of infatuation strangely attending him in this comedy, flatly contradicts himself?

[46] *What others of my calling would avoid.*] Terence, by his uncommon art, has attempted many innovations with great success. In this comedy he introduces, contrary to received prejudices, a good step-mother, and an honest courtesan; but at the same time he so carefully assigns their motives of action, that by him alone every thing seems reconcileable to truth and nature; for this is just the opposite of what he mentions in another place, as the common privilege of all poets, "to paint good matrons, and wicked cour-"tesans."—DONATUS.

[47] *Go in; remove their doubts*, &c.] It is not unlikely that the method of bringing about the discovery by means of Bacchis going into the family, gave Sir Richard Steele the hint of sending Sealand to Indiana's lodgings for the same purpose. When we are professedly imitating one part of an author, we naturally enough make use of other passages in his works; and what inclines me the more to this conjecture, is, that Steele makes exactly the same use of the bracelet, that Terence does

of

of the ring, though the presence of Isabella rendered it not so necessary. Such an inconsistency might very possibly proceed from imitation.

[48] *Laches alone.*] This soliloquy seems to be rather idle and unnecessary: but it is but justice to observe of this act in general, that the perplexity of the fable is very artfully increased, and that the incidents tending to the catastrophe are well contrived and most naturally introduced.

[49] *Run quick*, &c.] Parmeno is drawn as of a lazy and inquisitive character. Terence therefore humourously contrives to keep him in continual employment and total ignorance.—DONATUS.

[50] *Bacchis alone.*] The rest of the argument is told in soliloquy.—DONATUS.

So much the worse.

[51] *Prithee, my dearest Pamphilus*, &c.] Terence studies brevity: for, in the Greek, these things are acted, not related.—DONATUS.

This is so curious a piece of information, communicated by Donatus, that I am surprized that no former editors or translators have taken notice of it. If it means, that in the Greek the circumstances of the catastrophe were thrown into action, Terence may indeed have studied brevity, but he has not much consulted the entertainment of his audience. And that this is the meaning of this passage in Donatus, I think is plain: for the conversation, of which Bacchis here speaks, must have taken place before the opening of the play; so that it can hardly be supposed to have been introduced as a scene in the original Greek: besides, the note of Donatus immediately preceding seems to confirm this interpretation, as well as what he says soon after; *Conclusit narrationem fabulæ, more suo: ne hæc in futuro actu expectaremus.* 'He has here 'concluded the story of the fable, after his usual manner: 'that we may not expect these things to come out in a future 'act.'

[52] *I told all this story: Whence 'twas discover'd*, &c.] It is not sufficient, O thou writer of Comedy, to have said in your plan; 'I will introduce a young man but weakly at-'tached to a courtesan; he shall quit her; shall marry, 'and be fond of his wife; the wife shall be amiable, and her 'husband promise himself a happy life with her: moreover, 'he shall lie by her for two months without touching her, 'and yet she shall prove with child. I must have a good

'step-mother,

'step-mother, and a courtesan of sentiment. I cannot do 'without a rape; and I will suppose it to be committed in 'the street by a young man drunk.'—Very well: Courage! Go on; huddle strange circumstances one upon another; with all my heart: your fable will be wonderful, I allow: but do not forget, that you must redeem all this *marvellous* in your plot by a multitude of common incidents that atone for it, and give it an air of probability.—DIDEROT.

The above extract from Mons. Diderot's Essay on Dramatick Poetry is a very elegant compliment to the genius of our poet, and the art displayed in the play before us. The outline of the fable is undoubtedly beautiful; but on the whole, I cannot think that outline so well filled as might be expected from the master-hand of Terence. There are many circumstances happily contrived to create an agreeable perplexity; but in other parts of the piece there prevails an uncommon coldness and want of spirit. The same ingenious French critick has a very fine passage in the Essay above mentioned:—"Although (says he) the quickness of the movement varies "according to the different species of the drama; yet the "action always proceeds: it does not stop even between the "acts: it is a mass loosened from the top of a rock; its "velocity increases in proportion to its descent; and it "bounds from place to place, according to the obstacles "which it meets with in its way."——According to this comparison, which is, I think, as just as it is beautiful, what shall we say to the first act of this comedy? Instead of a mass falling from a rock, it seems an unwieldy mass, which can with difficulty be heaved from the ground: or, to change the allusion, the poet treats his fable, as the Savoyards do a clock-work figure, which they are obliged to wind up, before they can set it in motion. And then, of what does the last act consist? All the materials, which should compose it, are exhausted in the interval supposed to pass between that act and the fourth; a fault, which dramatic writers, of inferior genius to Terence, are very apt to fall into. But surely there cannot be an error more fatal to the catastrophe of a piece: nor any fault more fatal to the piece, than an inanimate catastrophe: "for if (as continues Mons. Diderot) the above "comparison be just; if it be true that there will be so much "less of discourse as there is more of action, there ought to "be more dialogue than incident in the former acts, and "more incident than dialogue in the latter."

[53] *As in a Comedy.*] Terence here with reason endeavours

vours to make the most of a circumstance peculiar to his play. In other comedies, every body, actors as well as spectators, are at last equally acquainted with the whole intrigue and catastrophe; and it would even be a defect in the plot, were there any obscurity remaining. But Terence, like a true genius, makes himself superior to rules, and adds new beauties to his piece by forsaking them. His reasons for concealing from part of the personages of the drama the principal incident of the plot, are so plausible and natural, that he could not have followed the beaten track without offending against manners and decency. This bold and uncommon turn is one of the chief graces of the play.—DACIER.

See the Notes to the third act of this Comedy.

54 *Clap your hands.*] Terence had recourse to the expedient of *double plots*. And this, I suppose, is what gained him the reputation of being the most *artificial* writer for the Stage. The 'Hecyra' [The Step-Mother] is the only one of his comedies, of the true antient cast. And we know how it came off in the representation. That ill success and the simplicity of its conduct have continued to draw upon it the same unfavourable treatment from the criticks, to this day; who constantly speak of it, as much inferior to the rest: whereas, for the genuine beauty of dramatic design, and the observance, after the antient Greek manner, of the nice dependency and coherence of the *fable*, throughout, it is, indisputably, to every reader of true taste, the most masterly and exquisite of the whole collection.—HURD's *Notes on the Epistle to Augustus.*

Though I would not attempt to justify the town-criticks of the days of Terence, who passed a sentence of absolute condemnation on this comedy, yet I cannot think that it failed merely for want of duplicity of intrigue; nor that the criticks of Horace's time esteemed Terence the most *artificial* writer for the stage, only because he combined two stories into one. May we not, at this day, speak of the *uncommon art* of Terence in the preparation of his incidents, and conduct of his fable, without being supposed to imply a particular commendation of his *double plots?* and may we not allow the beauty of design in writing on a *single plot*, and yet at the same time discover so many capital defects in the conduct of a particular piece, as may reduce it to a much lower standard of merit than that of other comedies constructed on a less correct model? *Tous les genres* (says Voltaire) *sont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux.* For my part, I had much rather

rather see or read the comedy of the 'Provoked Husband,' which so flagrantly transgresses the unity of action, that it is almost two plays in one, than the cold production of any affected lover of simplicity, who, on the sole merit of a *single plot*, tells a dull story in a dull manner, without any interest of incident, strength of character, or vivacity of dialogue. It is not the insertion of an episode that will enliven the fable; but the just delineation of character and proper conduct of the plot, simple or complicated, that gives it spirit. Voltaire justly observes, in his Letters on our nation, that the love-episode in Addison's 'Cato' throws a languor on the whole piece. The theatre affords a constant evidence of the same fact in Tate's alteration of 'King Lear;' and, to instance rather in comedy, the 'Andrian' of our author would be much better without the story of Charinus. Interesting incidents, however, there must be; or insipidity will ensue, unless the attention be diverted from examining the plot, by buffoonery; which is as vicious in the *manners* of comedy, as pantomime changes in the *fable*. Terence, "whose taste "was abhorrent from ribaldry," has, I think, in this play, suffered the *interest* of his piece to languish; and if there be any just observation in the preceding notes, there is a lameness, notwithstanding the simplicity, in the conduct of the fable. The first act, being entirely consumed in narration, is very inartificial, and what is still worse, redundant; the discovery of the main incident is made in the most uninteresting manner, by a long soliloquy in the third act; and the catastrophe itself is managed in the same cold manner, by another long soliloquy; the incidents, that should have filled the fifth act, being injudiciously precluded by what is supposed to pass in the preceding interval.—In point of character also, the 'Step-Mother' has much less merit than the rest of our author's pieces. Laches and Phidippus are far inferior to Simo, Menedemus, Chremes, Micio, Demea, &c.; nor is Pamphilus equal to the Pamphilus in the 'Andrian,' or Phædria, or Æschinus, &c.—This play has by some criticks been coupled with the 'Self-Tormentor' for purity of style and beauty of sentiment. It is not void of those graces, any more than it is wholly destitute of art in the construction of the plot; but surely it possesses them in a much less eminent degree than the 'Self-Tormentor.' Can the narration of Parmeno (not to dwell on its being needless) be compared with that of Menedemus? or with that of Simo in the 'Andrian?' or that of Geta in 'Phormio?'—I have endeavoured to omit no opportunity of taking notice of the beautiful

passages of this play; and I have been more than ordinarily assiduous to point them out, in order to shew, that in the most indifferent productions of a great author, there are many things worthy our attention and imitation. On the whole, however, I am sorry to be obliged to differ once more from the learned and ingenious critick above-cited: and I cannot help thinking it rather singular, that he, who every where maintains, that *character* is the chief object of Comedy, should yet seem to draw conclusions directly opposite to these premises, and not only prefer Terence (whose *artificial* fables rendered him popular) to all other comic dramatists; but also rank the 'Step-Mother,' merely on account of "the nice dependency and coherence of the *fable*," higher in merit than any other of his pieces, confessedly more rich in *character*. I must own that, so far from being able to acquiesce in the opinion, that "it is indisputably, to every "reader of true taste, the most masterly and exquisite of the "whole collection;" I am, in this instance, much rather inclined to say with Volcatius,

Sumetur Hecyra sexta ex iis fabula.

'The last, and least in merit of the six.'

Mons. Diderot, so often mentioned in these notes, has given us two excellent serious comedies, 'Le Fils Naturel,' and 'Le Père de Famille.' In the conduct of the first, if I am not deceived, he seems to have kept his eye on the 'Step-Mother,' and in the second on the 'Brothers:' though I cannot but lament his having disgraced the first of those pieces with reflections, as unjust as illiberal, on the inhumanity of the English nation towards their prisoners of war.

NOTES

TO THE

PHORMIO.

[1] *Acted at the Roman sports.*] Donatus says, "At the Megalesian games:" but he is certainly wrong. For this comedy was played after the 'Eunuch' had been brought on the stage, though in the very same year; it could not consequently be at the same festival on which the 'Eunuch' was played, but some succeeding one. The Megalesian games happened in April, and the Roman sports in the month of September.—DACIER.

[2] *Acted four times.*] FACTA QUARTO. The words *quarto* and *quartum* have afforded matter of much dispute. When Pompey was just about to consecrate the Temple of Victory, a difficulty arose how he should express his third consulship; whether it ought to be *Consul tertio*, or *Consul tertium?* The learned men of Rome were divided in their opinions about it, and even Cicero left the question undecided: for, in order to satisfy all parties, he directed it should be thus abbreviated: '*Consul tert.*'—*Facta quarto* here can mean nothing else but that the Phormio was acted four times in one year, to distinguish its merit; and not, as Donatus interprets, that it was Terence's fourth play in order of composition.—DACIER.

[3] *C. Fannius, and M. Valerius, Consuls.*] That is, in the year of Rome 592, and 159 years before Christ.

[4] *The old bard.*] Luscius Lavinius, the same poet mentioned in former prologues.

[5] *The*

[5] *The characters are low, and mean the style.*] *Tenui esse oratione, & scripturâ levi.* The poet here shews the want of judgment in the censures of the critick, who objects to him as a fault, what ought to be the chief excellence of comic style. It is true indeed that Terence was in this instance held inferior to Menander; and condemned for using less sublime language than his original: from which censure he here endeavours to vindicate himself by saying, that such a raised style rather belonged to the province of tragedy. —Donatus.

The opinion of Donatus on this passage is pretty clear from the above note: yet this line has created much dispute among commentators. The learned author of the Notes on the 'Art of Poetry' almost directly contradicts Donatus, and "says: The sense of this passage is not, as commentators have "idly thought, *that his style was low and trifling*, for this "could never be pretended; but *that his dialogue was* "*insipid, and his characters, and in general his whole* "*composition*, WITHOUT THAT COMIC HEIGHTENING, *which* "*their vitiated tastes required.*" Whoever consults the whole context, I think, must accede to the interpretation of Donatus, rather than that of the annotator upon Horace. The objection of Lavinius to the plays of Terence was not, *that they were without that comic heightening*, &c.; but, that the poet did not aspire to the tragic sublime. The next line puts it beyond doubt; *Because he ne'er described*, &c. All which circumstances, says Donatus, are tragical, and would be vicious in comedy.

In a note to the prologue to the 'Andrian', on the lines—

Non ita dissimili sunt argumento, sed tamen
Dissimili oratione sunt factæ, ac stilo.—

Donatus gives this explanation: "Orationem *in sententiis* "*dicunt esse*, stilum *in verbis*, argumentum in *rebus.*"— '*Oratio* refers to the sentiments, *stilus* to the diction, and '*argumentum* to the plot.' Agreeably to this interpretation, I rendered that passage—

— — — — In argument
Less different, than in sentiment, and stile.

But here the instance immediately subjoined, seeming to point out the word *oratione* as referring to character, as *scriptura* relates to the language, I have translated the verse according to that idea.

[6] *A mad-brain'd youth.*] This verse illustrates the foregoing; for here the poet gives us a specimen of his rival's genius and taste. He was fond of introducing characters extravagant,

travagant, unnatural, and overstrained: hence the language must be of a piece, impetuous, turbulent, full of rant and affectation. No wonder, therefore, if he could not relish the compositions of our poet, whose characters are drawn from nature, and the language suitably artless and simple.—PATRICK.

[7] *Epidicazomenos.*] A Greek word (Επιδικαζομενος) signifying a person who demands justice of another; meaning Phormio, who is the plaintiff in the lawsuit, which is the ground of the intrigue in this pleasant comedy.

[8] *The same ill fortune now*, &c.] Alluding, as is in general supposed, to the disturbances on the first attempts to represent the 'Step-Mother.'

[9] *Davus alone.*] Terence here follows the same method, that he pursues in some other of his comedies, of introducing a protatic personage, that is, a character foreign to the fable; that, while the story is opened to him, the audience may be informed of as much as is necessary for them to know. But although this scene is introduced merely for the instruction of the spectator, yet the poet has contrived to season it with a great deal of wit and humour; and indeed that is the highest pitch of dramatic art, to seem to intend nothing but the amusement of the spectator, and to follow the natural course of the plot, while you are actually endeavouring to prepare them for the incidents that are to follow.—DONATUS.

I have already more than once delivered my opinion concerning the protatic personage. The scene before us is indeed most exquisitely beautiful, and so admirable a model of narration, that it gives one pain to make the slightest objection to it. But I cannot help thinking that the 'Trinummus' of Plautus, a comedy which has some similarity to this of our author, is opened with more art and vivacity. Davus is rather idly introduced, brings money to no end, and hears the story to no purpose. In the 'Andrian,' Simo has some sort of excuse for opening the mystery of his conduct to Sosia, as he belongs to the family, and it was proposed to make use of his assistance. But Davus has so very little relation to the parties concerned, that we do not know whose servant he is; nor does he take any part in the succeeding events. In the 'Trinummus,' on the contrary, an old gentleman, who thinks the conduct of his friend reprehensible, comes to chide him for his behaviour; and the person accused, in his own vindication, explains himself at once to his angry monitor and to the spectators. This character also

also is not merely introduced as a protatic personage, but acts afterwards in concert with his friend.

[10] *Geta, my worthy friend, and countryman.*] *Amicus summus meus & popularis Geta.—Popularis* properly signifies one of the same town; and though not born in it, a person who has been registered with the inhabitants. The very names Davus and Geta plainly prove they could not be *countrymen* in the strict sense and meaning of that word.—DACIER.

[11] *What he scarce, ounce by ounce,* &c.] *Quod ille unciatim,* &c. These verses are extremely fine and elaborate, and make an exact climax, almost every word, as Donatus has observed, having a considerable emphasis and energy; the touches are strong, forcible, and natural.——The images of poverty and distress are greatly heightened by the contrast which immediately follows.---DACIER.

[12] *From short allowance.*] *E demenso suo.—Demensum* was a measure of corn, containing, as is commonly supposed, four bushels, which was delivered out to the slaves monthly, as their allowance.—DONATUS.

[13] *Shall be* STRUCK *for more.*] FERIETUR *alio munere.* Here the familiar Latin phrase exactly answers to the English one.

[14] *And they initiate him.*] Alluding to the custom of initiation among the antients, of which there were several kinds. Madam Dacier supposes it to signify their being initiated in the grand mysteries of Ceres, which was commonly done, while they were yet very young.—PATRICK.

[15] *My angry genius for my sins ordain'd it.*] The antients had a persuasion, that each man had a genius or guardian deity; and that when he fell into any misfortune, or was guilty of any crime, it was because his genius had abandoned him.—PATRICK.

[16] *To kick against the pricks.*] *Adversùm stimulum calces.* To kick against the pricks.—Originally an old Greek proverb, Προς τα κεντρα λακτιζειν'—προς κεντρα κωλον εκτεινειν.——So our SAVIOUR, (Acts, chap. ix. ver. 5,) *It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.*—WESTERHOVIUS.

[17] *Made your market.*] *Scisti uti foro.* An allusion to merchants, who fix the price of commodities in proportion to the demand there is for them.—DONATUS.

[18] *To*

[18] *To lead her out to school.*] Musick-schools, where the slave-merchants sent their girls to attain accomplishments, which might enhance their price.—Cooke.

[19] *A barber's shop.*] Barbers' shops in Athens and Rome were places of public resort for conversation; much of the nature of our coffee-houses.—Patrick.

[20] *Came a young man in tears.*] In Apollodorus, this young man is no other than the Barber himself, who was just returned from cutting off the young woman's hair; which was one of the usual ceremonies of mourning among the Greeks. This circumstance Terence has judiciously altered, that he might not shock the Roman spectators with manners so very foreign to their own.—Donatus.

[21] *Lamenting her dead mother.*] The poet has managed this part of the narration with so much address, that we are not so much affected at the death of the mother, as at the distress of the beautiful virgin; especially as we find in the catastrophe that the death of this woman gives the poet a better opportunity of establishing the general happiness.—Donatus.

[22] *Gentleman-usher to the Musick-girl.*] *Quid pædagogus ille.* The servants who attended children to and from school were by the Greeks called *pedagogues.* Socrates was satirically called the pedagogue of Alcibiades: and Davus humourously applies this name to Phædria, who, as Geta had told him, attended the girl to and from the musick-school.—Dacier.

[23] *And give it Dorcium.*] *Da hoc Dorcio.—Dorcio*, from Dorcium, the name of a woman, as Planesium, Glycerium.—Donatus.

[24] *Defend myself? Impossible!*] *Purgem me? Laterem lavem.—Laterem lavare*, 'to wash a brick,' was a proverb, signifying to labour in vain.

[25] *Wherefore ev'ry man*, &c.] *Quamobrem omnes*, &c. This passage is quoted by Tully in the third book of his Tusculan Questions; and the maxim contained in these lines was a favourite principle among the Stoicks. But I cannot help thinking that the introduction of it in this place has commonly been considered too seriously; and I have scarce any doubt but that Terence intended it as a stroke of character. Commentators, in general, are never so happy as when they light upon a sentence in a classic author, which they can extol as a lesson of sound morality: but in dramatic

tic writings we are not merely to confine ourselves to the consideration of what is said, but who says it. Donatus, in his preface to this play, says, "that it is founded on pas-" sions almost too high for comedy; but that the poet con-" trives to temper every circumstance by his art." In the present instance, the old gentleman is indeed in a violent passion, but his anger is so managed throughout the scene, that it becomes truly comic. And Donatus very aptly refers us to a similar passage in the 'Brothers', where Demea in like manner delivers moral precepts, which are in the like manner turned to ridicule, and archly parodied by the impudent slave.

[26] *Give her, according to the law, a portion?*] By this proposal Terence artfully prepares us for the interposition of Phormio, who extorts money from the old gentleman on this very foundation.—Donatus.

[27] *Who would advance him money in your life?*] Alexander ab Alexandro, Genial. Dier. L. 1. takes notice of an antient decree of Senate, derived to the Romans from a law of Solon, in which, in order to provide against young men borrowing money during the life of their fathers, it was ordained, that in case of non-payment, the lender should have no remedy at law. In such cases the security was made void by this decree; lest the sons of rich men, being involved in debt, should be tempted to extricate themselves by dishonourable means, or even to hasten the death of a parent.—Westerhovius. Patrick.

[28] *The girl's patron.*] *Istum patronum mulieris.* They who undertook to carry on a law-suit for another were called *patroni*, patrons.

[29] *I'll home, and thank the gods for my return.*] It was the custom for those returning from a voyage or journey, to give thanks in a formal manner to the gods, even before they saw their wives or friends. And every citizen had at home household gods (usually called *penates*, *domestici*, or *lares*) which he and his family worshipped in private, and considered as the particular guardians of the family.—Westerhovius.

[30] *And Antipho, you say,* &c.] It is said that this play being once rehearsed before Terence and some of his most intimate acquaintance, Ambivius, who acted the part of Phormio, came in drunk; which threw the author into a violent passion: but Ambivius had scarcely repeated a few lines, stammering,

stammering, and scratching his head, before Terence became pacified; declaring that when he was writing those very lines, he absolutely had such a parasite, as Ambivius then represented, in his thoughts.—Donatus.

[31] *Turn'd upon me*] In this scene Terence exhibits the lowest order of para-ites, who ingratiated themselves by sharping and roguery; as, in the 'Eunuch', he describes the parasites of a higher rank, and of a newer species, who obtained their ends by flattery.—Donatus.

[32] *End in the stocks at last.*] *In nervum erumpat denique.* Several interpretations are given of these words. By some, *in nervum erumpere* is supposed to allude to the drawing of a bow till the string break: but the phrase is most generally supposed in this place to imply some corporal punishment inflicted on malefactors. *Quia sæpè* in nervum conjiciebantur, *ex aliquo maleficio in carcerem missi*, says Donatus. Westerhovius explains this passage thus: *Est autem* nervus *vinculi lignei genus, in quod pedes conjecti arctantur;* which is a pretty exact description of the stocks.

[33] *They'll seize my person.*] *Ducent damnatum domum.* Literally, '*they will lead me condemned home:*' For, as Donatus observes on this passage, insolvent debtors were by the law made over as slaves to their creditors.

[34] *You at free cost*, &c.] This passage is not taken from Apollodorus, but from the sixth book of the Satires of Ennius.

Quippe sine curâ, lætus, lautus, cum advenis,
Infertis malis, expedito brachio.
Alacer, celsus, lupino expectans impetu,
Mox dum alterius abligurias bona: quid
Censes dominis esse animi? proh divûm fides!
Ille tristis cibum dum servat, tu ridens voras.

Gay, void of care, anointed when you come,
With smacking jaw, and arm prepar'd to carve,
Keen, eager, and impatient as the wolf,
Expecting every moment to fall on,
And gorge yourself at his expence; what, think you,
Possesses then the mas'er's mind? Good heaven!
He sits, and with a melancholy air
Broods o'er the feast, which laughing you devour.
Donatus.

[35] *A doubtful banquet.*] *Cœna dubia.* Phormio explains

plains this expression himself. Horace, who takes frequent opportunities of imitating our author, has adopted this phrase.

[36] *Ah! because she's left in want*, &c.] This sentiment occurs among the fragments of the 'Brothers' of Menander.

——— ——— Εργον ευρειν συγγενη
Πενητος εστιν, ουδεις γαρ ομολογει
Αυλῳ προσηκειν τον βοηθειας τινος
Δεομενον· αιτεισθαι γαρ ἁμα τι προσδοκα.

'Tis hard for those in want to find their kindred;
For no one will acknowledge his relation
To the unhappy wretch that wants assistance:
Fearing assistance will be soon requir'd.

In the sequel of this scene, Phormio enlarges on this thought in his altercation with Demipho.

——— ——— But if, poor man,
Stilpho had left behind him an estate; &c.

[37] *I've forgot the name.*] In the 'Trinummus' of Plautus, where a sharper is employed, like Phormio, to carry on an imposture, he in like manner forgets the name of the person from whom he pretends to come; and what renders the circumstance still more pleasant is, that he happens to be engaged in conversation with the very person himself. The 'Trinummus', taken all together, is, I think, inferior to this play of our author; but there are in it some scenes of uncommon pleasantry.

[38] *Because you're lord alone.*] *Quandoquidem solus regnas.* An invidious sneer; because in Athens, where the people were tenacious of liberty and the laws, arbitrary acts were particularly odious. Thus Sannio, in the 'Brothers'; *Regnumne, Æschine, hîc tu possides?* "Do you reign king here, Æschinus?"—DONATUS.

[39] *I'm more uncertain now than I was before.*] I believe there is no scene in comedy more highly seasoned with the *ridiculous* than this before us. The idea is truly comic, and it is worked up with all that simplicity and chastity, so peculiar to the manner of Terence. An ordinary writer would have indulged himself in twenty little conceits on this occasion; but the dry gravity of Terence infinitely surpasses, as true humour, all the drolleries, which perhaps even those great masters of comedy, Plautus or Moliere, might have been tempted to throw out. It is the highest art of a dramatic author on some occasions to leave a good deal to the actor: it has been remarked by Heinsius and others, that Terence

Terence was particularly attentive to this circumstance; and Donatus, in his preface to this comedy, says, that it is *tota diverbiis facetissimis, & gestum desiderantibus scenicum.*

[40] *But here he comes in time.*] *Sed eccum ipsum video in tempore huc se recipere.* Here, in all the common books, ends the second act; and the scenes that make up the residue of it here, in them compose the third. Madam Dacier saw the absurdity, but follows the old division, arbitrarily omitting the above line, in order to break the palpable continuity of the scenes; and make the stage appear to be vacant. But the line in question is in all the copies; nor is it likely that in so busy a play, the author would have devoted a whole act to the episode of Phædria and his Musick-girl.

The division of the acts in this play is so extremely confused in all the books I have seen, that I have varied from them all. I have endeavoured to find out the natural rests or pauses in the action, and to divide the acts in such a manner, as to assign a particular business to each. See note 62.

[41] *From his old school.*] *Ab suâ palæstrâ.—Palæstra* was properly the school of gymnastic exercises for the Græcian youth. Geta therefore, in allusion to that, pleasantly calls the procurer's house the *palæstra* of Phædria, much in the same vein of humour that he used in talking of him at the opening of the play.

[42] *This pimp, I fear, will work himself no good.*] *Metuo lenonem, nequid suo suat capiti.* This passage has much puzzled the commentators. I have followed Madam Dacier, though I do not think that her interpretation of the passage, or any other comment that I have seen, makes very good sense of it.

[43] *I have a wolf by the ears.*] *Auribus teneo lupum.* A proverb; the meaning of which is explained in the next line.

[44] *Let's to him quickly then!*] After this, in some books, is inserted a speech of Phædria; *Abi dic, præstò ut sit domì:* 'Go, tell him to be at home.' But it confounds the sense in this place, and it is plain that Phædria and Geta go out together.

[45] *But shake myself,* &c.] *Ut me excutiam.* Alluding to the manners of the Greek and Eastern nations, who always shook their clothes at the doors of the houses, that they abandoned.—Dacier.

[46] *A great-talent.*] *Talentum magnum.* Among the antient writers we meet sometimes with the word *talent* simply; sometimes it is called *a great talent;* and sometimes an *Attic talent;* which all import the same, when to be understood of Grecian money.—PATRICK.

[47] *Let him bring ten thousand writers,* &c.] *Sexcentas scribito jam mihi dicas.* Donatus observes on this passage, that *six-hundred* was used by the Romans for an indefinite number, as *ten-thousand* was among the Greeks; wherefore Terence, according to the different genius of the two languages, renders the μυριας of Apollodorus by *sexcentas.* I have in the like manner rendered the *sexcentas* of Terence by *ten-thousand,* as being most agreeable to the English idiom, as well as the Greek.

[48] *Commit it to this fellow.*] *Huic mandes quod quidem rectè curatum velis.* In some editions and manuscripts we read, instead of this verse, *Huic mandes, qui te ad scopulum è tranquillo inferat.* But the most judicious criticks have rejected it as spurious.—PATRICK.

[49] *I'm thinking where I shall find,* &c.] This is intended as a transition to the next scene; but I think it would have been better if it had followed without this kind of introduction. The scene itself is admirable, and is in many places both affecting and comic, and the discovery of the real character of Phanium is made at a very proper time.

[50] *My daughter's nurse.*] Among the antients, the nurses, after having brought up children of their own sex, never quitted them; which is the reason that, in their plays, nurses are most generally chosen for confidantes.—ROUSSEAU'S EMILE.

[51] *Shoot not beyond the mark.*] *Ita fugias ne præter casam.* Literally, 'Fly so, as not to pass the house.' Commentators have been pleased to consider this as the most difficult passage in any part of our author's works. But the occasion on which the proverb is here used, and the whole tenor of Demipho's speech, make the import of it impossible to be mistaken: Donatus long ago properly explained it; *Queritur senex se, dum avari infamiam fugeret, in stulti reprehensionem incidisse.*—'The old man complains, that 'while he was endeavouring to avoid the charge of being a 'miser, he had laid himself open to the imputation of being 'a fool.'

[52] *You've only chang'd hands, Geta.*] *Versurâ solvere,* to change one creditor for another.—DONATUS.

[53] *You're*

[53] *You're quite beset.*] *Plagæ crescunt.—Plagæ* is generally understood here to signify *blows:* but as Geta is full of metaphors in this speech, I am apt to think the words mean, 'the snares increase;' which agrees better with the following clause, *nisi prospicis;* and is a sense in which the plural of *plaga* is often used.

[54] *Conference with Nausistrata.*] *Ejus orationem.—Ejus* here is not to be understood of Phormio, but Nausistrata: and perhaps Terence wrote *hujus.*—DACIER.

[55] *As with your cash,* &c.] Alluding to the money borrowed of her to pay Phormio; and, as Donatus observes in another place, it is admirably contrived, in order to bring about a humourous catastrophe, that Chremes should make use of his wife's money on this occasion.

[56] *Exit Nausistrata.*] The perplexed situation of the characters in the above scene is truly comic.

[57] *O Fortune, O best Fortune,* &c.] *O Fortuna! O Fors Fortuna!—Fortuna* signified simply chance; but *Fors Fortuna* meant Good Fortune; and there was a temple to this goddess near the Tiber.—DONATUS.

[58] *The women's lodging.*] *Gynæceum;* from the Greek γυναικειον, οικημα understood. The Gynæceum was an interior part of the house, appropriated to the women.—WESTERHOVIUS.

[59] Antipho. *I have heard something,* &c.] In all the editions which I have seen, Bentley's excepted, this speech is put into Phormio's mouth: but that learned critick tell us it is attributed to Antipho in a copy at Cambridge. I am sure it is very improper for Phormio, who had just before said,

Nonsense! as if she did not know her father!—COOKE.

[60] *Away with me instantly! d'ye linger?*] *Quin ergo rape me. Cessas?* Antipho is so rejoiced at Geta's news, that he jumps upon his shoulders, and is carried off in triumph. This was a sort of stage-trick, and was extremely diverting to the audience.—DACIER.

I believe Madam Dacier has not the least foundation for this extraordinary piece of information; and I must confess that I have too high an opinion both of the Roman audience and actors, to believe it to be true.

[61] *I'm overjoy'd,* &c.] *Gaudeo,* &c. "Pro *gaudeo,* Guyetus *Plaudite:* & scenas sequentes spurias esse pronuntiat;

tiat; neminemque, *siquidem sanu' fuerit*, à se dissensurum putat. Credasne hunc hominem sanæ tum mentis fuisse, cùm hæc effutiret? Certè ad Anticyras relegandus tum erat; non nunc argumentis refutandus. Nihil in toto Terentio sequentibus scenis pulchrius, venustius, urbanius, moratius: sine quibus reliqua fabula, quæ nulli cedit, ex fulgore in fumum exiret."—BENTLEY.

See note 72.

[62] *Act* V.] I have divided what is commonly received as the fifth act, into two; nor is there any other way of removing the flagrant absurdity in the old division of this play, except doing the same thing by the first act; which is the method followed by Echard, who in his translation concludes the first act with the parting of Davus and Geta: and it must not be dissembled, that Donatus lays out the play in the same manner. But in a comedy so full of action (*tota motoria*, as Donatus calls it) it is surely needless to make the first act consist entirely of narration, like the meagre 'Step-Mother.' In the division here observed, I have endeavoured to assign a particular portion of the business of the play to each act. The first contains the previous circumstances related by Geta, and the return of Demipho. The second contains the conference of Phormio and Demipho, the consultation of the lawyers, and the altercation between Dorio and Phædria. In the third, as it ought, the situation of affairs becomes more critical: Chremes returns; we find that the old gentlemen had particular reasons to be uneasy at the marriage of Antipho; this naturally paves the way for their being bubbled by Phormio and Geta; and the act closes with the discovery of Phanium by Chremes. The fourth act communicates that discovery, in a very pleasant manner, to Demipho, and by another way, equally entertaining, to Geta, Phormio, &c. The fifth contains the endeavour of the old men to recover their money, which effort very naturally produces the catastrophe, that betrays the whole secret to all the parties interested in the event. I hope it is needless to observe, that Phormio's retiring in order to wait for the coming forth of the old men, leaves the stage vacant, where I have ended the fourth act, and forms a proper interval between that act and the fifth.

[63] *Has not she, as I said, a liberal air?*] One cannot conceive any thing more happy or just than these words of Chremes. Demipho's thoughts are wholly taken up how to recover the money, and Phormio is equally solicitous to retain it; but Chremes, who had just left his daughter, is regardless

gardless of their discourse, and, fresh from the impressions which she had made on him, longs to know if his brother's sentiments of her were equally favourable, and naturally puts this paternal question to him.—PATRICK.

[64] *Give an order for the repayment*, &c.] *Argentum jube rursum rescribi.—Scribere, rescribere, perscribere*, were technical terms in use among merchants and bankers: *scribere* is, to borrow money; *rescribere*, to repay it; *perscribere*, to employ it on your own occasions. And all those dealings were carried on then, as they are now with us, by draughts, bills of exchange, &c.—DACIER.

[65] *I've some with portions too.*] *Etiam dotatis soleo.* Donatus explains these words, as alluding to Nausistrata; others suppose that Phormio confines his thoughts to no particular instance; but I think it is plain from the sequel, as well as the general tenour of the scene, that Phormio still keeps Phanium in his eye; and expresses himself obscurely in this place, because the old men were not yet aware of the intelligence he had received on that head, though every subsequent speech leads gradually to an explanation, tends to create an open rupture between him and the old gentlemen, and brings on the final discovery to Nausistrata.

[66] *What! shall he carry off*, &c.] The different characters of the two brothers are admirably preserved throughout this scene. Chremes stands greatly in awe of his wife, and will submit to any thing, rather than the story should come to her ears: but Demipho cannot brook the thoughts of losing so much money, and encourages his brother to behave with spirit and resolution, promising to make up matters between him and his wife.—PATRICK.

[67] *They're growing desperate*, &c.] *Ili gladiatorio animo ad me affectant viam.* Alluding to the Gladiators.

[68] *Run you, and hold him, while I call the servants.*] In consequence of this line, most of the translations introduce the servants here; but I think the scuffle between Phormio and the old men would be much more comic in the representation without the intervention of servants: and it is remarkable that Phormio addresses himself solely to Demipho and Chremes, and that the imperatives used by themselves also are all in the singular number, and may therefore most naturally be supposed to be addressed to each other, while in conflict with Phormio, without the aid of

servants.—*Rape hunc—Os opprime—Pugnos in ventrem ingere*—&c.

[69] *Oh, you've done rarely for your brother*, &c.] *Eho tu: factum est abs te sedulò pro fratre.* This is commonly translated, "that it is no wonder, that you defend "your brother:" but it is a more insulting speech of Phormio, alluding to the miserable condition, to which Chremes was reduced by Demipho's advice. Thus, in the foregoing scene, Phormio says, much in the same spirit,

— — — — But, Demipho,
You have but ill consulted for your brother,
To urge me to extremities.——

[70] *Whoever would attend*, &c.] *Exsequias Chrementi*, &c. What creates the drollery of this speech is, that Phormio here makes use of the same terms, which it was customary to use at the proclamation of funerals;—*L. Titio exsequias ire cui commodum est, jam tempus est, ollus defertur.*

[71] *Fall a victim.*] *Mactatum infortunio.* There is an elegant humour in the combination of these words; *mactatum* being a term used at sacrifices.

[72] *Farewell; Clap your hands!*] These three last scenes (the same that compose the fifth act in this translation) are perhaps the most beautiful of any in the 'Phormio;' yet Guyetus has declared such a cruel war against them, that he cuts them off at one stroke, without giving quarter to so much as a single verse: but it is impossible not to say, that this is rather the disgust of a sick man, than the wholesome delicacy of a judicious critick.—DACIER.

This remark of Madam Dacier is as just as it is elegant; and the false delicacy of Guyetus is as inconsistent as it is ill-founded: for if he considered *these* scenes as superfluous; those, which here compose the fourth act, are superfluous also; and the play should end with the interview between Chremes and Sophrona: for when Phanium is discovered to be his daughter, nobody can doubt of her being permitted to remain the wife of Antipho; since it is the very thing which the two old gentlemen were labouring to bring about. But the truth is, that Terence in this play has displayed an address something similar to that observed by Mons. Diderot in the 'Self-Tormentor:' for though Chremes has discovered his daughter himself, yet he is particularly anxious to conceal that incident from every personage in the comedy, except Demipho; and the gradual unfolding that circumstance

to all the other characters of the play gives the poet an opportunity of continuing his piece with all that humour and pleasantry, with which we see he has accomplished it: and his uncommon art in thus adding to the interest of his comedy, instead of suffering it to languish, after so important a discovery, is worthy our particular observation. These scenes have indeed generally procured our poet the approbation of the severest criticks. Bentley, in the last note to the fourth act, speaks of them in the handsomest terms, and is so far from endeavouring to bring them within "the proscribing hook," that he declares Guyetus to be an absolute madman for his unmerciful sentence of amputation.

But though there are few readers, who would not on this occasion concur in the opinion of Bentley and Dacier, yet I do not think that this comedy has in general received the encomiums it deserves. The plot indeed being *double*, is so far faulty; and the story of Phanium and Antipho would certainly of itself afford sufficient materials for a comedy, without the episode of Phædria and the Musick-girl. It must however be acknowledged that, allowing that episode, the construction of the fable is extremely artful, and contains a vivacity of intrigue perhaps even superior to that of the 'Eunuch,' particularly in the catastrophe. The diction is pure and elegant, and the first act as chastely written as that of the 'Self-Tormentor' itself. The character of Phormio is, as Donatus has observed, finely separated from that of Gnatho, and is, I think, better drawn than that of any parasite in Plautus. Nausistrata is a lively sketch of a shrewish wife, as well as Chremes an excellent draught of an hen-pecked husband, and more in the style of the modern drama than perhaps any character in antient comedy, except the Miser of Plautus. On the whole, if Terence copied as closely from his original in this play, as he is supposed to have done in the four which he drew from Menander, it must give us no mean opinion of the dramatic merits of Apollodorus.

Moliere has given us a contemptible travestie of this excellent comedy in his miserable farce of *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, 'The Cheats of Scapin.' It would be too injurious to the memories both of Terence and Moliere to enter into any particular comparison between the two pieces. I shall therefore conclude these notes with the well-known lines of Boileau.

Etudiez la cour, et connoissez la ville:
L'une & l'autre est toujours en modèles fertile.

C'est

C'est par là que Moliere illustrant ses écrits,
Peut-être de son art eut remporté le prix;
Si moins ami du peuple, en ses doctes peintures,
Il n'eut point fait souvent grimacer ses figures;
Quitté pour le bouffon, l'agréable & le fin,
Et sans honte a Terence allié Tabarin.
Dans ce sac ridicule, ou Scapin s'envelope,
Je ne reconnois plus l'auteur du Misanthrope.

ART PÖETIQUE, *Chant troisième.*

FINIS.

14 DAY USE

RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED

CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or
on the date to which renewed.
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

RET'D APR 2 1984

DEC 10 1990

RET'D DEC 17 '90 10 AM

AUTO DISC OCT 27 '90

REC. CIR. JUN 24 '76

JUL 18 1977

JAN 26 1983

RET'D APR 2 1984

LD21-35m-2,'71
(P2001s10)476—A-32

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

U.C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES
C024794186

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY